A

COLLECTION

OF

FARCES

AND OTHER

AFTERPIECES,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, COVENT-GARDEN

AND HAY-MARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK:

SELECTED BY

MRS INCHBALD.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CHILD OF NATURE. MATRIMONY.

WEDDING DAY. ELLA ROSENBERG.

MIDNIGHT HOUR. BLIND BOY.

RAISING THE WIND. WHO'S THE DUPE.

LOVE A LA MODE.

LONDON:

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1809.

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THE

CHILD OF NATURE.

A DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS,

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MADAME THE MARCHIONESS OF SILLERY,

FORMERLY

COUNTESS OF GENLIS.

PERFORMING AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

BY MRS INCHBALD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Zelie, the French drama, from which the Child of Nature has been taken, was, with great taste, selected from the works of the Marchioness of Sillery, (late Countess of Genlis) by a Lady, who presented the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre with *a literal translation*. But however correct or elegant, *a mere translation* must have precluded all prospect of success. The Manager therefore sent the play of *Zélie* to the present translator, who, with much care and attention, prepared it for the English stage. That care has been amply recompensed by the reception the piece has received, and more especially in those scenes, which she has taken the liberty to add from her own invention.

CHARACTERS.

Duke Murcia,	*Mr Chapman.*
Marquis Almanza,	*Mr Claremont.*
Count Valantia,	*Mr Brunton.*
Seville,	*Mr Cresswell.*
Granada,	*Mr Atkins.*
Peasant,	*Mr Abbot.*
Alberto,	*Mr Murray.*
Marchioness Merida,	*Mrs Dibdin.*
Amanthis,	*Miss Shuttleworth.*

Second Peasant, Female Attendant, and other Domestics.

SCENE—*Spain, at the Country Seat of the Marquis* Almanza.

CHILD OF NATURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon.*

Enter SEVILLE, *followed by Count* VALANTIA *and* GRANADA.

Sev. MY lord, it was very fortunate the accident happened so near this house. Please to rest yourself in this apartment, while I give the necessary orders about mending your carriage. But I am afraid it cannot be refitted before to-morrow.

Count. No matter—Besides, I shall be extremely happy in seeing your lord the Marquis Almanza. Did not you say, you expected him home some time to-day?

Sev. Yes, we expect him every hour. Has your lordship any further commands?

Count. No; only be so kind as to see to the repairing my chaise.

Sev. I shall. [*Bows, and exit.*

Count. Well, here I am in the castle of Almanza, and so far success has crowned my adventure.

Gran. And what the design of that adventure can be, I am at a loss to guess. All this stratagem and mystery looks very much like some scheme contrived by love; and, if not directed by love, is something like madness.

Count. I have for many years tried thy fidelity, and will now confide in it. Love *is* the source of all my schemes.

Gran Do you then not love your intended bride, the beautiful Marchioness?

Count. The Marchioness Merida is a charming creature! and I loved her passionately! to distraction! till I found she loved me, and that satiated my desires at once.

Gran. Indeed!

Count. I do not say, I shall not marry the Marchioness---perhaps I may---yes, I may take her fortune; for you know, Granada, I have none of my own.

Gran. I have known it for these six years, my lord, ever since I have been in your service.

Count. Yes, I once loved, I doated upon Merida; but the first time she kindly condescended to declare her passion for *me*, I fell asleep. [*Yawns.*

Gran. But who can be this new object?

Count. Have not you heard of the young orphan Amanthis, of whom so many wonderful conjectures have been formed?

Gran. The young lady, whom the Marquis Almanza has brought up from her infancy, and keeps confined in a part of this castle, and has never suffered any living creature to behold?

Count. The same. But *I* have beheld her---I have written to her---I have spoken to her.

Gran. And would you, my lord, for a poor orphan,

of whose birth and fortune all the world are ignorant, resign the noble and beautiful Marchioness?

Count. Yes; for I tell you she loves me, and it is very troublesome to be beloved. And although curiosity and envy were my sole motives for seeking to behold Amanthis, yet after such a sight, in which perfect beauty and enchanting grace, timid innocence with matchless sensibility, were all united, never can I forego the pleasing contemplation, or the hope, which has allured me to this enterprise.

Gran. But it is by some supposed, that the Marquis, notwithstanding his rank and fortune, means to marry Amanthis. Now, as he is your friend---

Count. You mistake, Granada; the Marquis is no friend of mine. He is, to be sure, very obliging and civil when we meet; but no friendship, that should deter a man of gallantry from making him miserable, subsists between us.

Gran. But, my lord, pray satisfy my curiosity, how you found means to see her?

Count. By mounting that wall, the prodigious height of which attracted your attention as we passed by at a distance. That wall surrounds the garden appropriated to Amanthis.

Gran. But how was it possible for you to ascend it?

Count. Every thing is to be effected by perseverance, and by money; and prove your skill, as I have proved mine. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke MURCIA *and* SEVILLE.

Duke. Seville, you know, every body knows, how fond I am of my nephew. Have not I, from his childhood, acted as a father to him? Then why are the secret motives of this wonderful behaviour, which has surprised all the court, all his friends, and all his acquaintance, why not (though concealed from *them,*) revealed to me?

Sev. I can, my lord, give you but little light upon the subject; every thing relative to this young lady has ever been held by the Marquis a most profound secret from every part of his family. I have only intrusted to me the key of a chamber adjoining to her apartments, where I go daily to receive her orders, and take to her all those things she commands---except one, and that the Marquis has positively prohibited.

Duke. And what can that one be? I am all impatience to know.

Sev. Books of every kind.

Duke. Poor thing! Poor thing! Why how, in such solitude, can she pass her time without reading?

Sev. She reads a great deal, sir. The Marquis, while he is in town, sends her books frequently; but they are all of his own hand-writing.

Duke. A man write books to a young woman? Why, you simpleton, they are love-letters.

Sev. No, indeed, my lord; some are on morality, some on divinity, and some history.

Duke. Write history! My nephew write books! And pray, when you wait upon her, what kind of conversation does she hold on the other side of the wainscot?

Sev. I never heard her speak.

Duke. Did not you say, you received her commands?

Sev. In writing. Every morning I find a paper, on which she, or the duenna, has written her orders. Would you like to see what she has ordered for to-day?

Duke. Very much---certainly---I am much obliged to you.

Sev. [*Takes out a paper.*] This is written by Amanthis herself.

Duke. And, pray, how do you know her hand from the duenna's?

Sev. By the number of letters she writes to my lord, and of which I have the charge.

[*He gives the paper to the Duke.*

Duke. And what can they be but love letters? Seville, your account is a very suspicious one. [*Reads.*] "Bring me some pens, some paper, and some pencils, for drawing;"---and who has taught her to write and to draw?

Sev. Your nephew, I have no doubt, sir; and many other accomplishments besides.

Duke. I am out of all patience! [*Reads again.*] "Dinner and supper at the usual hours---and coffee at six o'clock." [*Returning the paper.*] Why, sir, your whole time is employed in fetching and carrying.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord is arrived, and now entering the avenue.

Duke. He is alone? He has brought no company with him, I suppose?

Serv. Yes, sir; there are two ladies in the carriage.

[*Exit.*

Sev. Ladies! It is a long time since I have seen a lady in this house.

Duke. He has brought them to shut up, I suppose ---more employment for you, Mr Seville---[*Looks out.*] Oh, no! I see who it is---a relation---a distant relation---the Marchioness Merida.

Enter Marquis ALMANZA, *Marchioness* MERIDA, *and a Female Attendant.*

Duke. So, nephew, you see I have made free in your absence. Did you expect to find me here?

Marq. No, sir; but it gives me great pleasure, and I regret I did not come sooner on that account.

Duke. My dear Marchioness, by what strange good fortune do I meet you at the castle?

March. By my complying with the request of the Marquis. [*To the Marquis.*] But, my lord, did not one of your servants acquaint you Count Valantia was here?

Duke. You see what your ladyship's attractions are; he heard you were coming, and so he contrived to be here before you--Came, too, with the pretence of having broke down his carriage! Ha, ha, ha! Very well, Marchioness.

March. Well, this is an instance of romantic gallantry, for which I will forgive him a thousand slights. Ha, ha, ha! it diverts me beyond measure---and he really broke the wheel of his carriage for the purpose?

Sev. So I am told, madam.

Marq. Seville, go immediately to the Count Valantia, and conduct him hither. [*Exit* SEVILLE.] In the mean time, madam, permit me to shew you to your apartments.

March. No, my lord, that's a ceremony I must decline. I will merely adjust my dress, and be with you in less than an hour.

[*Exit, Attendant following.*

Duke. [*Aside.*] Now we are by ourselves, I will---yes, I will open my mind to him. [*Endeavouring to call up a resolution.*] Marquis---nephew---I suppose you know who I am?

Marq. Certainly, sir. Did I ever seem to forget?

Duke. You know, at your father's death, I adopted you.

Marq. I know it, sir.

Duke. And, in your youth, did I suffer you to squander your money? No. Did I ever suffer you to have any? No.

Marq. No.

Duke. Or did I ever comply with any of your foolish wishes? Is there a single indulgence you can lay to my charge?

Marq. No.

Duke. Then, do you not feel for me that respect, that reverence, that fear, and that love, which is due for all my kindness to you?

Marq. Yes, indeed, sir, I do.

Duke. I take your word. I believe you do.---Who is that young woman you keep in a separate part of this house? Is she your mistress, or your daughter, or one whom you mean to marry, and by so doing bring disgrace upon your family? or do you intend---

Marq. Dear sir, I have no objection to reveal to you what I mean shortly to declare to all the world.

Duke. Why, then, I am under a vast obligation to you for your confidence!

Marq. For these few months past, I have resolved to change my conduct, in regard to the person of whom you speak; and for that purpose did I bring hither the Marchioness Merida, as the most proper person of my family to whom I could introduce Amanthis.

Duke. But not as your wife! Not as your wife, I hope?

Marq. No; as an unfortunate orphan, whom friendship and pity caused me to adopt. For thirteen years, *I* have been possessed of this precious charge.

Duke. But why precious? Speak coolly---don't put yourself in a passion---speak of her in the same language as when you speak of other women.

Marq. I should, did not I see her unlike all others.

Duke. No more raptures. I want to hear who she is.

Marq. Among the various friendships of my youth, do you not remember the name of Alberto?

Duke. Certainly---was he not obliged to fly his

country on account of some unfortunate duel, and has died in exile?

Marq. So it is believed. From an affluent fortune, I saw him, by unthought-of casualties, reduced to ruin. I saw him follow to the grave a much-loved wife---beheld him returning from that fatal duel, by which his life was forfeited to his country. In this scene of sorrow, I softened, in some sort, his agonizing woes, by taking from his hand, all his poor distracted mind had left to solace in, an infant daughter; swearing to become to her that careful guardian, that tender parent, and that faithful friend, which I have proved.

Duke. Very *careful*, indeed! But did you promise him to lock her up?

Marq. The mode of her education has been an after-thought entirely. As Amanthis grew up, I saw with dread the charge I had undertaken; and the reported death of my friend increased my apprehensions for my trust. I had vowed to protect, to guard her. To whom could I transfer the oath? and my rank at court would often take me from her.

Duke. And do you think, if she had been an ugly woman, you would have been so thoughtful about your oath?

Marq. Her danger had been then less. Yet I'll not disguise my sentiments; I love Amanthis---doat to distraction---but the difference of our ages, and of our states, [*Proudly.*] places an insuperable bar between us.

Duke. This is the wisest sentence I have heard you speak for a long time.

Marq. To-day I restore Amanthis to that liberty she has never remembered, of course not once regretted. Come, sir, I have had one short interview with her, let me introduce you to her. [*Exeunt together.*

SCENE II.—*The Gardens belonging to the Marquis.*

Enter the Marquis, *leading* Amanthis.

Marq. Come this way, my dear Amanthis, and do not be thus agitated. Wherefore do you weep? what thus affects you?

Aman. Why will you take me from my retreat? did not you say I should stay here as long as I was pleased with it? and as long as I loved you? Ah! I expected to stay here for ever.

Marq. Hear me, Amanthis: I have hitherto secluded you from the tumult and dissipation of the world, in order to form your heart and mind; I must now show you to the world; we were born for society, and you will be the ornament and delight of that, which you shall make your choice.

Aman. I know not whether I shall give delight, but I am sure I shall not be delighted myself.

Marq. Why not?

Aman. Because I shall not see you so often as I have hitherto done.

Marq. Nay, Amanthis, I shall always be your friend, your father; you are among those objects I love.

Aman. And you are the *only* object I love, the only one I ever can love.

Marq. Do not promise that; when you have seen the world, some other, more deserving---

Aman. Oh! do not go on! I cannot bear you should have such unjust suspicions: do not *you* see the world? and yet I am sure you prefer me to all the universe besides---when I am there; why cannot you then confide in me, as I have done in you?

Marq. The circumstance is different; I had seen all, before I beheld you; you have seen none but me.

Aman. Why, then, will you show me others? I

had rather like none but you. Let me still stay here. I will do any thing with cheerfulness that you command. But when I am in the world, you will not leave me wholly?—I shall sometimes see you?—I hope so!

Marq. Leave you, Amanthis?—Ah! you little think how hard it would be to leave you.

Aman. Nay, I am convinced you love me—love me dearly: does not all I possess come from you? You have even taught me to think, to speak, and to be happy. Yet, of all your gifts, that, the most dear to my heart, is a sentiment I feel for you, and cannot tell what it is—I have not power to describe either its tenderness or its force—'tis impossible I should make you comprehend it, for *you* never felt any thing like it.

Marq. 'Tis gratitude she means. [*Aside.*] Among the rest, to whom you will be soon introduced, is my uncle, and I regard him as my father.

Aman. Oh! that's a tender name! you have so often told me of mine; his love for me, and his distresses, that I revere the name of father even in a stranger.

Marq. I have sometimes mentioned to you the Marchioness Merida; she is now in this house, and as soon as I have introduced you to her, I desire you will consider her as your friend.

Aman. My friend? that is the name you bid me call you by—no; I cannot promise to call her friend; one friend is enough for me. [*Taking his hand.*

Marq. You will see here also, a young man called Count Valantia.

Aman. A young man!—Oh! I had forgot to tell you—

Marq. What?

Aman. Of a young man I have seen. [*Delighted.*

Marq. How! Tell me immediately; when did he see you? what has he said to you?

Aman. Not much; he said very little; but he sighed heavily, and sent a letter.

Marq. Explain yourself.

Aman. It was only about a week ago, as I was sitting by the little bower near to the garden wall, suddenly I heard an unknown voice call me by my name—it seemed to come from the air. I looked up, and beheld a young man upon the wall. The moment I recovered from the fright, I asked him what he wanted? he said, he came "to look at me:" but that appeared so strange, I could not think it true; and then he gazed on me so wildly, I ran away and hid myself; on which he drew a letter from his pocket, and threw it after me. I would not take it up till he was gone; then I caught it, and flew to my apartments, pleased beyond expression.

Marq. Wherefore?

Aman. That I had escaped him.

Marq. [*Aside.*] Who could it be! Ah! I have a suspicion. Where is the letter?

Aman. Here—I do not understand it—perhaps you may. [*Gives the Letter.*

Marq. [*Reading.*] "Know, beautiful Amanthis, there is no retreat, however hidden, into which love cannot penetrate.—The hope of beholding you has made me brave all dangers. If you will but kindly pity a passion, pure as it is ardent, it shall soon inspire me with the means to release you from the tyranny of that barbarian, who keeps you secluded from every joy that's waiting to attend you in a gay world. Conceal this adventure from the jealous tyrant, and reflect, that the most tender lover waits impatiently for the happy moment to prove himself your deliverer." [*Returning the Letter.*] And what do you think of this letter?

Aman. That the poor man is mad—and yet it is a kind of madness I never heard of before. [*Reading part of the Letter.*] "There is no retreat into

which love cannot penetrate."—What does he mean by love?—he has left out a word—there is—*love of virtue*—*love of duty*—but love all alone by itself, means nothing at all.—Then again, [*Reading.*] "Conceal this adventure from the jealous tyrant"—Who does he mean by tyrant?

Marq. He means me.

Aman. You? I never should have supposed it: perhaps you know also what he means by a "lover." He says, "the most tender lover:" read, and tell me what he means by a tender lover. Ah! you laugh, —you are puzzled—you don't know yourself what a "lover" is.

Marq. Indeed I cannot undertake to be his interpreter. But tell me, Amanthis, if by chance you should see this young man again, do you think you should know him?

Aman. Yes, I am *sure* I should.

Marq. His person then made an impression on your mind? I suppose it was agreeable?

Aman. Very agreeable indeed: and yet there appeared a—a—kind of [*describing passionate ardour*] a wildness in his looks that frightened me.

Marq. But suppose that wildness was removed, how would you like him then?

Aman. Oh, very much! *extremely!*—What makes you thoughtful, my lord?

Marq. Come, Amanthis, we have been together a long time. Retire into your apartment for a moment; I'll follow you presently. [*She goes.*] My agitation is so extreme, nothing can equal it, except my weakness. [*Aside.*]

[*He looks after her; she turns back.*

Aman. You look as if you had something still to say to me.

Marq. Ah! could I trust my heart—away; the marchioness is coming hither by appointment—I hear

her, and cannot present you to her yet—I am too much embarrassed.

Aman. I hear no one; but if it is your desire, I will leave you. [*Exit* AMANTHIS *to the Castle.*

Marq. With what difficulty have I restrained myself from falling at her feet, and unfolding (in a language of which she is ignorant) the secret transports —which I hope ever to conceal.

Enter Marchioness MERIDA.

March. I have seen her; I have just had a peep at her; but I see nothing extraordinary. She wants powder, rouge, and a thousand adornments.

Marq. To change one atom, would be to lose a charm.

March. That sentence proves the lover.

Marq. Take care what you say; reflect on the difference of our ages; that title would make me both ridiculous and guilty.

March. By no means; I think a girl of seventeen may very well have an affection for a man of forty.

Marq. I am not forty, madam.

March. The lover again: one moment lamenting his age, and, when reproached with it, proclaiming himself a youth. The whole matter is, my lord, you are not too old to be in love, nor she too young to understand it.

Marq. You wrong her, she is ignorant.

March. So am I too—I am in love.

Marq. She knows not what it is; never heard of love, as you would explain it, but calls by that name gratitude.

March. Indeed, my dear marquis, you have no penetration.

Marq. I see Count Valantia coming this way; you will allow at least I have discretion, and that I know when it is politeness to retire.

March. If you should like to be witness to a quarrel, stay where you are.

Marq. A quarrel! a'nt you on the point of marriage? and did he not break the wheels of his carriage—

March. Yes; but I begin to suspect, that breaking the wheels of his carriage was not upon my account.

Marq. No?—on whose account then? who has hinted that it was not upon yours? [*Alarmed.*

March. Nay, I protest I have not had five minutes conversation with any creature since I came into this house, but, I believe, my woman has with the Count's attendant; and though she could not prevail on him to divulge his master's secret, yet, from his silence, she could perceive I was not the object of his present journey.

Marq. Who then?

March. I am at a loss to guess; that is what I want to have explained.

Marq. The Count is here. Adieu.—She has confirmed my apprehensions. [*Aside—Exit.*

Enter Count VALANTIA.

Count. The Marchioness! Pshaw! [*Aside.*] At length, I find the lucky moment you are alone, but I positively began to despair of it, for you seem to shun me.

March. Do you imagine I came to this house on purpose to meet you?

Count. Why not as likely, as that I should come on purpose to meet you?

March. Just the same likelihood, I believe. [*Aside.*

Count. And not accident, but design, brought me here.

March. The story of the broken chaise was then an artifice?

Count. Only an artifice, to behold the object whom I adore. Can you reproach me for that?

March. How came you to know I was coming? the Marquis only invited me about three hours before we set off.

Count. My Lord—I forget his name—told me of it; the Marquis had informed him.

March. My Lord who?

Count. My Lord—[*hesitating*]—you don't know him.

March. Do you?

Count. My Lord Castile.

March. He is in France, I protest.

Count. I know that—I did not mean him—I meant his brother.

March. He has no brothers.

Count. Then it was his sister, or his aunt. No matter; what signifies who told me, as long as I am here—I *am* here, an't I? An't I here? and what could bring me here, but *you?*

March. I am wholly ignorant of your designs, but I can perceive from your reserve, embarrassment, your very air and voice, that you are practising deceit with me.

Count. But, my dear Marchioness, will you be so kind as to acquaint me, what this deceit is?

March. You know I can't tell; and it is that which tortures me. If I did but know in what you used me ill!---Now, do tell me, that I may have the pleasure to forgive you?

Count. I wish to heaven I had done something wrong; but I cannot recollect—[*considering*]—or I would confess it, on purpose to oblige you.

March. Be gone, sir; leave the room; your impertinence is no longer supportable; leave me instantly. [*Violently.*

Count. I obey. [*Bows, and is going.*

March. If you go---if you dare to leave me in this uncertainty, all ties between us are for ever broken;

nor shall you ever come into my presence again.—[*He returns.*]—How could you think of leaving me?

Count. It was you thought of it.

March. I am all confusion at the weakness I have discovered, and wish to be alone—leave me. [*Gently.*

Count. Do you mean, leave you; or *not* leave you?

March. Do as you please; I shall go myself. [*Going.*

Count. And I'll attend you.

March. Ah! Valantia! if you loved me as you once professed! to see me thus, would give you the utmost affliction.

Count. You do not know what passes in my heart. [*Affecting concern.*

March. Don't I?

Count. No. [*Aside.*] I should be very sorry if you did. [*Exit, handing her off.*

SCENE III.—*Apartments in the Castle.*

Enter Duke MURCIA *and Marquis* ALMANZA.

Duke. I own she is handsome, but then she has no fortune.

Marq. My lord, I own to you, it is only from the idea that I am not beloved by Amanthis, I can ever resolve to yield her up; for could I suppose she loved me, all other happiness, all pride, all ambition, all enjoyment, but in her, I would forego with transport; but all the affection she expresses, although the most tender and endearing, I can see, is but inspired by gratitude—of love she knows nothing.

Duke. Whose fault is that? were not you her tutor?

Marq. Certainly.

Duke. And taught her every thing but what you

wanted her to learn!---Here she comes. I'll go away. She is very pretty to be sure! but she has caused me so much uneasiness, I don't like to see her. She agitates me as much as she does you, but from a very different sentiment. [*Exit.*

Enter AMANTHIS.

Aman. Oh! I have been so frightened!

Marq. What's the matter?

Aman. The young man—he that I told you of, is in this house. I am sure it is him: on crossing one of the garden walks, I perceived him very near to me—yet he drew nearer still; till he saw somebody coming, and then he ran away. But he has frightened me so much, and made my heart feel so strange!—as it never felt before.

Marq. Your heart! Why your heart?

Aman. [*Laying her hand on it.*] The fright has made it beat quick.

Marq. Ah! it is not fright. [*Aside.*

Aman. And yet he did not look frightful either. His face is very handsome; his shape, and all his mien, engaging.

Marq. I no longer doubt but it is the Count. [*Aside.*] My dear Amanthis, you will see this young nobleman very soon again; he is here on a visit; have I never mentioned to you the Count Valantia?

Aman. Yes.

Marq. He is the man who has thus surprised you.

Aman. Is it possible? and with that strange kind of wild behaviour is he admitted into company?

Marq. If you should at any time be alone with him, you may tell him your sentiments on his behaviour—your sentiments exactly such as they are, and such as his behaviour inspires.

Aman. And if he should chance to behave well, I'll tell him I like him.

Marq. [*Starting.*] I lay no *restrictions* on you; I

only warn you that he is a light, inconsiderate, and vain young man; his company dangerous, for his principles are not good.

Aman. What a pity! I'll tell him to grow better.

Marq. She is charmed, I find. [*Aside.*

Aman. What did you say?

Marq. It is necessary, Amanthis, that, whatever are your thoughts of this young man, you do not reveal them to any of your acquaintance; and, when you meet with him, restrain all fear, all emotion of what kind soever; before company, do not seem even to know him.

Aman. Here is somebody coming, how cruel!—I can never now be alone with you an instant.

Marq. It is the Marchioness. I must leave you.

Aman. Nay, that is still worse. Stay, though we are *not* alone.

Marq. I cannot.

Aman. But if you cannot stay, I can go with you.

Marq. Impossible; remain where you are. [*Aside.*] I see my fate. [*Exit.*

Enter Marchioness.

March. My dear creature, what is the matter with you? You look unhappy! Speak to me with confidence; trust me with your secret uneasiness.

Aman. No, I must not; I must not discover the afflictions I feel, and the secrets of my heart; my Lord has commanded me not. But this moment he flew away abruptly, and frowned when I asked to follow him, although he knows how much I was frightened some time ago by a young man who is now in this house.

March. Who is that? My dear, tell me who?—[*Eagerly.*]

Aman. Count—I forget his name.

March. [*Aside.*] Have I at last detected him?

Aman. Did you never see him?

March. Yes, I believe I have.

Aman. And a'nt you afraid of him? Does he not look wild and madly? Lays his hand upon his heart, and sighs? [*Sighing.*

March. No, my dear; he does not do so with me; he once did, but that time is over.

Aman. But when that time was, were you not afraid?

March. No; I wish I had been.

Aman. But you are not to mention what I have been telling you, for fear it should grieve the Count. I promised I would not speak of it to any one. But to you it surely cannot signify; my Lord could not mean I was not to tell *you*.

March. No; I was the properest person on earth to tell it to.

Aman. Yes; you would not hurt him, I am sure; for he is agreeable, notwithstanding all his wildness; and if he would but keep at a distance, I should like to look at him, and hear him talk.

March. And did you tell the Marquis so?

Aman. Yes.

March. What did he say?

Aman. He bade me tell the Count all I thought of him.

March. And will you?

Aman. No.

March. Why not.

Aman. For fear, poor man, it should make him uneasy.

March. Oh, it won't, my dear; never fear that; it will not make him uneasy; tell him you *hate* him.

Aman. But I don't.

March. He is coming this way.

Aman. Ah, let me fly! [*Going.*

March. Stay; did not the Marquis command—

Aman. True; and I'll *stay* and tell him what I think of him.

March. And what *is* that?

Aman. That he makes me tremble.

March. You must not tell him so.

Aman. But he'll see it.

Enter Count VALANTIA.

Count. The Marchioness here! unfortunate! [*Aside, then bowing to her.*] I this moment parted from my lord the Marquis at the top of the lawn, and he charged me with a commission—which was, when I saw your ladyship, to tell you he wished to speak with you.

Aman. Let me go with you.

Count. It is some private conversation, which the Marquis, I believe, requires.

March. I have private conversation too for him—Amanthis, wait till I return.

Aman. [*Aside, to the Marchioness.*] He does not look so wildly as he did. I am not *much* afraid.

March. Indeed! then I shall soon be back.

[*Exit Marchioness.*

Count. [*Looking after her, then falling on his knees to Amanthis.*] Behold me—

Aman. I durst not look at you. [*Frightened.*

Count. Is it terror you express? how is it possible that my tender passion can awake in that soft bosom an alarm? Do you fear me?

Aman. Yes; but go and behave thus to the Marchioness; she does not fear you.

Count. Oh! do not torture me with a rebuke like that. 'Tis you alone can make me happy; and if you refuse, you drive me to despair.

Aman. No; I wish to give you hope.

Count. Do you bid me hope!

Aman. Yes.

Count. And you'll be kind?

Aman. To be sure I will.

Count. What will you do to prove it?

Aman. Send for a priest to comfort you.

Count. A priest! Will you then make me blest?

Aman. If I can; for I assure you I like you very well; and, did you not behave so strangely, I should like you better; for you are very handsome: therefore be not uneasy, and think you are not admired; for I can see that would afflict you more than any thing.

Count. You admire me then? transporting happiness!

Aman. Oh! now you are going to fright me again. [*Aside.*] I must steal away.

Count. You tremble, and look pale; may I interpret these sweet emotions in my favour?

Aman. Yes, if you please.

Count. You then will make me happy?

Aman. I will do all I can.

Count. Then know, angelic creature! you shall find in me all that truth, that constancy, that everlasting flame—

Aman. Oh, terrible! don't be in such a passion, pray.

Count. These moments are precious! Vow never again to shun me; never more to look unkindly; and I swear the most perfect love—

Aman. Here---smell of this bottle---it will do you good---it will relieve your head.

[*Holding out a smelling bottle.*

Count. What the devil does she mean? [*Aside.*

Enter Marchioness.

Aman. I am glad you are returned. [*Running to the Marchioness, then turning to the Count.*] Bless me, how calm he is grown all at once! you would not suppose he was the same person.

Count. Madam---[*confused.*]

Aman. He does not look on you, as he does on me; nor kneel, nor plead.

Count. Oh, the deuce take you! [*Aside.*

March. What, in confusion, Count?

Aman. But I'll leave you alone with him, and then, perhaps, he will. [*Going.*

Count. No; for mercy sake, don't leave us alone. [*Aside to* AMANTHIS.]

Aman. Poor man! he is afraid of *you*; but pray be kind to him; and I dare say you will. [*Exit.*

March. You find at last your falsehood is detected.

Count. I purposely exposed it, that you might have the pleasure of forgiving me.

March. Which I will never do.

Count. Then I have been at a great deal of trouble for nothing.

March. So you will find; for the person you love, loves another.

Count. And so does the person you love; and yet I don't reproach you with that.

March. Vain man! you do not know who I love.

Count. Nor do you know who I love; but I believe you guess.

March. Leave me.

Count. You'll call me back; but now, positively, if you do, I won't return. [*Going.*

March. To my heart you never shall.

Count. [*Turning back.*] Did you call? 'tis all in vain; I won't come back.

[*Exeunt separately.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Gardens belonging to the Castle.*

Enter the Duke and Marquis, meeting.

Duke. Nephew, I was going in search of you, for I have something of importance to communicate; and yet I am half afraid to tell it you.

Marq. Dear sir, wherefore?

Duke. Because I know your weakness. Have you heard that Count Valantia is in love with Amanthis?

Marq. I have; she herself told me so.

Duke. But did she tell you that she was in love with him?

Marq. No.

Duke. I thought she would not tell you that.

Marq. But I had every reason, from her behaviour, to imagine he was not indifferent to her.

Duke. And I am certain he is not.

Marq. But who has told you so?

Duke. Himself.

Marq. The weakest authority you can have.

Duke. But she confirmed it.

Marq. Did she? Alas! then my hopes are indeed at an end.

Duke. You know, I suppose, of the first meeting which the Count and she had this morning?

Marq. Have they had another since?

Duke. Two more—I was present at the last, and am only this moment come from it.

Marq. Do not then conceal from me one single circumstance; but depend upon my firmness, and my courage.

Duke. As I was looking out of my window into the garden—I never listen, but I sometimes hear what people say, when they don't suspect I am near—Out of my window I saw and heard a quarrel, and an eternal separation take place between the Count and our relation the Marchioness.

Marq. She then has become acquainted with his attachment to Amanthis?—All is confirmed indeed.

Duke. And, as soon as he had dismissed her in disgrace, I took a walk in the garden, and from a close arbour I beheld your ward steal past, and the Count close at her elbow—there I overheard—for I detest a listener—I overheard the Count beg for compas-

sion, and remind Amanthis of a promise she had given to make him happy: on which she started and wept; and he fell upon his knees, and would have wept too, if he could; but as he found he could not, he did something equally worthy of a lover; and drawing his sword, pointed it at his heart. On this she screamed more violently than if the weapon had been aimed at her own; and, seizing hold of it, fell motionless into his arms.

Marq. Oh, Heavens!

Duke. As soon as we had recovered her from her swoon, the Count informed me of his love, and that she had given him every hope she would become his wife, but had merely refused to name the time; which had enraged and driven him to such extremes.

Marq. And what said Amanthis?

Duke. She looked at him tenderly, sighed heavily, and shed a shower of tears. Then I, supposing all things happily settled, wished them joy, and came away.

Marq. Thus at once do I see snatched from me the care, the project, the desire, the hope, and the felicity of near my whole past life. As her father, as her friend, I disapprove her choice, and will tell her so; but if she persists, I yield; nor shall she ever know, I have a less tender regard for her than heretofore. [*Exit.*

Duke. I do think, for their family's sake, (as nobody else will have either of them), the two cousins ought to marry one another.

Enter AMANTHIS.

Aman. They told me the Marquis Almanza was here.

Duke. He is, I believe, with his cousin the Marchioness. [AMANTHIS *going.*

Duke. But stop, Amanthis, and tell me, what have you done with Count Valantia?

Aman. Alas, poor man, do not name him to me: I think I never shall recover the fright he gave me in your presence—Is it not wrong that his friends are not informed of this strange disorder in his mind, and desired to keep a guard to watch him?

Duke. A guard! It is the Marquis, I believe, who wants a guard—and now you have put me in mind of it, I don't know but I may procure him one.

Aman. What do you mean!——Is the Marquis ill? [*alarmed.*]

Duke. Yes; in the same way the Count is.

Aman. Oh, let me fly to him! [*Going.*

Duke. What, you are not afraid of *him?*

Aman. No—*I* will be *his* guard.

Duke. And do you pretend not to know what is the matter with your two lovers? do you pretend not to know—that love, love is their disorder?

Aman. "Love, love,"—Ay, that's the word the Count continually repeats—and is that the name of his disorder?

Duke. Yes.

Aman. And of the Marquis's too?

Duke. Yes.

Aman. And from whence does it proceed?

Duke. From you.

Aman. From me!—impossible—I am very well.

Duke. Are you ignorant, or do you only pretend to be so?

Aman. I am, indeed, ignorant of what you mean.

Duke. Then I'll instruct you—Shame of the Marquis, to teach you most of the arts, and yet leave it to his old uncle to teach you the art of love!

Aman. Well, what is it? I am impatient to know.

Duke. And 'tis so long ago since I felt it, I must recollect a little before I can tell you.—Amongst the passions, is one more troublesome than all the rest, and yet more pleasing than any of them.—It sometimes burns you with heat, and sometimes freezes

you with cold—it creates in your mind a constant desire to be with one particular person—and when you *are* with them, you generally look like a fool.—You think them handsome, though they are frightfully ugly—you think them well shaped, though they are crooked—wise, though they are simpletons—and you hope they love you, though you are *sure* they do *not*.

Aman. You need not say any more, Sir,—I think I have had the disorder. [*Looking confused.*

Duke. You have it now.

Aman. Yes, 'tis catching—and, I suppose, I caught it of the Count, and gave it to the Marquis—and so we all three have it.

Duke. And it is you only who can cure them.

Aman. How?

Duke. By marrying one of them.

Aman. Is that the way?

Duke. And, now, which of them will you heal?

Aman. Oh! the Marquis! [*With warmth.*

Duke. Hear me, madam—I have listened to you some time with patience, but now I can bear no more—the sentiments you entertain for the Marquis are criminal, unless he were your husband.

Aman. And cannot he be so? what prevents it?

Duke. His noble birth, and your mean one.

Aman. My poor father was a gentleman, and the Marquis loved him.

Duke. He now, if living, is an exile, and would disgrace our family.

Aman. I thought not—he was unfortunate; but the Marquis ever taught me to respect and reverence misfortune.

Duke. Do not flatter yourself with any hope—you were not born for each other; and therefore *conceal* from him the affection you have betrayed to me, and he, in time, will conquer his.

Aman. No—In the face of heaven and you, I here

make a vow—[*Kneeling.*]—I never will, never *can* conceal from him one emotion of my fluttering heart —that heart, which he, and only he, has taught to beat with truth, with sensibility, with honesty—with love.

Duke. And now, as I have been obliged to hear your resolution, hear mine. If he makes you his wife, he forces me to be no longer his father; no—nor will I be even his uncle, nor even his most distant relation. I undertook to render you happy in another marriage—to teach you how to make the man you pretend to love respectable, and yourself content. I undertook to instruct you how to conceal your thoughts; to laugh when you wished to cry, and cry when you wished to laugh. I would have taught you every scheme, every *finesse*, every deception—in short, I would have taught you the "art of love." [*Exit.*

Aman. Rather let me die in ignorance. [*Enter Marquis.*]—Oh! my dear lord!

Marq. Before I listen to you, Amanthis, I beg you will attend to what I have first to say; nor let me receive from you the smallest interruption.

Aman. You astonish me!—the alteration of your voice, the severity of your looks alarm me!—I was coming joyfully to open my heart to you; and, for the first time, you are not desirous to be acquainted with it.

Marq. That suspicion, Amanthis, is unjust—'tis injurious—[*Sternly.*]—You shall know me better.

Aman. Oh! pardon me, my lord—but indeed the manner in which you speak, and look, gives me apprehensions.—But proceed—I have done.

Marq. You know, Amanthis, I was a father to you in an age when your understanding could not even thank me for my cares. You are first to learn, there is a sentiment which governs the human heart with more tyranny, more force, more outrage, and yet with more

softness, than any other.—It is called—love;—and why its name and nature I have thus long concealed from you, was from the apprehension, that in the solitude where you lived, the sensibility of your heart might cause dangerous illusions. I have just now been informed of all that has passed this day since you left your confinement, and of which I imagine you thought me unacquainted, and came now to inform me: but to spare you the declaration, I give you my reply without it. For these four years I have concealed a passion for you of the tenderest, truest kind; but your heart decides for another, and I relinquish my pretensions. Yet do not imagine I approve your choice; Count Valantia is unworthy of you, but you are your own mistress; and, however you determine, you shall possess my fortune, and be my daughter still.

Aman. The excess of my astonishment has alone prevented me from interrupting you many times.—You accuse me in every sentence; every word you have uttered upbraids; and your generosity, above all, degrades me. Did you imagine I could accept your favours while I was wounding your peace of mind? Did you suppose I could prefer to you a stranger, who, if not unworthy, I could not know to be deserving? And yet this is what you have expected from me. Learn, my lord, to be less suspicious; affect less generosity and moderation, and be less ungrateful and unjust.

Marq. Severe as your words are, they inspire a hope my heart had banished—explain yourself—deign—

Aman. "Explain!" even now he doubts me.

Marq. No: say but you love me with that passion I have described, and I will never doubt again.

Aman. Ah! can I behold you at my feet? *you* to whom I ought to kneel as my father? but whom I would rather thus tenderly embrace—as a lover!

Marq. And does my Amanthis know what is love—yet feel it but for me?—happiness unlooked for—O Alberto! my absent friend, how does my heart, in this blest moment, regret all your sufferings with a double force! your joy, at a moment like the present, had equalled mine, and even heightened this unexpected transport.

Aman. That tender thought endears you more than ever to my heart.

Marq. The recollection of my friends reminds me of the Marchioness. Amanthis, to her this discovery will give a pleasure you little think of. I'll instantly go to her, and make her happy with the news. Adieu, my love; so far from expressing to you all that I feel at present, I scarcely can comprehend it. [*Exit.*

Aman. Sure I am now at the height of happiness! and yet my lord's mention of my poor father, cast for a while a gloom over all my joys—Oh! my dear father, why are not you still living to partake our bliss! how should I delight to tell you all that your friend has done for me. Ah! who is coming this way?—a stranger!—another follows let me avoid them, and fly to my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter two Strangers, dressed like Peasants.

Second Peasant. A young lady fled from the place this instant.

Peasant. Follow her, and prevail on her to return. [*Exit second Peasant.*] My trembling frame prevents the office.—Gracious Heaven! who through various calamities hast brought me to this spot, even for that benevolence I will bend in thanks, whatever be the event!

Enter second Peasant, leading AMANTHIS.

Second Peasant. She is alarmed, and wishes to retire to the castle.

Peasant. Young lady, do not fear me because I am poor—I mean no harm to any—I only wish to ask which are the apartments of Amanthis, and how I could speak with her?

Aman. I am Amanthis.

Peasant. Indeed!—I thought so by my trembling heart! [*Aside.*]—[*To her.*]—You are Amanthis?

Aman. Yes,—what would you have with me?

Peasant. [*To the other.*] Wait at a little distance, and let me know if any one is coming, that I may steal away unseen. [*Exit second Peasant.*

Aman. Why these precautions? why send that man away who accompanied you?

Peasant. Because I wished to speak in secret to you.

Aman. Say what I can do for you? [*Aside.*] He blushes to ask, and I'll prevent him. [*She takes from her neck a collar of pearls, and bracelets from her arms.*] Here, this is all I possess of value—take them—and how much soever they are worth, I am sure I never made a better use of them. Why do you weep?

Peasant. Because my joy compels me—these tears, young lady, express my joy, not my sorrow. I find you have a heart open to compassion; take back your generous gifts—for when you know who I am, you'll find they would be useless to me.

Aman. Who are you?—what is your name, your occupation, your country?—you are all emotion—why are you afraid to trust me?—do you fear I will betray you?—no—open then your heart.

Peasant. To do so will recall to your memory some scenes that may affect you.

Aman. What are they?

Peasant. Have you preserved in your remembrance any idea of the unhappy man to whom you owe your being?

Aman. My father—Oh, Heavens! did you know him?

Peasant. You have heard of him then?

Aman. Yes; and a thousand times with my tears I have bathed his picture, the only treasure he left me when he went away. But tell me, were you with him when he died?

Peasant. Suppose he were not dead?

Aman. Not!—Oh, heavens!—You turn pale; your eyes are filled with tears; ah! how could I be so long mistaken? I know you; I *remember* you.

[*He opens his arms, and she runs into them.*

Peasant. My daughter! my poor Amanthis!

Aman. This joy is too much!—my father!—my suffering father! [*Falls at his feet.*] This is the happiest moment of my life.

Alberto. [*Raising her.*] Alas, my child! repress this ecstasy, and learn in what a state of misery you see me; without fortune, without friends, without support.

Aman. Are you less dear to me for that? besides, your state will soon be changed; my Lord Almanza can do much. Within a few days we shall be united; and you were only wanting to complete our happiness.

Alberto. Are you then ignorant of the horrors that surround me? A large reward is published for apprehending me, and my life must be the consequence. I have travelled sandy deserts; braved the perils of the most dangerous seas; forsook a peaceable and safe asylum, to risque the snares laid by my enemies here; but I came with the hope to find my child, and never again to lose her. I knew not your sentiments for Almanza. Pity my error. I pleased myself with the thought, that an affectionate, suffering father, might be more dear to you than all the world besides; and that in following him, and partaking his fate—

Aman. Oh, whither do you lead my imagination?

—Stop, and let me take a view of what I see before me.

Alberto. Nay, be not thus alarmed, Amanthis. I do not command, nor even *intreat.* In following me you had surely been a comfort; without fortune, without friends, nay, without society, you had atoned for them all. [*Going to embrace her.*

Aman. [*Falling at his feet.*] In this wide world of sorrow, I alone am left to comfort you; and at your feet I vow, though dying with despair, I'll follow you to the furthermost part of the universe.—What did I say? dying! No, I will live to soften your pains—to be a blessing to you.

Alberto. Do not give me a false hope.

Aman. I do not. No, thus met, we will never part. [*Firmly.*] But how tell the news to—

Alberto. Almanza must not know it. I depart this very night. But now consult your heart; if you repent, you have made no promise; I restore it to you —speak—pronounce.

Aman. I *have* spoken—*have* pronounced—have *promised*—and will keep my vow.

Alberto. Then have I found my child, and found her [*Embracing her*] all my fondest wishes hoped!--- Adieu, my Amanthis, till a few minutes hence, when I shall be at the door which opens to the park. Here are two keys; take one of them. [*She takes it.*] My guide, I see, is coming. Adieu.---Was ever parent blest as I am! [*Exit.*

Aman. "A few minutes hence?"---Terrible!--- What have I done? what promised? Oh, Heaven! I am sinking under a weight of misery; a chillness seizes me; my strength is nearly gone.

[*Leans against the scenes, and exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter Marchioness.

March. In every part of the house I seek in vain Amanthis; where can she be?

Enter AMANTHIS, *pale and trembling.*

Amanthis, *I* came here to find you; the Marquis has told me---Oh, Heavens! what do I see? you are pale as death.

Aman. 'Tis nothing, Madam; a sudden weakness;---what did the Marquis say?

March. His joy is beyond all words; intoxicated with his bliss, he is this instant making preparations for your bridal day; already the gates of the castle are thrown open, and nothing heard but rejoicings.

Aman. Alas! I am not able to bear what I feel on the occasion. Let me retire; and in reflection---

March. Go, and indulge the pleasure of reflection without constraint.

Aman. Farewell, dear Marchioness; when you see my lord, tell him---paint to him---adieu. [*Going.*

March. Hark, is not that Almanza?

Aman. Gracious Heaven forbid. [*Exit.*

March. No; why thus alarmed? But I will go to her, and--- [*Going, meets Count* VALANTIA.

Count. I am running from place to place, inquiring of every soul I meet, what all this rejoicing is about? and not a creature has time to tell me; perhaps your ladyship will do me that honour.

March. Is it possible you should not know?

Count. I positively do not.

March. Nor can you guess?

Count. No; unless it is because I am going away; for I never could be in favour with the master of a house, if he had a pretty woman in it.

March. Vain, disappointed man! the rejoicings are, because the Marquis is shortly to be married to Amanthis.

Count. Poor young lady! poor young lady! tell me honestly---now lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me, if she does not appear confused, sorrowful, uneasy, and disturbed? does she, or does she not?

March. Why, if I must speak, she does.

Count. Poor girl, poor girl! I protest I feel for her.

Enter the Duke and Marquis.

Marq. Amanthis is lost, gone, stole from me!

Count. I hope your lordship does not suspect me?

Marq. I do suspect you---draw.

[*The Duke interposes.*

March. [*To the Duke.*] Dear my lord, don't prevent the Marquis; is he not in his own house? and surely he may treat his guest as he pleases.

Duke. Nephew, you must not resent without better proofs; though Amanthis is fled, it must be by her own consent; for was not a key found on the inside the door, by which she escaped? and, no doubt, she unlocked it herself.

Marq. I have lost her; what is it to me, whether by force or fraud? [*A Voice from behind,* Amanthis is returned.]

Enter several Servants of the House. The Marquis drops his Sword, and runs impatiently to the Door at which they entered.

Marq. Gracious Heaven!

Enter ALBERTO, *superbly dressed, leading in* AMANTHIS.

Alberto. 'Tis I who am the ravisher; and thus resign my prize to one, whose right, by every tie of gratitude, is superior.

Marq. My Amanthis! tell me, do I dream, or do

I know that voice? Yes, 'tis my friend Alberto!--- [*They embrace.*] And do I receive Amanthis from thy hand? and can I see you here, without apprehensions for your safety?

Alberto. Yes; for my unjust sentence is revoked, and my misfortunes at an end. In the Indies, where my distresses carried me, I did some service for my native country, for which I have been repaid with honours, and with riches.

March. My dear Amanthis! how sincerely do I rejoice to see you happy as you merit!

[*To* AMANTHIS.

Count. Madam, I sincerely hope you are happy; and that no remembrance of me may ever disturb your tranquillity.

Duke. I'll answer for that.

Marq. Count, I have to beg your pardon for a suspicion---

Count. I assure you, my lord, you did me honour by it; where a lady is the subject, I like to be suspected.

Alberto. And now, Amanthis, say you pardon me the momentary pang I gave you, while I made trial of my daughter's filial love.

Aman. Oh, my father! I forget all my sorrows past, in my present joy.

Duke. I think we seem all extremely happy; every one, except the poor Count.

Count. The *poor* Count, sir!---

Duke. Yes; you like to be suspected; and I must own, I suspect at this time---

Count. What, sir?

Duke. A lady is in the case, so don't be angry.

March. If I am the object, I here protest---

Count. Come; if you will swear that you have no regard for me, and that you will never by any part of your conduct prove you have, marry me; and I will be the most constant, faithful husband---

March. You are so indifferent to me at present, I think I may venture.

Count. But remember, the first time you are in love, I am so no longer.

Duke. Take him; and at least respect him that he is no hypocrite.

March. I *will* take him; for, with all my care, I might do worse. To love with sincerity and judgement, is only reserved for superior minds---few beings, such as Almanza and his---Child of Nature.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

WEDDING DAY.

A DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY MRS INCHBALD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord RAKELAND,	*Mr Brunton.*
Sir ADAM CONTEST,	*Mr Munden.*
Mr MILLDEN,	*Mr Cresswell.*
Mr CONTEST,	*Mr Claremont.*
JOHN,	*Mr W. Murray.*
WILLIAM,	*Mr T. Blanchard.*
Lady AUTUMN,	*Mrs Humphries.*
Lady CONTEST,	*Mrs C. Kemble.*
Mrs HAMFORD,	*Mrs Emery.*
HANNAH,	*Miss Bristowe.*

Several Servants.

SCENE—*London.* TIME—*One Day.*

THE

WEDDING DAY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Lord* RAKELAND'S.

Enter WILLIAM, *followed by Lord* RAKELAND.

Lord Rake. AT home? to be sure I am!—how could you make any doubts about it? [*Exit* WILLIAM.] Deny me to my old acquaintance, and favourite friend, Tom Contest!

Enter Mr CONTEST.

My dear Contest, I congratulate us both that your travels are completed, and that you are come to taste, for the remainder of your life, the joys of your own country.

Mr Con. Whether to taste joy or sorrow I am yet in doubt; for I am uncertain in what manner I shall be received by my father.

Lord Rake. Have not you seen him yet?

Mr Con. No: nor dare I, till I know in what humour he is.

Lord Rake. In a good one, you may depend upon it; for he is very lately married.

Mr Con. To my utter concern, I heard some time ago indeed, that it was his design to marry again; but as he has never condescended to make me acquainted with it himself, I know nothing further respecting the marriage than what public report has thrown in my way. Pray, can you tell me who my new mother is?

Lord Rake. I am told she is very young, extremely lively, and prodigiously beautiful. I am told too that she has been confined in the country, dressed, and treated like a child, till her present age of eighteen, in order to preserve the appearance of youth in her mother.

Mr Con. But who is her mother? Of what family is she?

Lord Rake. That I don't know—and I suppose your father did not consider of what family she was, but merely what family she was likely to bring him.

Mr Con. Yes, I have no doubt but he married on purpose to disinherit me, for having written to him, "that I had fixed my affections upon a widow of small fortune, but one who was so perfectly to my wishes, that even his commands could not force me to forsake her."

Lord Rake. And were you in earnest?

Mr Con. I thought I was then; but at present I am more humble. I have implored his pardon for those hasty expressions, and now only presume by supplication to obtain his approbation of my choice.

Lord Rake. Pray, who may your choice be? Is she a foreigner?

Mr Con. No; an Englishwoman. We met at Florence—parted at Venice—and she arrived in London just four days before me.

Lord Rake. And when will you introduce me to her?

Mr Con. Are you as much a man of gallantry as ever? If you are, you shall first promise me not to make love to her.

Lord Rake. As to that, my dear friend, you know I never make a promise, when I think there is the least probability of my breaking it.

Mr Con. Then positively you shall not see my choice till I am secure of her. But I can tell you what I'll do—I'll introduce you to my young mother-in-law, if you like.

Lord Rake. My dear friend, that will do quite as well—nay, I don't know if it won't do better. Come, let us go directly.

Mr Con. Hold! not till I have obtained my father's leave: for, after offending him so highly as not to hear from him these six months, I thought it necessary to send a letter to him as soon as I arrived this morning, to beg his permission to wait upon him.

Enter WILLIAM, *and gives a Letter to* MR CONTEST.

And here, I suppose, is his answer.

Wil. Your servant inquired for you, Sir, and left this. [*Exit.*

[MR CONTEST *breaks open the Letter hastily, and reads.*]

Mr Con. An invitation to go to his house immediately. (*He reads the remainder of the Letter, and then expressing surprise.*)—Why my father tells me he was only married this very morning! I heard he was married a week ago!

Lord Rake. And so did I—and so did half the

town. His marriage has even been in the newspapers these three days.

Mr Con. Ay, these things are always announced before they take place; and I most sincerely wish it had been delayed still longer.

Lord Rake. I do not—for I long to have a kiss of the bride.

Mr Con. Pshaw! my lord: as it is the wedding day, I cannot think of taking you now; it may be improper.

Lord Rake. Not at all, not at all. A wedding day is a public day; and Sir Adam knows upon what familiar terms you and I are. Indeed, my dear friend, my going will be considered but as neighbourly. I can take no denial—I must go.

Mr Con. Well, if it must be so, come then. [*Going, stops.*] Notwithstanding the cause I have for rejoicing at this kind invitation from my father, still I feel embarrassed at the thoughts of appearing before him, in the presence of his young wife; for I have no doubt but she'll take a dislike to me.

Lord Rake. And if she should, I have no doubt but she'll take a liking to *me*. So come away, and be in spirits. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Sir* ADAM CONTEST'S.

Enter Sir ADAM, *drest in white clothes, like a Bridegroom.*

Sir Adam. Nothing is so provoking as to be in a situation where one is expected to be merry—it is like being asked in company "to tell a good story, and to be entertaining;" and then you are sure to be duller than ever you were in your life. Now, not-

withstanding this is my wedding day, I am in such a blessed humour that I should like to make every person's life in this house a burthen to them. But I won't! [*Struggling with himself.*]—No, I won't!—Here comes my Lady Contest.

Enter Lady CONTEST *slowly and pensively, drest like a Bride.*

Sir Adam. [*Aside.*] Now I will be in a good humour, in spite of all my doubts and fears.

Lady Con. Did you send for me, Sir Adam?

Sir Adam. Yes, my dear; your guardian is just stept home, to bring his wife to dine with us; and I wished to have a few minutes conversation with you. Sit down. [*They sit.*] I observed, Lady Contest, (and it gave me uneasiness,) that at church this morning, while the ceremony was performing, you looked very pale. You have not yet wholly regained your colour; and instead of your usual cheerful countenance and air, I perceive a pensive, dejected—Come, look cheerful. [*Very sharply.*] Why don't you look cheerful? [*Checking himself, and softening his voice.*] Consider, every one should be happy upon their wedding day, for it is a day that seldom comes above once in a person's life.

Lady Con. But with *you*, Sir Adam, it has come twice.

Sir Adam. Very true—it has—and my *first* was a day indeed! I shall never forget it! My wife was as young as you are now—

Lady Con. And you were younger than you are now.

Sir Adam. [*Starts—then aside.*]—No, I won't be angry. [*To her.*] She was beautiful too—nay more, she was good; she possessed every quality. But this is not a proper topic on the present occasion; and so, my dear, let us change the subject.

Lady Con. Pray, Sir Adam, is it true that your son is come to town?

Sir Adam. It is; and I expect him here every moment.

Lady Con. And have you invited no other company all day?

Sir Adam. Your guardian and his wife, Mr and Mrs Ploughman, you know, will be here; and what other company would you wish for—besides me?

Lady Con. In the country we had always fiddles and dancing at every wedding; and I declare I have been merrier at other people's weddings, than I think I am likely to be at my own.

Sir Adam. If you loved me, Lady Contest, you would be merry in my company alone. *Do* you love me? My first wife loved me dearly.

Lady Con. And so do I love you dearly—just the same as I would love my father, if he were alive.

Sir Adam. [*Aside.*] Now could I lay her at my feet for that sentence! But I won't—I wont [*Struggling with himself.*] Answer me this—would you change husbands with any one of your acquaintance?

Lady Con. What signifies now my answering such a question as that, when I am sure not one of my acquaintance would change with me?

Sir Adam. What makes you think so? [*Violently,*] [*Softening.*] Your equipage will be by far the most splendid of any lady's you will visit. I have made good my promise in respect to your jewels too; and I hope you like them?

Lady Con. Like them! to be sure!—Oh my dear Sir Adam, *they* even make me like you.

Sir Adam. A very poor proof of your love, if you can give me no other.

Lady Con. But I'll give you fifty others.

Sir Adam. [*Anxiously.*] Name them.

Lady Con. First, I will always be obedient to you.

Sir Adam. That's well.

Lady Con. Second, I will never be angry with you if you should go out and stay for a month—nay, for a year—or for as long as ever you like.

Sir Adam. [*Aside, and struggling with his passion.*] Sure I was not born to commit murder? I had better go out of the room.

Lady Con. [*Humming a tune.*] "And old Robin Gray was kind to me."

Sir Adam. [*Rising in agitation.*] Oh my first wife, my first wife, what a treasure was she! But my treasure is gone. [*Sighing.*]

Lady Con. Not all your money, I hope, Sir Adam? for my guardian told me you had a great deal.

Sir Adam. And did you marry me for that? What makes you blush? Come, confess to me—for there was always a sincerity in your nature, which charmed me beyond your beauty. It was that sincerity, and that alone, which captivated me.

Lady Con. Then I am surprised you did not marry your chaplain's widow, good old Mrs Brown.

Sir Adam. Why so?

Lady Con. Because I have heard you say "there was not so *sincere* a woman on the face of the earth."

Sir Adam. [*Aside.*] And egad I almost wish I had married her.—By what I have now said, Lady Contest, I meant to let you know, that, in comparison with virtues, I have no esteem for a youthful or a beautiful face.

Lady Con. Oh dear! how you and I differ! for I here declare, I do love a beautiful youthful face, better than I love any thing in the whole world.

Sir Adam. [*In a half-smothered rage.*] Leave the room—leave the room instantly. [*After a violent struggle.*] No: Come back---come back, my dear--- [*Tenderly.*] [*Aside.*] I'll be in a good humour pre-

sently. I won't use her ill—I have sworn at the altar, not to use her ill, and I will keep my vow. [*He sits down affecting perfect composure, and after a pause.*] Pray, Lady Contest, pray, have not you heard from your mother yet?

Lady Con. Not a line, nor a word.

Sir Adam. It is wonderful that she should not send us a proper address! There is no doubt but that every letter we have sent to her since she has been abroad, has miscarried. However, it will be great joy and pride to her, when she hears of your marriage.

Lady Con. Yes—for she always said I was not born to make my fortune.

Sir Adam. Which prediction I have annulled.—And after all—Come hither—come hither—[*Takes her kindly by the hand.*] And after all, I do not repent that I have—for although I cannot say that you possess all those qualifications which my first wife did, yet you behave very well considering your age.

Lady Con. And I am sure so do you, considering yours.

Sir Adam. All my resolution is gone, and I can keep my temper no longer. [*Aside.*]—Go into your own chamber immediately. [*He takes her by the hand and puts her off.*] I'll—I'll—I'll—[*Threatening as if going to follow her—then stops short.*] No, I'll go another way. [*As he is going off at the opposite side, enter* JOHN.

John. My young master and another gentleman. [*Exit.*

Enter Mr CONTEST *and Lord* RAKELAND.

Mr Con. [*To Sir* ADAM.] I kneel, Sir, for your pardon and your blessing.

Sir Adam. You have behaved very ill; but as you appear sensible of it, I forgive, and am glad to see

you. But I expect that your future conduct shall give proof of your repentance.---My Lord Rakeland, I beg pardon for introducing this subject before you; but you are not wholly unacquainted with it, I suppose?

Lord Rake. Mr Contest has partly informed me. [*Aside to Mr* CONTEST.] Ask for your mother.

Mr Con. I sincerely congratulate you on your nuptials, sir, and I hope Lady Contest is well.

Sir Adam. [*Going to the side of the Scene.*] Desire Lady Contest to walk this way.

Lord Rake. I sincerely congratulate you, too, Sir Adam.

Sir Adam. Thank you, my lord, thank you.

Enter Lady CONTEST—*Sir* ADAM *takes her by the hand, and presents Mr* CONTEST *to her.*

My dear, this is my son—and this, Tom, is your mother-in-law.

Lady Con. Dear Sir Adam, [*Half laughing.*] I was never so surprised in my life! Always when you spoke of your son you called him Tom, and Tommy, and I expected to see a little boy.

Sir Adam. And have you any objection to his being a man?

Lady Con. Oh no, I think I like him the better. [*To Mr* CONTEST.] Sir, I am very glad to see you.

Mr Con. I give your ladyship joy.

[*Salutes her hand.*

Lady Con. I shall be very fond of him, Sir Adam; I shall like him as well as if he were my own.

Sir Adam. [*Aside.*] Now am I in a rage, lest seeing my son a man, she should be more powerfully reminded that I am old.

Lord Rake. Sir Adam, you have not introduced me to Lady Contest.

Lady Con. Is this another son?

Sir Adam. What, could you be fond of him too?

Lady Con. Yes, I could.

Sir Adam. And like him as well as if he were your own?

Lady Con. Yes, I could.

Sir Adam. But he is not my son.

Lady Con. I can't help thinking he is.
[*Looking stedfastly at him.*

Sir Adam. I tell you he is not.

Lady Con. Nay, nay, you are joking—I am sure he is.

Sir Adam. [*Raising his voice.*] I tell you, no.

Lady Con. Why he is very like you. [*She goes up to Lord* RAKELAND, *and looks in his face.*] No, he is not so like when you are close.---I beg ten thousand pardons, sir; you are not at all like Sir Adam.

Sir Adam. [*Aside.*] Zounds, now I am jealous—and I am afraid my propensity will get the better of me. But no, it shan't—No, it *shall not*.---My lord, I beg your pardon, but I want half an hour's private conversation with my son; will you excuse us?

Lord Rake. Certainly, Sir Adam—I beg you will make no stranger of me.

Sir Adam. [*Taking Mr* CONTEST *by the hand.*] Come, Tom. [*Aside.*]---There, now, I have left them alone; and I think this is triumphing over my jealousy pretty well. Well done, Sir Adam, well done, well done. [*Exit with Mr* CONTEST, *Sir* ADAM *smiling with self-applause at the victory he has gained.*]

Lord Rake. My dear Lady Contest, though I acknowledge I have not the happiness to be your son, yet, permit me to beg a blessing on my knees—'Tis this—Tell me when and where I shall have the happiness of seeing you again?

Lady Con. Dear Sir, without any compliment, the happiness will be done to me.

Lord Rake. Enchanting woman!—Appoint the time.

Lady Con. I'll ask Sir Adam.

Lord Rake. No; without his being present.

Lady Con. I don't know if I sha'n't like that full as well.

Lord Rake. Appoint a time, then; just to play a game at cribbage.

Lady Con. Or what do you think of "Beggar my Neighbour?"—would not that do as well?

Lord Rake. Perfectly as well. The very thing.

Lady Con. But you must take care how you play; for it is a game you may lose a great deal of money by.

Lord Rake. But Sir Adam must not know of it.

Enter Sir ADAM, *and speaks aside.*

Sir Adam. Resolutions come and go—I wish I could have kept mine, and staid away a little longer. *(Affecting good humour.)* What, my lord, here still? holding conversation with this giddy woman?

Lord Rake. *(Affecting coldness.)* I assure you, Sir Adam, I am very well pleased with Lady Contest's conversation.

Lady Con. And I am sure, my lord, I am very much pleased with yours.

Lord Rake. We have been talking about a game at cards.

Lady Con. But you said Sir Adam was not to be of the party.

Lord Rake. Yes, Sir Adam—but not Mr Contest.

Lady Con. No, indeed you said Sir Adam.

Lord Rake. Oh no.

Lady Con. *(Eagerly.)* Yes—because, don't you remember I said—and you made answer—

Lord Rake. I don't remember any thing—

Lady Con. What! don't you remember kneeling for my blessing?

Sir Adam. How? What!

Lord Rake. Sir Adam, it would be a breach of good manners were I to contradict Lady Contest a second time; therefore I acknowledge that she is right —and that I have been in the wrong.

[*Exit, bowing with great respect.*

Lady Con. (*To Sir* ADAM *apart, and pulling his sleeve.*) Won't you ask him to dinner?

Sir Adam. Ask him to dinner! What a difference between you and my first wife!—Would *she* have wished me to ask him to dinner? would *she* have suffered a man to kneel——

Lady Con. I did not suffer him to kneel a moment.

Sir Adam. But my first wife was a model of perfection, and it is unjust to reproach you with the comparison. Yet I cannot help saying—would she had lived!

Lady Con. And I am sure I wish so, with all my heart.

Sir Adam. (*Fetching a heavy sigh.*) But she was suddenly snatched from me.

Lady Con. How was it, Sir Adam? Were you not at sea together? And so a storm arose—and so you took to the long-boat—and she would stay in the ship—and so she called to you, and you would not go—and you called to her, and she would not come. And so your boat sailed, and her ship sunk.

Sir Adam. Don't, don't—I can't bear to hear it repeated. I loved her too sincerely. But the only proof I can now give of my affection, is to be kind to her son; and as, by what he acknowledged to me, his heart I perceived was bent upon marriage, I have given him leave to introduce to me the lady on whom he has fixed his choice—and if I like her——

Lady Con. Has he fixed his choice?—Who is the young lady? What is her name?

Sir Adam. I did not ask her name.

Lady Con. But I hope you will give your consent, whoever she is.

Sir Adam. And if I do, in a little time they may both wish I had not. Young people are so capricious they don't know their own minds half an hour. For instance, I dare say you think very highly of that young lord who was here just now; but if you were to see him two or three times a-week, you would cease to admire him.

Lady Con. I should like to try. Do invite him here two or three times a week, on purpose to try.

Sir Adam. No, no; it's an experiment I don't wish to try.

Enter JOHN.

John. Mr and Mrs Ploughman are come, sir, and dinner is almost ready. [*Exit.*

Lady Con. (*Looking at her hand, gives a violent scream*) Oh! Oh!—Oh dear! Sir Adam—Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!

Sir Adam. What's the matter? What, in the name of heaven, is the matter?

Lady Con. I wish I may die if I have not lost my wedding ring—Oh! 'tis a sure sign of some ill luck.

Sir Adam. Here, John!

Enter JOHN.

Go and look for your mistress's wedding ring: she has dropt it somewhere about the house.

Lady Con. I am afraid it was in the street, as I stepped out of my coach. Oh! indeed, Sir Adam, it did not stick close. I remember I pulled my glove off just at that time:—Go and look there, John. [*Exit* JOHN.] Oh! Sir Adam, some ill luck will certainly happen to one or both of us, you may depend upon it.

Sir Adam. Childish nonsense! What ill luck can happen to us while we are good?

Lady Con. But suppose we should not be good?

Sir Adam. We always may, if we please.

Lady Con. I know we may. But then sometimes 'tis a great deal of trouble.

Sir Adam. Come, don't frighten yourself about omens; you'll find your ring again.

Lady Con. Do you think that young lord mayn't have found it? Suppose we send to ask him?

Sir Adam. Did you miss it while he was here?

Lady Con. No, nor should not have missed any thing, if he had staid till midnight.

Sir Adam. (*Taking her by the hand.*) Come, come to dinner. (*Going, stops.*) But I must say this has been a very careless thing of you. My first wife would not have lost *her* wedding ring.

Lady Con. But indeed, Sir Adam, mine did not fit. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Mr* MILLDEN'S.

Enter Lady AUTUMN *and Mrs* HAMFORD.

Mrs Ham. My dear Lady Autumn, Mr Contest is not of a proper age for a lover, much less for a husband of yours.

Lady Aut. Mrs Hamford, I believe, old as you pretend to think me now, you thought me young but a few weeks ago at Venice; when, on your first landing there, you imposed upon me your romantic tale, and prevailed with me to bring you to England.

Mrs Ham. Hold, madam; do not conclude too hastily, that, because I have for a few days since my

arrival in my native country, deferred my promise of revealing to you my real name and my connections here, that I am for this reason an impostor.

Lady Aut. No; upon recollection, you certainly *have* been living on a savage island for these ten or twelve years, which gives you all these Hottentot ideas in respect to the advanced age of women.

Enter Mr MILLDEN.

Mr Mil. Lady Autumn, I make no apology for entering your apartment thus abruptly, because I come with good news—Your daughter is married.

Lady Aut. Married! What! while I have been abroad?

Mr Mil. No doubt—But I cannot give you any particulars of the marriage, nor tell you even the gentleman's name; for I only passed her guardian by accident in his carriage, and I had not an opportunity to inquire, nor he to inform me further, than "that it was a most advantageous union for your daughter, for that her husband is a man of fortune and title."

Mrs Ham. There, Lady Autumn! you find you have a daughter old enough to be a wife.

Lady Aut. More shame for her.—Why was not my consent asked?

Mr Mil. You were out of England, and no letters reached you. However, your daughter's guardian will call upon you in the evening, and explain to you every particular.

Lady Aut. But now, my dear Mr Millden, and you, my dear Mrs Hamford, don't let this marriage escape your lips, if Mr Contest should call this evening; for if my daughter's husband should not, after all, be a man of some importance, I should wish to keep it a secret from Mr Contest that I have a daughter married. [*Exit.*

Mr Mil. Mrs Hamford, I observe a gloom upon your countenance; I hope no inquiries you have made concerning any part of your family since you have arrived in England—[*He takes her hand.*] You tremble! What's the matter?

Mrs Ham. I tremble till a visit which I am now going to make is over; and then, whatever is my destiny, I trust in that Power, which has supported me through numerous trials, to give me resignation.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Sir* ADAM CONTEST'S.

Enter Lady CONTEST, *followed by her Maid.*

Lady Con. [*Pulling off her cloak.*] Has any body called on me, Hannah, since I have been out?

Han. Yes, madam, an elderly gentlewoman; but she refused to leave her name. She begg'd very hard she might have the pleasure of seeing you the next time she came, as she said she had particular business, and wanted to speak to you in private.

Lady Con. Then pray let me see her when she comes again; for I am very fond of particular business.

Enter JOHN.

John. Lord Rakeland, if your ladyship is not engaged.

Lady Con. [*Drawing* HANNAH *on one side.*] Oh! Hannah, Hannah! is this the elderly gentlewoman? Oh! for shame, Hannah!—However, poor Hannah, don't be uneasy; I won't be very angry with you.—[*To* JOHN.] You may desire his lordship to walk up.

[*Exit* JOHN.

Enter Lord RAKELAND—*Exit* HANNAH.

Lord Rake. My adorable Lady Contest——

Lady Con. I hope you are very well; but I need not ask, for you look charmingly.

Lord Rake. And you look like a divinity! I met Sir Adam this moment in his carriage going out, and that emboldened me——

Lady Con. Yes, sir, he is gone out for a little while with my guardian; but he'll soon be back. I suppose, sir, you called to play an hand of cards.

Lord Rake. No; my errand was to tell you—I love you; I adore you; and to plead for your love in return.

Lady Con. But that is not in my power to give.

Lord Rake. You cannot possibly have given it to Sir Adam!

Lady Con. I sha'n't tell you what I have done with it.

Lord Rake. You could love me; I know you could.

Lady Con. If you were my husband, I would try: and then, perhaps, take all the pains I would, I could not.

Lord Rake. Oh! that I *were* your husband. [*Kneeling.*

Lady Con. You would not kneel so if you were—not even on the wedding day.

Lord Rake. No, but I would clasp you thus. [*Throwing his arms about her.*

Lady Con. Oh dear! Oh dear! I am afraid Sir Adam's first wife would not have suffered this!

Lord Rake. Why talk of Sir Adam? Oh! that you were mine, instead of his!

Lady Con. And would you really marry me if I were single?

Lord Rake. Would I?—yes—this instant, were

you unmarried—this instant, with rapture, I would become your happy bridegroom.

Lady Con. I wonder what Sir Adam would say were he to hear you talk thus! He suspected you were in love with me at the very first—I can't say I did—I suspected nothing—but I have found a great deal.

Lord Rake. Nothing to my disadvantage, I hope?

Lady Con. No—nor any thing that shall be of disadvantage to Sir Adam.

Lord Rake. Why are you perpetually talking of your husband?

Lady Con. Because, when I am in your company, I am always thinking of him.

Lord Rake. Do I make you think of your husband?

Lady Con. Yes—and you make me tremble for him.

Lord Rake. Never be unhappy about Sir Adam.

Lady Con. I won't—and he shall never have cause to be unhappy about me—for I'll go lock myself up till he comes home. Never—no, never will I see you again, unless Sir Adam makes one of the company. [*Going.*

Lord Rake. [*Holding her.*] What are you alarmed at? Is there any thing to terrify you either in my countenance or address?—In your presence, I feel myself an object of pity, not of terror.

Lady Con. Ay, but this may be all make-believe, like the poor little boy in the song.

SONG—*Lady* CONTEST.

I.

In the dead of the night, when with labour oppress,
All mortals enjoy the calm blessing of ease,
Cupid knock'd at my window, disturbing my rest,
Who's there? I demanded—begone, if you please.

II.

He answered so meekly, so modest, and mild,
Dear ma'am, it is I, an unfortunate child;
'Tis a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin;
I have lost my way, ma'am, so pray let me in.

III.

No sooner from wet and from cold he got ease,
When, taking his bow, he said, ma'am, if you please—
If you please, ma'am, I would by experiment know,
If the rain has not damaged the string of my bow.

IV.

Then away skipped the urchin, as brisk as a bee,
And, laughing, I wish you much joy, ma'am, said he;
My bow is undamaged, for true went the dart,
But you will have trouble enough with your heart.

[*Going.*

Enter JOHN.

John. A lady, a stranger, who Mrs Hannah says your ladyship gave orders should be admitted—

Lady Con. Very true—Desire her to walk in—show her up. [*Exit* JOHN.

Lord Rake. Who is it?

Lady Con. I don't know—I can't tell—I thought you had been her; but I was mistaken.

Lord Rake. Will she stay long?

Lady Con. I don't know any thing about her.

Lord Rake. Dear Lady Contest, do not let me meet her on the stairs; conceal me somewhere till she is gone. Here, I'll go into this dressing-room.

[*He goes to a door which leads to the next chamber.*

Lady Con. Then you will hear our discourse.

Lord Rake. No matter; I will keep it a secret.

Lady Con. No, no; you must go away—out of the house.

Lord Rake. I can't—I wo'nt—don't expose yourself before the lady.

Enter Mrs HAMFORD.

[*Lord* RAKELAND *goes into the next room; but stands at the door, and listens to the conversation of the ensuing scene.*

Mrs Ham. [*Courtseying to Lady* CONTEST.] I beg pardon, madam.

Lady Con. [*Curtseying.*] No apologies, madam.

Mrs Ham. I am afraid I am not right. [*Looking round.*

Lady Con. Yes, madam—Pray, are not you the lady who called this afternoon, and said you had particular business?

Mrs Ham. I am. [*Looking earnestly at her.*] And are you Lady Contest?

Lady Contest. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs Ham. Sir Adam's wife? [*In surprise.*

Lady Con. Yes, ma'am, Sir Adam's wife—Won't you please to sit down? [*They sit.*

Mrs Ham. There is then, Lady Contest, a very material circumstance in my life, that I wish to reveal to you; and to receive from *you* advice how to act. I am an elderly woman, and unfit for the enjoyment of many delights, which this world bestows; yet would I soften, with the utmost tenderness and caution, every sorrow likely to fall upon the young. Such is the nature of my present errand to you: but to my great surprise, I find you so very, very young—

Lady Con. Yes, ma'am, thank heaven.

Mrs Ham. And you are very happy, I presume?

Lady Con. [*Hesitating.*] Y-e-s, ma'am—yes, very happy, all things considered.

Mrs Ham. I am sorry then to be the messenger of news that will, most probably, destroy that happiness for ever.

Lady Con. Dear me! what news? You frighten me out of my wits! [*Rising.*

Mrs Ham. You are now, Lady Contest, newly married; in the height of youth, health, prosperity; and I am the fatal object who, in one moment, may crush all those joys!

Lady Con. Oh! then pray don't—you'll break my heart if you do. What have I done? or what has happened to take away from me all my joys?—Where's my pocket handkerchief?

[*Feeling in her pocket.*

Mrs Ham. Here, take mine, and compose yourself.

Lady Con. [*Taking it.*] Thank you, ma'am.

Mrs Ham. And now, my dear, I will inform you—and at the same time flatter myself that you will deal frankly with me, and not restrain any of those sensations which my tale may cause.

Lady. Con. Dear madam, I never conceal any of my sensations—I can't if I would.

Mrs Ham. Then what will they be when I tell you—I am Sir Adam Contest's wife—his wife whom he thinks drowned; but who was preserved and restored to life, though not till now restored to my own country.

Lady Con. Dear madam, I don't know any body on earth I should be happier to see!

[*Runs to her, embraces, and hugs her repeatedly.*

Mrs Ham. But consider, my dear, *you* are no longer wife to Sir Adam!

Lady Con. And is that all?—here, take your handkerchief again. [*Returns it her.*]—And come you out of your hiding place. [*She goes to the chamber where Lord* RAKELAND *is*—*He enters confused, and bowing to Mrs* HAMFORD.]—Come, come, for you need no longer conceal yourself now, or be miserable; for I have no longer a husband to prevent my being your

wife, or to prevent me from loving you;—for oh! oh! I do—[*Checks herself.*] though I durst not say so before.

Mrs Ham. May I enquire who this gentleman is?

Lady Con. A poor man that has been dying for love of me, even though he thought it a sin.

Lord Rake. I wish you a good evening. I beg pardon, and promise never to be guilty for the future.

Lady Con. You are not going away?

Lord Rake. I have an engagement it is impossible to postpone.—Good evening.

Lady Con. But you will soon come back, I hope? for I suppose you hold your mind to be my husband?

Lord Rake. Alas! that is a happiness above my hopes.

Lady Con. Above your hopes!

Lord Rake. It is.

Lady Con. Then it shall be *beneath* mine.

Lord Rake. I wish you a good evening.

[*He bows, and exit.*

Mrs Ham. And is it possible that you can think of parting with Sir Adam without the least reluctance.

Lady Con. Pray, madam, when did you see Sir Adam last?

Mrs Ham. Above fifteen years ago.

Lady Con. He is greatly altered since that time.

Mrs Ham. Still will my affection be the same.

Lady Con. And so it ought; for he loves you still; he is for ever talking of you; and declares he never knew what happiness was since he lost you.—Oh! he will be so pleased to change *me* for *you!* I wish he was at home. Oh, how I long to see him!

Mrs Ham. I hope you do not flatter me!

Lady Con. I am sure I don't;—I expect him at home every minute, and then you'll see!

Mrs Ham. Excuse me; at present I could n—

support an interview. I will take my leave till I hear from you; and will confide in your artless and ingenuous friendship to inform Sir Adam of my escape.

Lady Con. You may depend upon me, Lady Contest.

Mrs Ham. Adieu! [*Going.*

Lady Con. Dear madam, I would insist on waiting upon you down stairs; but I won't stand upon any ceremony with you in your own house.

[*Exit Mrs* HAMFORD.

[*As Lady* CONTEST *is going off at the opposite side, she stops on hearing Sir* ADAM'S *voice without.*

Sir Adam. Nobody so plagued as I am with servants!

Enter Sir ADAM.

Lady Con. Bless me, Sir Adam, I did not know you were come home!

Sir Adam. I have been at home this quarter of an hour. The coachman has made himself tipsy on the joyful occasion of our marriage, and was very near dashing out my brains in turning a corner.

Lady Con. And is that worth being in such an ill temper about?—Ah! you would not be so cross, if you knew something.

Sir Adam. Knew what? I have a piece of news to tell you.

Lady Con. And I have a piece of news to tell *you.*

Sir Adam. Your mother is arrived in town: your guardian heard so this morning, but he did not mention it to you nor to me till this moment, because he thinks it is proper for him to wait upon, and acquaint her with our marriage in form, before I throw myself at her feet, to ask her blessing.

Lady Con. Very well—with all my heart. And now, Sir Adam—what do you think?

Sir Adam. What do I think!

Lady Con. What will you give me to tell you something, that will make you go almost out of your wits with joy?

Sir Adam. What do you mean?—Have I got another estate left me?

Lady Con. No: something better.

Sir Adam. Better than that!

Lady Con. A great deal better—*you* will think.

Sir Adam. [*Eagerly.*] Has the county meeting agreed to elect me their representative?

Lady Con. No.

Sir Adam. What, any thing better than that?

Lady Con. A great deal better than that—and something the most surprising!—Guess again.

Sir Adam. Pshaw! I'll guess no more—I hate such teasing—it is unmannerly:—Would my first wife have served me so?

Lady Con. Now you have hit upon it.

Sir Adam. Upon what?

Lady Con. Your first wife.

Sir Adam. Ay, I shall never see her like again!

Lady Con. No, but you may see her——

Sir Adam. Eh! What! what! what!

Lady Con. She is alive, and you may have her home as soon as you please.

Sir Adam. What the deuce does the woman mean? [*Trembling.*

Lady Con. Your first wife—escaped in the long boat—as surprising a story as Robinson Crusoe!—I have seen her, and she longs to see you.

Sir Adam. Why, what do you mean? [*Still trembling.*] Alive?

Lady Con. As much alive as I am.

Sir Adam. And what does she intend to do? [*Trembling.*] Poor woman! poor creature! where does she intend to go?

Lady Con. Go! come home, to be sure.

Sir Adam. Home!—What does she call her home?

Lady Con. You are her home.

Sir Adam. I her home!—Come to me!—What can I do with her?—and what is to become of you?

Lady Con. Oh! never mind me.

Sir Adam. Yes, but I can't think to part with you. [*Ready to cry.*] I can't think to turn a poor young creature like you upon the wide world.—Her age will secure her: *she* won't be in half the danger.

Lady Con. Poor soul! if you knew what she has suffered——

Sir Adam. And have not I suffered too?—I am sure I have lamented her loss every hour of my life;—you have heard me.

Lady Con. And yet you don't seem half so much pleased at her return as I am.

Sir Adam. I cannot help being concerned to think, what a melancholy twelve or fourteen years the poor woman has experienced! most likely upon some desert island, instead of being in heaven!

Lady Con. But if you are concerned upon her account, you ought to be pleased upon your own, my dear—[*Checks herself.*] I beg pardon; I mean Sir Adam.

Sir Adam. No, no, call me "my dear,"—do not show reserve to me already; for if you do, you will break my heart.—Can you resolve to part from me?

Lady Con. Yes; because I know you will be so much happier with your first wife.

Sir Adam. But if our parting should give you any uneasiness——

Lady Con. It won't a bit.

Sir Adam. No!

Lady Con. No; [*Soothing.*] not when I know you are with that good, prudent woman, your first wife.—Will you give me leave to write to her, a kind letter for you, and invite her to come hither directly?

Sir Adam. [*After a struggle.*] You may do as you like.

Lady Con. Ay, I shan't be with you long, and so you may as well let me have my own way while I stay.—[*She writes—he walks about, starts, and shows various signs of uneasiness during the time.*]—Here they are; only a few words, but very kind; telling her to "fly to your impatient wishes."—Here, John—[*Enter* JOHN.] Take this letter to Mr Millden's immediately. [*Exit* JOHN—*She goes to Sir* ADAM.]—Come, look pleased; consider how charming it is for old friends to meet.

Sir Adam. Yes, if they are not too old.

Enter JOHN.

John. Lady Autumn and Mr Contest.

Enter Mr CONTEST *and Lady* AUTUMN.

Mr Con. Sir Adam, according to your permission, I have brought the lady on whom I have placed my affections, to receive from——

Lady Con. Oh, my dear mother, how do you do?
[*Running to Lady* AUTUMN.

Mr Con. Mother!—Your mother!

Lady Con. Yes—though she looks very well, does not she?

Mr Con. This is the lady on whom I have fixed my choice.

Lady Con. What, on my mother!

Sir Adam. And my mother! your father's mother!—Why you are as bad as the man in the farce—fall in love with your grandmother.

Lady Con. Dear mamma, don't make yourself un-

easy, if you have a mind to marry my son; for there is a lady now at Mr Millden's, and who is coming here, that will claim him for *her* son, and make me no longer wife to Sir Adam.

Enter Mr MILLDEN.

Mr Mil. Mr Contest, will you step for a moment to the person in the next room.

[*Exit Mr* CONTEST.

Sir Adam Contest, I come to inform you, that there is a lady in the next room who has been near fainting at the sound of your voice.

Sir Adam. And I believe I *shall* faint at the sound of her's.

Mr Mil. Her son is supporting her to you.

Enter Mrs HAMFORD *leaning on Mr* CONTEST.

Lady Con. Dear Sir Adam, fly and embrace your first wife.—[*She goes to her.*] Dear Lady Contest, notwithstanding his seeming insensibility, he loves you to distraction: a thousand times has he declared to me, he did not think there was such a woman in the world.

Sir Adam. And I did flatter myself there was not.

Mrs Ham. [*Seeing Sir* ADAM *advance towards her.*] Oh! Sir Adam!

Sir Adam. Oh, my dear! If you knew what I have suffered, and what I still suffer on your account, you would pity me.

Lady Aut. Sir Adam, I give you joy of a wife that suits your own age.

Sir Adam. And such a one shall my son marry, when he has my consent.

Lady Con. [*Crying till she sobs.*] Good b'ye, Sir Adam—good b'ye—I did love you a little, upon my word; and if I was not sure you were going to be so

much happier with your first wife, I should never know a moment's peace.

Sir Adam. I thank you. And at parting, all I have to request of you is—that you will not marry again till I die.

Lady Con. Indeed Sir Adam, I will not—but then you won't make it long?—And my next husband, whoever he is, shall be of my own age; but he shall resemble you, Sir Adam, in your principles of honour. And then, if my wedding ring should unhappily sit loose, I will guard it with unwearied discretion; and I will hold it *sacred*—even though it should *pinch* my finger.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

MIDNIGHT HOUR;

A COMEDY.

IN THREE ACTS.

FROM

THE FRENCH OF M. DAMANIANT,

CALLED

GUERRE OUVERTE; OU, RUSE CONTRE RUSE.

AS IT IS NOW PERFORMING AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

TRANSLATED

BY MRS INCHBALD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The translation of *Guerre Ouverte; ou, Ruse contre Ruse*, has been given by several hands; but particularly by one, who has printed it under the title of "The Midnight Hour, or War of Wits, as in rehearsal at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden." This, the present translator thinks proper to mention, as it may tend to mislead the Public in regard to the present piece, which has alone been performed at any of the London Theatres.

CHARACTERS.

The Marquis,	*Mr Brunton.*
The General,	*Mr Emery.*
Sebastian,	*Mr Farley.*
Nicolas,	*Mr Blanchard.*
Mathias,	*Mr Atkins.*
Ambrose,	*Mr Thompson.*
Julia,	*Miss Chapman.*
Cecily,	*Mrs Davenport.*
Flora,	*Mrs Mattocks.*

SCENE—*A Country Town in Spain.*

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

THE

MIDNIGHT HOUR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter the MARQUIS *and* SEBASTIAN.

Mar. THIS is my native place—the town that gave me birth—and in spite of my attachment to the capital, dear Madrid, I must prefer this to every other spot in the world.

Seb. Ay, my lord, you come hither to take possession of the estate of a rich uncle just deceased; and it is that which renders the place so very agreeable—you would, but for that circumstance, forget your gratitude for your birth; and, while you remained here, lament you were ever born.

Mar. You are mistaken, Sebastian.

Seb. Why, my lord, although I am nothing more than an humble domestic of your lordship's, if I was not in love, and the object of my passion living in this very identical town, I could not be happy in it, but perpetually pining after the capital.

Mar. Give me your hand, Sebastian—for once my equal.

Seb. How so, pray, my lord?

Mar. By being in love—for love is a general leveller—it makes the king a slave, and inspires the slave with every joy a prince can taste.

Seb. Ay, Sir, but we are not all equals in love for all that—for instance, you will always be above my match; for I never did, nor ever could, love more than one—now your lordship I have known to love sixteen—and all at the same time—and all so well, it was impossible to tell which you loved the best.

Mar. Do not mention any of my past affections—I never loved till now—never till I arrived at this place, and beheld—

Seb. Pray, my lord, how many? and whereabouts do they all live?

Mar. Impertinent!

Seb. Nay, I am sure I don't care how many, provided they are neighbours—but, you know in Madrid, my lord, you fell in love with four, that lived exactly at the different corners of the town; and I had so far to run every night and morning with your lordship's "ardent love," and "constant affection," that, if the death of your uncle had not brought you here to inherit his estate, I must certainly have given up my place; or petitioned your mistresses to have come all into the same neighbourhood.

Mar. O, these passions were different to that which now possesses me—for now I love only one, and she is——

Seb. What?

Mar. An angel.

Seb. "Then she's too good for us,"—give her up, Sir.

Mar. She is the most charming of her sex, I swear.

Seb. But is she maid, wife, or widow?

Mar. A maid.

Seb. Hold, hold, don't swear that.

Mar. And that is the place of her abode—don't repine at her habitation—you see you'll not have far to go, for the house is directly opposite my hotel.

Seb. Repine,—it makes my heart rejoice—why, my lord, in that very house lives my sweetheart—and I make no doubt but she attends upon yours.

Mar. If so, it is the luckiest accident in the world—she can perhaps obtain me an interview with her mistress—for as yet I have only beheld her in the public walks—or from her window. Fly to the woman you mention instantly, and desire her to inform you of every particular concerning her lady—for at present, I do not know any thing about her.

Seb. Why, now I begin to think you are really in love—for that is the first and great fundamental cause of a man's real love for a woman.

Mar. What?

Seb. Because he does not know any thing about her.

Mar. Pshaw!—I *do* know, that her name is Julia—and that she lives in yon house with her uncle, General Don Guzman—who served in the last war. In my youth while I was on a visit at my uncle's, I have seen the General frequently, for he and my uncle were upon the warmest terms of friendship; nay, but yesterday he called at my hotel to inquire for me, but I chanced to be from home; and this morning I mean to return his visit—but then I have no hope of beholding his niece—he is cautious to whom he introduces her; and to visit him, will but perhaps render my access to her more difficult still.

Seb. I believe you are right, Sir; for I have, now I think of it, a letter in my pocket that will put an end to all your hopes at once.

Mar. What do you tell me?—quick, let me see it—from whom is it?

Seb. From my sweetheart, Mrs Flora.

Mar. Read it this moment.

Seb. [*Reading.*] "My dear Sebastian,"—"my dear, dear Sebastian,"—" my dear life"—

Mar. Go on, Sir—go on—read the whole letter.

Seb. [*Reading.*] "I no longer live with the old countess, and the reason is, because she is dead."

Mar. S'death, leave out every thing but Julia.

Seb. Oh yes, very true—where is she [*looking in the Letter.*] I believe she is left out, for I can't find her.

Mar. [*snatching the Letter.*] Give it me.

Seb. I beg as a favour, my lord, you will not read about the tedious minutes, and long nights.

Mar. [*Reading.*] "I now live in the General's house, and attend upon his niece, the madam Julia, who is going to be married instantly:"—Confusion—"her intended husband is a rich merchant, who is expected from India every hour—he is the choice of her uncle; for she has never yet seen him."—From that circumstance a dawn of hope breaks in upon me. Fly, Sebastian, to your acquaintance immediately—tell her she must aid me to break off this marriage—fly.

Seb. There is more in the letter.

Mar. What, more about Julia? [*Looking eagerly.*

Seb. No; but a great deal more about me.

Mar. Pshaw!—be gone—which way are you going? Yonder is the house she lives at.

Seb. Yes, but not the house where she dare admit her lover—we meet at the house of a friend of mine, where we can make free.

Mar. Very well—and be sure to tell this woman, who writes to you with such affection, that if she can procure me the hand of her beloved mistress, I will immediately recompense her with *thine*—and a fortune into the bargain.

Seb. Dear my lord, a fortune!—How can you mention any other reward, after having mentioned me.

[*Exit.*

Mar. I have but very little hope from this experi-

ment either—'Sdeath, my fortune and my rank are superior to this detested merchant's! The General, her uncle, was ever friendly to our family—What if I avowed my love to him? By heaven, here he is!

[*The General enters from his house.*

Gen. Who have we here?

Mar. General Don Guzman— [*Bowing.*

Gen. My dear Marquis is it you? Yes, I see it is —and though twelve years since I saw you, yet, if I had not heard of your arrival, I should not have passed you without remembering you perfectly.

Mar. You did me the honour to call on me yesterday—and I beg a thousand pardons that I should so long neglect———

Gen. Oh, no ceremony, Marquis—I called on you when it was convenient—and do you call on me when it suits you. Never stand upon any ceremony; I hate it. Your uncle and I were friends for thirty years, and never asked one another "how we did" in our lives. I hate all ceremony. While you stay in this part of the world, receive the same hearty welcome and friendship from me your uncle ever did —but on the same score—no ceremony.

Mar. [*Aside.*] By heaven, this warm reception makes me hope for every thing.

Gen. You seem thoughtful, young gentleman!

Mar. [*Aside.*] My situation is desperate, and such must be my attempt.

Gen. Quite melancholy, Marquis—your uncle's death, I suppose?

Mar. True, General, that does weigh heavy—and yet I have something which weighs upon my heart still more—time presses me to disclose what it is. I am in love—desperately in love—madly in love— and it is with your niece—but I hear you are going to marry her to an Indian merchant—this damps my soul, but, perhaps, inflames my wishes still higher, and impels me to declare, that nothing but an invin-

cible bar shall prevent my casting myself at her feet, and pleading my cause.

Gen. Young gentleman, I desired you would use no ceremony—and I think you have complied with my desire to its full extent.

Mar. Did not you bid me make free?

Gen. I did—and now I shall take the same liberty myself. You are the most forward, confident, presumptuous man——and if my niece was even disengaged, you should not have her.

Mar. Is this my reward for behaving as you requested I would?—Why, then, if she was disengaged, I *would* have her—and so I will now. Don't be offended—you desired I should make free.

Gen. I'll suffer death if your assurance does not make me laugh—and if my word was not given to marry my niece to another, you *should* have her—just to show people I like they should make free.

Mar. Your word passed, General!—what can that signify when your niece has never seen her intended husband, and, perhaps, when she does see him, may have the utmost aversion to him?

Gen. And pray, my lord, are you sure she likes you?

Mar. No, I am not sure. I know not yet if ever she observed me, although I have followed her incessantly. But, dear General, bring me to her, and let my tongue declare the thousand agitations which my eyes have, I fear, but too faintly explained.

Gen. My lord, my promise is given to Don Carlos—and can I, under such an engagement, think of introducing you to her?

Mar. Oh, General! consider the violence of my passion—consider—— [*Kneeling.*

Gen. Consider you are in the streets.—[*Raising him.*]—My lord, attend to what I am going to say.—Had you gained my niece's affections before you made

this application, I would have listened to it; but now I solemnly forbid you my house.

Mar. Distraction!

Gen. Nay, I only forbid you till the marriage is over—then you are welcome to come as soon as you please.——Do not make yourself uneasy—you have no long time to wait—Don Carlos will be here some time to day, and the marriage ceremony is to be performed at midnight, at the hour of twelve exactly—it is an ancient custom in the family to marry at that hour.—Farewell!—and as soon as that hour is passed, you shall be welcome to come to my house, and make as free as you please. [*Going.*

Mar. I will make free before that hour by some stratagem—I will win my Julia's heart, and steal her from you in spite of your security.

Gen. And, by Heaven, if you do, you shall have her—and with my consent.

Mar. I take you at your word. [*Warmly.*

Gen. Don't kneel down again.—My word is given, and I won't recal it.—If you can contrive to take my niece from my house, either by yourself, or any one else, any time before twelve o'clock this night, (with her own concurrence, not else,) I will say you deserve her—and, with my hearty consent, you shall have both her and her fortune.—Nor is my word broken with her intended bridegroom, for I will take every precaution, during that interim, which bars, bolts, locks, or trusty servants, can give.

Mar. But will you only allow me till midnight?—that time is so short.

Gen. Oh, you begin to recant, do you?—*You* take her away!—ha, ha, ha,—and with her own consent too?

Mar. Without it, I would scorn the attempt.

Gen. And, at all events, you had better give it up, for I shall be upon my guard; and, invent what stratagem you will, I believe I shall discover it,—*You* take

her away?—and within a few hours—it makes me laugh.

Mar. Provoking! [*Aside.*] Yes, love inspires me—and half my estate to half yours, I *do* take her away.

Gen. Done—it is a wager—no being off.

Mar. Being off! I insist it is a wager.

Gen. You are so bold, I must go back and see if my niece is safe at home now or not. [*Going.*

Mar. Farewell, my dear uncle.

Gen. Uncle! you impertinent—Stay till you have taken my niece out of my house.—Uncle, indeed!

Mar. Remember me to my destined wife.

[*Exit General into his house.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. My lord, I have overheard part of your conversation with the General, and surely you have been to blame to let him know your intentions.

Mar. I *was* to blame to give him warning of my designs; but my passion has rendered me unable to project with cunning—but no matter—the difficulty of the enterprise will increase the glory of the success: and what says—

Seb. My Flora!—She has promised you all her assistance; but she is afraid the other servants will not be in your interest; and there are four besides herself.

Mar. No more than four!—and what are they?—describe them.

Seb. One is an old soldier, who has been with the General in all his battles, and has but one promising quality for us; and that is, he is so lame that, although his fidelity is such we shall not be able to bribe him to let us into the house, yet, if we once get in, we can run out again without his being able to overtake us.

Mar. Good.

Seb. And the porter is a man so deaf, that although

he will not be able to listen to any of our offers, we may break open the door, if his back happen to be to it, without his hearing us. But the man-servant we have most to dread is one Nicolas, the General's valet, a self-sufficient, presuming, insignificant boaster; and for ever officiously concerned for the good of his master.

Mar. Nicolas is his name? You have named them all now?

Seb. No, there is one more—the worst of them all—and a female too—old Cecily, the duenna—She (Flora tells me) is even more attached to the General than any servant he has; and she has ears, eyes, and senses for all the family that wants them.

Mar. She must be the first we win over to our cause.

Seb. Ah! my lord, I am afraid—By heaven, here she comes; just returned from church.

Mar. Do you begone then—for before a witness it will be impossible to offer her a bribe.

[*Exit* SEBASTIAN, *and bows to* CECILY *as he passes; she enters, and crosses to the General's house.*

Mar. What an ungracious countenance!—but no matter. It is best to begin with our greatest difficulties.

[*She takes out a key, and unlocks the door.*

Mar. Donna Cecily, Donna Cecily!

[*In a soft tone of voice.*

Cecily. [*Turning round disdainfully.*] Signor!

Mar. I think [*with much softness,*] you are one of the domestics belonging to the house?

Cecily. Domestics!—I am the governante general, and the general governante of the whole house.

Mar. Pardon me.

Cecily. I thank you for your compliment, signor, and am your humble servant.

[*Curtseying with a sneer and going.*

Mar. One word—my dear governante, one word

—I have something of the highest importance to communicate to you.

Cecily. [*Aside.*] A lover of my young lady's I suppose: I am glad of it, that I may have the pleasure of repulsing him. —What would you have, signor?

[*With a voice the most forbidding.*

Mar. You are severe—that air you put on, agrees but little with those gentle and beguiling looks nature allotted you.

Cecily. And do you think to cajole me by your deceitful rhapsody upon my beauty! [*very loud.*] I am old and ugly—and what is more, have, thank Heaven, as bad a temper as any woman in the world.

Mar. You wrong yourself I am sure.

Cecily. I tell you I don't—and if you come hither after my young lady, I have the pleasure to inform you, you won't get her—she is disposed of—her uncle has so ordained it, and I would not be the cause of her disobeying her uncle for the world—I am true to him, because he gives me the power to use every body else as ill as I please—and now I wish you a good day; having the satisfaction to leave you in utter despair. [*Going.*

Mar. Nay, stay—a hundred pistoles are in this purse—take them and be my friend. [*Holding her hand.*]

Cecily. No, signor, my master's interest, and the pleasure of refusing a favour, are both too dear to me, to accept your bribe. [*The General comes to the threshold of his door.*]

Gen. Cecily with the Marquis? astonishing! let me listen. [*Aside.*

Mar. Dear, dear Cecily! [*Sees the General.*] The General listening—I must change the battery.

[*Aside.*

Cecily. Dear Cecily!

Mar. Yes; for I am charmed to find you what

you *are*. You have won my esteem and friendship for ever.

Gen. Indeed!

Mar. You have your lady's real happiness at heart, I find.

Cecily. And who could suppose I had not?

Mar. Pardon me—but I had heard quite a different account of you from what you deserve.

Cecily. Is it possible?

Mar. Nay, the General, I am certain, believes quite differently of you, from what you have proved yourself to me.

Cecily. If he does—poor deceived man!

Gen. Oh, the hussy! [*Aside.*

Mar. Take this purse—nay, it is your due; for I had a capital bet against me, provided you had not acted as you have done,—[*she takes the purse.*] on my knees I thank you; for you have now made me the happiest of men—all my wishes must succeed—Oh, General, where are you now, with your boasted confidence?

Gen. [*Coming between them.*] I am here, and you have lost your bet still.

Mar. Confusion! he has overheard all our discourse. [*Affecting confusion.*

Gen. [*In extreme anger.*] Yes; I *have* overheard it.

Cecily. So much the better.

Mar. General, forgive us both—we did not suppose you had been so near—curb your resentment—the governante has the highest regard for you and your family—and I protest her fidelity is proof against all my persuasion.

Gen. Don't talk to me, sir, I won't believe it—don't attempt to deceive me!

Cecily. What do you mean? [*Surprised.*

Gen. [*To Cecily.*] Go you about your business immediately—you never set your foot into my house

again—in pretty hands, truly, I had confided my niece! a pretty duenna I had chosen!

Cecily. General, what do you mean!

Gen. Never let me see your face again—take care of that—take care I don't even find you lurking about any of my premises with a love letter under your apron; for if I do—

Cecily. And you are really displeased with me?

Gen. I am indeed—but never you mind—his lordship thinks himself highly obliged to you.

Mar. No, indeed, I don't, General—no, indeed, I don't.

Cecily. And do you turn me away?—turn me out of your house?— [*Half crying.*

Gen. Yes; but never you mind—his lordship will take you into his, I dare say.

Mar. No, I won't, General,—no, indeed, I won't.

Cecily. Hear me, General.

Gen. Not a word—no reply—be gone this instant—and to-morrow I'll send the wages after you, you have so little merited.

Cecily. General, General, you use me ill.

Mar. You do indeed.

Cecily. You are in an error.

Mar. You are indeed, General—I *protest* and *swear* you are.

Gen. I am glad of it—'tis something new—and I'll keep in it. Why don't you go about your business? [*Going to her.*] At your age!—an't you ashamed?—you ought to blush; but for my part I always thought it of you—I have suspected you these twenty years.

Cecily. Have you? then you shall find I will not be suspected in vain—you shall find what I *can* do—for when I go, your good genius forsakes you.

Gen. Why, you are hated and detested by every body—I was the only person on earth that *ever* could endure you—and now you are found out by *me*—you have not a friend in the world. [*Going.*

Cecily. [*Following him.*] You have lost your senses.

Gen. You have lost your place.

[*Exit into his house.*

Mar. Rash and unthinking man!

Cecily. Young gentleman, he has provoked me so far, I'll serve you against my inclination. I hate you—but I think I hate him something more—therefore command me, and I will do all I can to obtain you his niece—do you want a disguise, under which to enter the house? I will procure you one; and instruct you in every turn and winding of the apartments. My dear sir, I will do you all the good I can, out of *spite.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Saloon at the* GENERAL'S.

Enter General, NICOLAS, AMBROSE, MATHIAS, *and* FLORA, *following.*

Gen. And I lose both my wager and my niece, if he finds means to take her out of my house before midnight.

Nic. Take her out of this house while I have the honour of serving you?—the Marquis knows little of the faith and diligence of your servant Nicolas, or he would soon drop the attempt.

Amb. And knows little of your soldier, Ambrose, who (*walking up to the General very lame*) on the first alarm, would *fly* to give him battle.

Mat. What?—what is all this—(*trying to hear*) it is a sad thing to be deaf.

Flora. And this said Marquis must know very little of your trusty servant Flora.

Gen. No more professions—I believe you all firmly attached to my interest—and if I should win my

wager, I promise each of you a purse of ten pistoles.

Amb. Oh, the wager is already won.

Nic. Yes, sir; and you may as well pay us now. [*Holding out his hand.*

The Marquis enters disguised in a riding cloak and wig.

Mar. They are all assembled, and conspiring against me—softly—in here—in here. [*Goes into a closet.*

Mat. [*After pulling one Servant, then another.*] Nay, but tell me—what is it?—I am sure there is something going forward.

Gen. Why don't some of you tell that poor fellow Mathias; he is dying with curiosity to know what we have been saying.

Amb. I'll tell him in the hall, over a bottle.

Gen. But, egad, while we are consulting here, the door is open, and any body may rush into the house.

Nic. How came I not to think of that?—I am not surprised any one else did not think of it—but that I should not!

Gen. Send Mathias to guard the door immediately. [NICOLAS *makes signs to* MATHIAS.

Mat. What? what do you say?—You need not speak so loud; only tell me what you mean? [NICOLAS *makes signs.*]

Mat. What, the door?—yes, yes, I will, I will—[*going, returns*] what is that, what all this great consultation has been about?—ay, I thought what it was. [*Exit slowly.*

Gen. He's a good servant, notwithstanding he never hears a word that is said to him. Ambrose, both you and he must keep guard below—you have quick ears, and he has quick legs—you must hear for him, and he must run for you—keep both of you at the great door, and do not suffer a creature to enter, unless they first give you this sentence, "Love and ho-

nour," which shall be the watchword, for all who have the liberty to enter.

Amb. I obey, sir. [*Exit lame.*

Gen. And now Nicolas, while I step to my niece to inform her of what has happened; do you run to the port to meet her betrothed husband—for I hear his vessel is just arrived—I durst not leave my house; and as he and I are entirely unacquainted with each other, (except by good report,) he knows nothing of my dislike to ceremony, and may take my neglect to meet him as an affront; therefore, begone immediately with my respects, and I wait impatiently for the pleasure of seeing him: and in your way, step to my niece's mantuamaker, and desire her to come and take measure of her for her wedding clothes—a little finery may take up the poor girl's attention, and prevent her reflecting too much upon the state she is about to enter, with a man she never saw. [*Exit.*

Nic. Of all the servants my master has, I am the only one he trusts with the office of receiving his visitors.

Flora. And of all his servants, you are the only one he sends with a servile message to a mantuamaker.

Nic. Oh! great men will sometimes do little offices,—witness my making love to you.

Flora. And great women will not always accept little offices—witness my refusing your love.

Enter the General and JULIA.

Gen. But my dear niece—What, not gone yet, Nicolas?

Nic. Sir, I fly.

Gen. But, remember to give the watchword to the mantuamaker, or they won't let her in.

Nic. The watchword!—I will, I will—but what is it—I have forgot it—Flora, what is it?
[*Aside to her.*

Flora. I have a great mind not to tell you.

Nic. Yes, pray do.

Flora. 'Tis "Love and honour." [*Pushing him off.*

The General and Julia *come forward.*

Gen. But what do you think of a man who has the assurance to pursue you, without first gaining your consent?

Julia. I think it is one of those injuries a woman does not always resent.

Gen. But when I refused him your hand, he vowed he would take you off by force.

Julia. Do not be alarmed, uncle—force is seldom used, but to her that is willing.

Gen. But I flatter myself you would not be willing.

Julia. *Don't* flatter yourself—you know you always cautioned me against yielding to ideas that flattered me.

Gen. And is it possible you would consent to go off with him?

Julia. I think,—it it possible.

Gen. You are certainly talking thus in jest.

Julia. No, upon my word I speak seriously—a lover to undertake what the Marquis has done, must love very sincerely indeed—we are always proud of having inspired an ardent passion—too often we cannot but partake of it—and the heart once gone, it is hard to say what will not follow.

Gen. But he is the most presuming young villain.

Julia. Is he young too? Oh, dear uncle!—

Gen. And you mean to encourage him?

Julia. You know young people should be encouraged—and Don Carlos can much better bear a rejection; for he is old, and has been used, I dare say, to the sorrows and disappointments of this wicked world.

Gen. Very well,—go on; but if the gentleman

should dare to come within these walls, I'll do for him.

Julia. No, uncle, let me do for him.

The Marquis enters from the closet.

Mar. Now fortune be my friend. [*Aside.*
"Love and honour,"
[*Coming as from the outward door.*

Gen. Pray, sir, who are you, that you should know these words?

Mar. I am journeyman to the mantuamaker for whom you sent, and am come to measure this lady for the wedding suit.

Gen. This strange-looking man gives me some suspicion—no matter. [*Aside.*] That's right, young man—take the measure instantly—for it will be wanted early in the morning—you must make great haste to have it done.

Julia. No, pray don't, sir.

Mar. Why not, madam, if your marriage should even be deferred, you may still wear your clothes—and I am sure I shall think it such extreme pleasure to work for you, I shall esteem it a happiness to pass the whole night in your service.

Julia. You are very good, sir; but I would not give you so much trouble.

Mar. Dear madam, it would be no trouble at all. [*Going to her.*] what a shape is here!

Gen. What are you about, sir?

Mar. In what manner, madam, would you choose your dress to be made? *a la Turk*, or in the new style *a l'Anglaise?* [*Looking at her with a sentiment of earnestness which fixes her attention.*]

Gen. Come, sir, make haste! [*Impatiently.*

Mar. Please, madam, to turn a litttle more towards me—that's right, very well—now, hold up this hand, now drop this, now take this—
[*Offers her a Letter.*

Gen. The Marquis as I live—hold, hold, my lord.

Julia. The Marquis? [*Aside.*] what a delightful man!

Mar. Yes, charming Julia, it is the Marquis,—he who adores you.

Gen. Go out of my house, go out of my house: [*He leads him to the door, the Marquis then breaks from him, runs and kisses* JULIA'S *hand violently, and then exit, led off by the General, who is calling all the time.*] Let her alone—go about your business—[*after pushing the Marquis off*] who's below there? who's below?—what, if I have him secured, and confine him here till midnight is over! a good thought. Ambrose! Ambrose! [*Calling at the door, turns and sees* JULIA *reading the letter.*] Give me that letter—[*calls again*] Ambrose, shut the door; don't let that man go out—Give me that letter.

Enter MATHIAS, *slowly.*

Mat. Ambrose says you are calling—what would you please to have?

Gen. Oh, they have let him out! what did you come for? I never wanted to give a direction in a hurry, but this fellow was sure to come to receive it.

Mat. Ambrose said, you were calling.

Gen. Get away, you deaf—get away; don't you see I am angry? [*Bawling to him.*

Mat. Hungry?—O, very well; I hear plain enough.

Gen. Get away, you stupid— [*drives him off.*] it is that scoundrel Nicolas who has sent the Marquis in this disguise; it was he who gave him the watch-word, I dare say; but I'll make him remember it.

Enter NICOLAS.

Nic. Don Carlos will be here instantly; I've run till I'm out of breath.

Gen. Take that, sir. [*Strikes him.*

Nic. What, for my good news?

Gen. No, sir; but for giving our watchword to the Marquis.

Nic. It was he then that passed me as I came in? I thought it was; I wish I may die if I did not.

Gen. Oh, you knew it was he, did you?

Nic. Yes; I knew it must be a great man, for *he* gave me such a slap in the face as he came by—Oh, sir, indeed you must have felt it, to have known how it made me jump: one mauls me in the house, and another mauls me in the streets, and all for nothing!

Gen. How dare you say so? can you deny that you sent the Marquis into my house, under the disguise of one of the mantuamaker's journeymen?

Nic. Indeed, sir, I did not; besides my lady's mantuamaker has only women to work for her; all her journeymen are gone to England. I dare say, sir, before we were on our guard, the Marquis slipped into the house, and *overheard* the watchword.

Gen. Perhaps he did; but no matter—he is turned out of doors. And you, [*To* JULIA] you good-for-nothing, I have a great mind—

Julia. Aye do, uncle, turn me out of doors too.

Gen. As soon as you are married to Don Carlos, I will—but now, my good Nicolas—never mind that blow I gave you, for I assure you I have certainly forgot it. Let us not be outwitted again—attend no more to watchwords, but deny admittance to every creature except Don Carlos—you say he will be here instantly?

Nic. Yes, sir, he only waits at the inn till he has taken two large chests from on board his vessel, full of precious things for my young lady, which are so valuable, he will not suffer them to be a moment out of his sight; I heard him order four porters to be ready to bring them, and his servants hinted to me they were presents for my lady.

Gen. [*To her.*] Do you hear, you ungrateful? [*To* NICOLAS] you have seen Don Carlos; nobody in this

house except yourself has ever seen him; therefore, do you wait at the door till he comes, that no one else may be mistaken for him.

[*Exit* NICOLAS.

Julia. And must I be the wife of Don Carlos? Oh, heaven prosper the Marquis's attempts!

Gen. I am afraid your prayers are vain—however, let him try all his arts; and you may try all yours; and I will try all mine; and the first shall be to lock you into your chamber till Don Carlos arrive.—Please to walk this way; no reluctance.

[*They exeunt.*

Flora. O, Sebastian! Sebastian! I am afraid my mistress is torn from your master for ever—and I deprived of you, for these three years to come at least.

Enter NICOLAS, *and* SEBASTIAN *disguised as* DON CARLOS.

Nic. Don Carlos. [*Exit* NICOLAS.

Enter General.

Gen. My dear Don Carlos, welcome to Spain.

Enter four Porters with two chests; they place one in the middle, the other on one side the Stage.

Seb. General, I am overjoyed to see you, [*to the Porters*] Why did you bring the chests into these apartments?—Pardon me, General; I meant they should have been left in the hall; but, as they *are* here, permit them to remain—[*Exeunt Porters*] for they contain a few trifles from India, which I mean to present to my destined bride.

Gen. Don Carlos, why such attention?

Flora. Shall I call my young lady, pray, sir?—Dear, how I long to have a peep!

[*Looking at the chests.*

Seb. [*Aside to her.*] Hush—don't you know me?

Flora. Sebastian, as I live! [*Aside.*

Seb. Did you express your curiosity to see these trifles? if you did, here's the key, madam.

[*Gives the key.*

Gen. She express her curiosity indeed! I should not have thought of satisfying *her* curiosity! Don Carlos, walk this way, and satisfy yours, in beholding your future wife. [*Exeunt Gen. and* SEB.

Flora. Who would have supposed Don Carlos should be Sebastian, and I not know him till he was obliged to tell me so himself!—But by what means could he contrive to be introduced under that shape—O, he has bribed Nicolas I dare say.

Mar. [*From the chest that is in the middle of the stage.*] Flora, Flora.

Flora. Did any body call me?

Mar. I—the Marquis—I am stifled, suffocating!—

Flora. In this box as I live! Oh, excellent!—I shall die with laughing.

Mar. Open the lid.

Flora. I can't for laughing.—Hush, hush! don't be in such a hurry—don't be in such a passion—don't speak a word.—Let me see if any body is coming—No, all is safe. [*Opens the lid.*] Come out—no—lie still, and let me look at you a moment.—Well, you are the prettiest Jack in a box I ever saw!

Mar. Help me out.—[*She helps him.*] Oh, that's right—I breathe once more—Hide me somewhere instantly, for I should die if I was kept in that chest another moment.

Flora. Where *can* I hide you?—we have no place where you will be safe, we are so watched—but Nicolas is in the plot I suppose?

Mar. No, no, he is not—it is the old duenna whom your master turned away this morning.—She went to Don Carlos, on board his vessel, the moment she heard he was arrived; and telling him the General was in the country, keeps him with the ship till to-morrow morning; and, in the mean time, she had my servant

disguised, and imposed him upon Nicolas (who came to the inn to inquire for Don Carlos) for Don Carlos himself. Nicolas in the plot!—no, no.

Flora. I am heartily glad of it; for, with all his boasting, he is the most unlucky varlet—

Mar. I flatter myself Julia is not averse to my wishes.

Flora. No, that she is not; but will run away with you the first favourable moment.—Hark? I hear somebody coming in haste up stairs—Get into the chest again.

Mar. Damn me if I do.

Flora. Hide in the closet then.

Mar. What, where I was before?

Flora. You must, and don't breathe I charge you. [*Exit Mar. in closet.*

Enter NICOLAS.

Nic. Flora, Flora—what do you think!—Hush—such a thing!

Flora. What?—What surprising thing now?

Nic. Speak low.—[*He points to the chest from whence the Marquis came with great significance.*]—He is there.

Flora. Who? What is there?

Nic. Hush—[*In a half whisper.*] The Marquis. One of the porters has just told me of it. His servant (a Mr Sebastian) is now playing the part of my master's intended nephew; and the Marquis himself is shut up in that box.—Ha, ha—[*laughs*]—and I am going to have it taken back again to his hotel by Mathias, whom I have ordered to come up and take it away; and then, as soon as he returns, he, and I, and Ambrose mean altogether to seize this grand impostor, Mr Sebastian, who is now with my master, and give him a little return for what I received on the Marquis's account this morning.

Flora. A fine story you have been telling, truly; and I have had patience to hear it all!—Why that

chest was full of Indian silks and muslins for my young lady; I opened it, and took them out before my master; and have hung them up in my lady's wardrobe.

Nic. Impossible; it can't be!

Flora. Why, see; the box is empty. [*Opening it.*

Nic. Flora, Flora, you are in the plot.

Flora. Simpleton!—How do you suppose any man could lie in this box?

Nic. It would hold two men.

Flora. No, nor half a one.

Nic. How mistaken you are. [*Gets into the chest.*] There;—pray, an't I in now, and at my ease?

Flora. No,—at your ease? no, nor entirely *in.*—Your head is out.

Nic. There; there then;—see, there.—My head is in now, I hope?

Flora. Yes, now *'tis* in. I find I was mistaken.—You are in now, sure enough. [*She shuts the lid, and locks the chest.*] I find I was mistaken.

Nic. But don't shut the lid.—Flora, Flora, open the lid.

Enter MATHIAS.

Mat. I am come to take the chest to the Marquis's hotel.

Flora. Here it is; make haste.

[*Making signs to him.*

Nic. Mathias, Mathias! [*Calling from the chest.*

Mat. [*Pointing to the chest.*] Sad doings here, Mrs Flora; shameful doings.

Nic. Mathias! [*Calling.*

Flora. [*Stooping to the chest.*] You know you may as well hold your tongue, for he can't hear you.

Nic. General, General! Ambrose! [*Calling.*

[*She makes signs to* MATHIAS.

Mat. You need not tell me. I know who I have got here;—Nicolas told me;—[*Dragging the box.*]

and I'll give him a hearty tumble or two as I go along.

Flora. [*Very loud.*] Pray do.

Mat. Ha?

Nic. Flora! General! [*Calling.*

Flora. I say, pray do.

Mat. And perhaps I may tumble him down stairs.

Flora. Do, you are very welcome.—I will help you to the top of the stairs. [*She pushes it while he draws it off; she then runs to the closet.*]—My lord, you find all is discovered; the door is now open, fly away immediately.

Mar. Why go, till I have gained my point?

Flora. You must; I have a project in my head not half so hazardous as your staying.—Fly to your hotel, and keep Nicolas from returning; that is more essential than any thing at present; for he pries so into all that is going on, we can do nothing while he is one of our guards. Away, away!

Mar. I obey; but remember how much I rely upon your zeal. [*Exit.*

Flora. I will be the first to discover to the General, what, in a few minutes, somebody else will tell him, if I don't. By this, I gain his entire confidence, and then——

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Flora, your master has not the smallest suspicion of me. What have you done with my lord?

Flora. Away, away! he is gone, and you must follow him. All is discovered.

Seb. How?

Flora. Ask no questions, but away while you can; while the door is without a guard; or you'll be *murdered* if you are caught.

Seb. But I have left my hat; let me run for that.

[*Going back in great haste, he runs full upon the General, who enters.*] No, I'll run away without it.

[*Exit running.*

Gen. What is the matter with Don Carlos? Where is he going in such a hurry? [*Turning to* FLORA, *sees her in a fainting fit in an arm chair.*] What is the matter with you, Flora?

Flora. O General, General, General, General!

Gen. One runs away from me; another can pronounce nothing but my name. What can this mean?

Flora. The supposed Don Carlos is an impostor!

Gen. An impostor!

Flora. Valet to the Marquis, and Nicolas has been bribed to introduce him. Nicolas is wholly gone over to them.

Gen. But how did you know all this?

Flora. The Marquis was hid in one of the chests. I wanted to have a peep at the fine things, and saw him. Oh, [*Trembling.*] I shall never recover my fright!

Gen. One of the chests is gone.

Flora. Yes. As soon as Nicolas found I knew all, he called up Mathias, and made him take away the chest, in spite of my tears and cries;—for poor Mathias, you know, could not hear me;—and then I fainted, and could not come to you.

Gen. Faithful creature!—Oh that villain, Nicolas! why he is worse than old Cecily.—Poor Flora! poor thing!—take this purse as a reward for thy fidelity.

Flora. Oh, sir, I don't deserve it; indeed, I don't, sir.

Gen. Take it, take it, I say; you shall have it. I punished old Cecily, and, by the same rule, I ought to reward you.

Flora. Since you desire it, sir;—but, indeed, you are too good to me.

Gen. Say no more, but step to my niece, while I run and see that the door is safe; for, while so many

of my house have turned against me, I have every thing to fear. But you—you are a miracle of faith; and henceforth all my confidence shall be placed in you alone.

Flora. Why, indeed, sir, I must own few servants could have done as I have done;—and yet you think too well of me. [*Exeunt separately.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Moon-light. A Garden; two tents, or pavilions, on each side the Stage; a wall at the bottom of the Stage, and a hedge at a little distance from it.* SEBASTIAN *discovered descending from the wall by the arbour-work fastened to it.*

SEBASTIAN, *jumping down.*

Here I am safe.—[*Calls in a whisper.*] Flora, Flora!—this is the very minute she appointed in her note. How can she be so slow, when we have such little time left!—the clocks have now all struck eleven, and in one hour more, it will be midnight, and our doom fixed. Oh, midnight, midnight! twelve o'clock, twelve o'clock! what a great deal we have to do before twelve o'clock! During this season of the year, she and her young lady sleep in this pavilion, [*Goes to the right.*]—and the old General and Ambrose sleep in this, [*Goes to the left.*] In a country town such as this, every body has been in bed an hour ago; therefore, unless the family sit up to watch.—No, here she comes—'Sdeath! and the old General with her. What shall I do? [*Trying to ascend the wall, falls; then hides behind the hedge.*] here, here here.

Enter the General, AMBROSE *with* JULIA'S *clothes, and* FLORA, *from the Pavilion.*

Flora. Dear sir, it is only eleven o'clock; I beg you will sit up till twelve.

Gen. No, no, I'll sit up no longer; my fears are as much quieted for this night, as if the clock had already struck twelve.

Flora. Ay, sir, but there is no being sure.

Gen. While there was cause for apprehension, I was as cautious as any body; but now my niece is safe in bed, and I have had the precaution to bring away her clothes, even if she had an opportunity of going away, she could not go without them; besides, her windows are grated, her door locked, and I have the key in my pocket.

Flora. But, sir, she may still——

Gen. Why, yes, she may still go out at the chimney; for that I have not guarded against,—but if she does, Flora, I'll forgive her.—No, no, I'll go to bed; the Marquis shall not have to boast that he kept me up an hour after my usual time;—to-morrow it will add to my triumph to tell him I went to bed at my usual hour.

Flora. Well then, sir, if you won't sit up, I will;—I will sit till twelve strikes; and amuse myself by playing on my lady's guitar; and if you should chance not to sleep, you will find, by my music, I cannot sleep either, while any danger threatens you.

Gen. Good girl, good girl.

Flora. Here, sir, is the key of this pavilion; lock me up, I beseech you, too, lest any fatal thing should happen, notwithstanding your precaution, and I be suspected.

Gen. Impossible I should suspect you; no, no, no, no.

Flora. Pray, sir, take the key: Indeed you had better lock me up; you had indeed, sir.

[*Forcing the key upon him.*

Amb. Lock her up, lock her up, sir; I don't think it would be at all amiss.

Gen. Well then, Flora, since you desire it.

[*Takes the key.*

Flora. Thank you, sir, thank you; good night, sir; [*Curtseying.*] now my conscience is safe.

[*Exit into the Pavilion*; *the General locks the door.*

Gen. Come, Ambrose; I now feel my mind pretty easy: I am only sorry Don Carlos is not yet come, for his ship is certainly arrived; however, he won't come till the morning now, to be sure.

Amb. [*Yawning, as if half asleep.*] No, he won't come till the morning now, to be sure.

[*Exeunt to the Pavilion.*

SEBASTIAN *comes forward from behind the hedge.*

Seb. Oh, what a rage I am in; and, if I was not afraid the General and his crippled attendant would overhear me, I would so abuse——[*Goes to* FLORA'S *Pavilion, and speaks through the key-hole.*] Flora, Flora! [*Calling softly.*] You serpent, you viper, snake, crocodile! I hate you; abhor you!—Oh, you good-for-nothing—Oh, that I had you here!

[FLORA *comes from a window in the Pavilion, taking away a large iron bar, goes up to* SEBASTIAN, *and strikes him on the shoulder.*

Flora. And here I am.

Seb. What do I see? Why, where, for heaven's sake, did you come from?

Flora. From the pavilion.

Seb. Not at the door.

Flora. At the door! do you think I did? I have a genius above such common methods;—I came by the window, and had the dexterity to remove that iron bar, as large——

Seb. But have you had the dexterity to take the bar from your mistress's chamber?

Flora. No, that is fast yet; and yet she is out.

Seb. By what means?

Flora. The General, thinking he had nothing to fear if he once saw her in bed, as soon as she pulled off her clothes, he seized them and carried them out of the room; she stopt behind one of the curtains; I drest the bolster in her night-cap; the old man put his head forward, and wished it a "good-night;"—that instant she stole out of her chamber, and flew to mine;—I lighted him out of her's; he double locked the door; run to tell Ambrose and Mathias all was safe; applauded his own sagacity; and thanked me a thousand times for having devoted myself so entirely to his service.

Seb. But by what means did you contrive to send the note to me of this appointment?

Flora. I sent it by old Cecily.—But this is no time for explanation; my mistress is waiting for me in my chamber, dressing herself in the suit of clothes you sent me of the Marquis's; which was a lucky thought, as it will certainly much less incommode her flight than a female dress; and I must go tell her at what signal to steal out of the window to the Marquis, for I forgot it in my hurry.

[NICOLAS *appears upon the wall.*

Nic. Who, in the name of wonder, have we here? softly, softly!

[*He descends, and conceals himself behind the hedge.*

Flora. Now, Sebastian, while my lady is dressing, away to your master, and tell him we shall expect him here within a quarter of an hour; and that he must come close by the other side of the garden wall; and as soon as he is there, he must clap with his hands, so; [*claps with her hands.*]—I shall be waiting for the signal; and, the first favourable moment after, I will begin playing on my guitar the favourite air "*Ma*

chère Amie," and he must take that signal, for the *exact* time to leap into the garden

Nic. [*Behind the hedge.*] Good.

Flora. Good, did you say? I say excellent.

Seb. I did not speak.

Flora. But be sure to caution your master, that he does not come into the garden before he hears that very song I have mentioned, and then to come directly; but bid him take great care not to mistake one air for another; for at that very air, my young lady will steal out of the pavilion to meet him.

Seb. I will remember all with the utmost exactness.

[*He goes, and* NICOLAS *runs on the other side the hedge to avoid him.*

Flora. [*Calling after* SEBASTIAN.] In a quarter of an hour the Marquis must be here, remember,—neither sooner nor later.

Seb. I remember.

Flora. Oh, Sebastian, I forgot—what have you done with Nicolas?

Seb. O, you make me die with laughing,—he is a prisoner, poor devil.

Flora. But did they thrash him well, when they took him out of the box?

Seb. Oh, yes, they gave him a pretty drubbing, I assure you.

Flora. I am vastly glad to hear it; I thank them a thousand times: I wish I had been there; it was what he richly deserved.—But away, Sebastian; mind all I have said, and our fortune is made.

[*She exit to the Pavilion by the window, but so hid by* SEBASTIAN'S *following her close, that* NICOLAS *thinks she goes in by the door.*

Seb. [*Climbing the wall.*] I am not very fond of scaling this wall;—if I should break my neck, our project is at an end; and that would be shipwreck in the sight of port. [*Exit over the wall.*

Nic. [*Coming forward.*] And now, my dear gentleman and lady, you shall pay for all your stratagems: and my poor old master! how glad will he be to see me returned. [*Goes to the General's Pavilion.*] He is not in bed, I see.—General, General!

[*Raps at the door.*

Enter AMBROSE, *in his nightcap.*

Nic. Ambrose, a'nt you glad to see me?

[*Puting out his hand.*

Amb. Get about your business; how dare you show your face here?

Nic. More ill usage still; sure never innocence was so ill treated.—Mr Ambrose, [*In the most begging tone*] I pray, I supplicate of you, to inform the General I have a secret of the utmost importance to communicate to him.

Amb. I'll let him know,—but you may dread your reception. [*Exit.*

Nic. Oh, the blessing of being faithful!—I have this day been beaten by all parties; friends and enemies all have kicked me, and the bitterest foes agree in using me like a dog.

Enter General, in his robe-de-chambre, AMBROSE *with him.*

Gen. How dare you, sir, enter my doors? Do you think I am to be imposed upon by an hypocritical story, invented merely to replace yourself in my family?

Nic. Dear sir, I humbly on my knees beg your pardon for the mistake you are in.

Gen. Villain!

Nic. Call me what you will, so you won't speak loud. [*Retiring from* FLORA'S *Pavilion.*] Beat me, if you have the heart; but when your passion is over, permit me to do you a signal piece of service.

Gen. What service?

Nic. Within a quarter of an hour your niece will be carried out of your house—I overheard the whole plot; and Flora is at the head of it.

Gen. Do you dare to accuse that faithful creature?

Nic. Faithful creature! why, sir, it was she that had me carried to the Marquis's hotel in a box.

Gen. What do you mean?—in a box?

Nic. Yes, sir, in a box—she procured the Marquis's escape, and made me take his place—I cried but she laughed—and made Mathias take me away; for he could not hear my complaints; and when he got me on his shoulder, he did so shake and jumble me; I was impatient to be let out—but that was ten times worse; for he gave me to the care of four footmen belonging to the Marquis; and as soon as they opened the chest, and saw it was me,—souse I went into a tub of cold water; and then to dry me, they tossed me in a blanket. The Marquis took me out of their hands; but he shut me up in a dark room,—from whence I escaped through a hole in the wall, and got into the garden; the gardener took me for a thief, and sent a shower of potatoes and cucumbers at my head—I saved myself, by climbing over the wall, and tumbled into a ditch on the other side.

Gen. Very well. Go on. What then?

Nic. Is not that enough? if it is not, I have more to come yet.

Gen. So much the better—I like to hear it extremely.

Nic. After all my distress, I thought myself happy when I reached your door—but I found it shut against me; and had not a ladder been placed by the Marquis's people against that wall—

Gen. A ladder?

Nic. Or how could I have been here? I ascended it softly—descended it softly—and overheard Flora plotting with the Marquis's valet—he that personated Don Carlos.

Gen. It can't be—I locked Flora in the pavilion.

Nic. These eyes saw her—and this was the plan she laid with the Marquis's servant; within a quarter of an hour the Marquis is to walk on the other side that wall, and to give the signal he is there, by clapping his hands—[*Thus.*] Flora is to reply, by playing upon her guittar "*Ma chère Amié.*" On hearing this air [no other] the Marquis leaps into the garden; your niece comes from the pavilion, runs to him, they scale the wall, bid farewell to you; and you run, with old Ambrose limping after them, in vain.

Gen. This demands attention. Flora deceive me? she must then have false keys, both of my niece's apartment and her own.

Nic. If you doubt what I have said, go to bed, and consider of it again in the morning.

Gen. No—I cannot but believe you—Ambrose?

Amb. Sir.

Gen. Fetch the blunderbuss.

Amb. Yes, sir. [*Exit, and returns with it.*

Gen. Do you two hide yourselves behind these elms; and the moment the Marquis descends into the garden, seize him, and lead him home to his hotel.

Amb. We won't let him escape, you may depend upon it.

Nic. No—you may depend upon it.

Gen. But behave with proper respect—no violence —that is according to our agreement.

Amb. Then for what did you send me for the blunderbuss?

Gen. To keep him in apprehension, and make him go away quietly.

Nic. He would go much more quietly, sir, if you would permit Ambrose to shoot at him first.

Gen. I tell you, no—my honour is engaged. I'll place myself at the door of the pavilion, in order to seize my niece as she attempts to come out to him.

[*To* NICOLAS *and* AMBROSE.] Hush—and hide yourselves instantly—do not stir or breathe. [*They hide behind the elms.*] Flora, come hither; I have a word or two to say to you.

Flora. Open the door, sir, and I'll come immediately.

Gen. [*Unlocks the door.*] And I warrant, when you are come, I'll make you give the signal in spite of yourself. I would not but have the pleasure of seizing the Marquis in the garden, and sending him home again; for it is not merely the satisfaction of overturning his projects, but the pleasure of turning them into ridicule, that I aim at; and therefore, my young gentleman, you shall make your appearance, I am resolved.

Enter FLORA *with a guitar in her hand.*

Flora. The General! how unfortunate! and my mistress has just got on her disguise.—What did you please to want with me, sir?

Gen. Flora, I want to have a little conversation with you.

Flora. Dear sir, if you have not any thing very particular to say, will you permit me to go to bed? for I die with sleep. [*Yawning.*

Gen. Why, you offered of your own accord to sit up till midnight?

Flora. Very true—but the air is so sharp. Bless me, I die with cold. [*Shaking.*

Gen. And yet you walked in the garden after bidding me good night?

Flora. He saw me—all is lost. [*Aside.*] Dear! what a thought!

Gen. I saw you—and you talked with somebody too.

Flora. He overheard us. [*Aside.*] Dear sir, how was that possible, when you had me under lock and key?

Gen. You know you have false keys—I saw you lock and unlock the door.

Flora. He knows nothing, I find. [*Aside.*

Gen, Give me those keys.

Flora. Indeed, sir, indeed, I have not any.

Gen. Well, perhaps I am deceived.

Flora. Certainly you are.

Gen. Come, play me a tune on your guittar.

Flora. It is out of tune, sir. [*Alarmed.*

Gen. Pshaw! pshaw! I command you to do it;—one little air, and I'll go to bed.

Flora. What air, pray, sir!

Gen. The first you think of.

Flora. Upon my word the thing is so out of tune—

[*She plays a short tune reluctantly; just as it is finished, the Marquis on the other side of the wall, gives the signal by clapping his hands.*

Gen. Vastly well; and there is somebody in the streets applauding you.

Flora. [*Aside.*] It is the signal.

Gen. This air was so finely executed you must play me another: "Ma chère Amié," for instance.

Flora. [*Starting.*] No, pray sir, excuse me; indeed I can't:—I am afraid he knows all. [*Aside.*

Gen. What, refuse to play when you have met with such applause? Play, play, "Ma chère Amié."

Flora. O sir, you have, I fear, discovered all; you know the whole scheme, I am sure you do, and on my knees— [*Kneeling.*

Gen. No forgiveness—don't hope for it—there kneel, and play the air I mentioned—Stir not for your life, nor utter a word. Obey.

[Flora, *with the most melancholy countenance, and half crying, sings and plays,* "Ma chère Amié." *During the air the Marquis appears upon the wall, and* Julia *steps one leg out of the window from which* Flora *has passed and repassed, dressed in a habit like the Marquis.*

Nic. [*Seeing the Marquis on the wall.*] There he is.

Amb. Let me go first—Consider, I am lame.

[*They each strive to go first;* NICOLAS *succeeds, and creeps softly along the hedge—at the end of the air the Marquis jumps into the garden, and falls upon his hands behind the hedge.*

Mar. S'death, I am watched.

[JULIA *at the same time comes out of the window, and places herself by the wall*—NICOLAS *immediately secures her, and brings her down the Stage —she, overcome with grief, covers her face with her cloak.*

Nic. Here he is, sir; we have taken him. Now, Marquis, what would you say if I was to shut you up in a dark room?

Amb. [*Presenting his gun.*] No resistance, or you are a dead man.

Nic. Here he is, sir; we have taken him.

Flora. It is Nicolas has discovered all.

[*Aside—throws herself on one of the garden chairs.*

Gen. [*To* JULIA.] Your humble servant, my good lord.—Why do you hide your face? do you think we don't know you? go, go, my lads, conduct his lordship safe to his hotel, and stand sentinel at his door till the clock strikes twelve—and then return back in triumph; make haste home with him before the clock strikes—away, away.

[*Exit* JULIA, *led by* NICOLAS *and* AMBROSE.

Gen. And so end my cares.—[*With great joy.*]—Poor fellow! suffered himself to be taken away too without speaking a word; caught in his own snare; sure a man never looks so ridiculous as when he is caught in his own snare.—[*To* FLORA.] And you, you perfidious—what have you to say? you who received my purse?

Flora. But I told you I did not deserve it.

Gen. Oh, yes; I don't know whether you did not deserve it; for you have taken a great deal of trouble

to-day, and to very little purpose—ha! ha! ha!—I believe the Marquis will have enough to do to pay his wager, without paying *you* any thing, and so you see I have done it for him—and now I'll step and wish my niece joy of the success of her project.

[*Exit to the Pavilion.*

Flora. Oh! how I grudge your joy; but while he goes up the stairs, I'll see if my lady cannot come out of the window? [*She goes to the window of the Pavilion.*] Madam, madam, Julia.

Mar. [*From the hedge.*] Flora, Flora.

Flora. Is it you, madam?

Mar. [*Coming forward.*] No—'tis I.

Flora. You! why, who have they taken away then?

Mar. Your mistress.

Flora. [*Expressing the most extreme joy.*] My mistress!—She!—Madam Julia?—Oh, do not tell me so—I can't bear it—I shall die with joy—[*Running to the door of the Pavilion.*] Sir—Sir—General—General—Sir—

Mar. Peace, be quiet; let me escape first.

Flora. That's right—away, away, before the clock strikes. [*Exit Marquis.*] Thank heaven he has only across the street to go. The General laughed at me—now, how I long to laugh at him. Sir, come down instantly, and take your share of the joke.

Enter General, with the bolster in his hand, dressed with a cap on.

Gen. I found this in bed instead of my niece—where, where can she be?

Flora. She has not even been in bed.

Gen. Where is she then?

Flora. Gone to the Marquis.

Gen. My niece!——

Flora. Gone to his hotel—conducted by your own servants, and by your own command.

Enter NICOLAS, *running.*

Nic. We have led him home—the clock has struck twelve—and now return in triumph, as you ordered. [*Seeing the Marquis and* JULIA *without.*] O heaven, do I see double?

Flora. No, but you have lost your wits,

Gen. It was not my niece they took, surely?

Enter the Marquis, JULIA, AMBROSE, SEBASTIAN, *and several Domestics of the Marquis's with lights.*

Julia. Pardon me, my dear uncle, but it *was* your niece.

Flora. Pray, sir, return Nicolas thanks for all this; for it is he that has brought it about.

Nic. How came I not to find out the disguise? That other people should be deceived, I am not surprised at; but that I should be imposed upon, is astonishing!

Flora. Henceforth learn, Mr Nicolas, that when you meanly become a listener, you ought to hear every *syllable* that is said; otherwise you are exposed to blunders.

Mar. [*To the General.*] Uncle, will you permit me now to call you by that name?

Gen. "A man never looks so ridiculous, as when he is caught in his own snare."—Yes, my lord, stand upon no ceremony.

Flora. [*To* SEBASTIAN.] Husband, will you permit me to call you by that name?

Seb, No, Flora; you have been very kind in promoting my master's happiness; but in doing it, you have discovered such cunning and contrivance, that for a wife, I prefer old Cecily, who has not even art enough to conceal her ill nature.

Flora. And you won't have me?—[*To the Marquis.*] Pray, my lord, lay a bet he marries me before

twelve o'clock to-morrow night; your lordship is so lucky, I am sure you will win.

Enter MATHIAS.

Mat. [*To the General.*] Don't be uneasy, I have had a little nap; but the door is secure, and you may rely upon my attention. I'll let no creature in but Don Carlos. [*Exit.*

Gen. And was old Cecily faithful?

Julia. She was, uncle; and you must recompense her for the injustice you have done her, merely for her fidelity.

Gen. I will.

Nic. And pray, who will recompense me for all the injuries I have suffered for my fidelity?

Mar. I will repay every servant, who either by their genius have aided, or by their fidelity obstructed, my designs; for, possessed of such a blessing as my Julia, I shall ever remember with gratitude the adventures of this day, and never cease to reflect with rapture on the MIDNIGHT HOUR.

RAISING THE WIND.

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY JAMES KENNEY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Readers of this Farce will be sensible how much I must owe to the Performers for the applause with which it has been honoured in the representation. They all evinced a zeal in its behalf, for which I return them my most cordial thanks. To Mr Lewis I am particularly indebted, not only for the very great share he contributed to the performance, but also for some friendly suggestions at the rehearsals; which, I have no doubt, proved of considerable advantage to the piece.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Plainway,	*Mr Blanchard.*
Fainwou'd,	*Mr Simmons.*
Diddler,	*Mr Lewis.*
Sam,	*Mr Emery.*
Richard,	*Mr W. Murray.*
Waiter,	*Mr Atkins.*
John, Servant to Plainway,	*Mr Treby.*
Messenger,	*Mr Trueman.*
Peggy,	*Miss De Camp.*
Miss Laurelia Durable,	*Mrs Davenport.*

SCENE—*A Country Town.*

RAISING THE WIND.

ACT I.

SCENE---*The Public Room in an Inn.* *Bell rings.*

Sam. Coming,---I'm a coming.

Enter Waiter and SAM, *meeting.*

Waiter. Well, Sam, there's a little difference between this and hay-making, eh?

Sam. Yes, but I get on pretty decent, don't I? only, you see, when two or three people call at once, I'm apt to get flurried; and then I can't help listening to the droll things the young chaps say to one another at dinner; and then I don't exactly hear what they say to me, you see. Sometimes too I fall a laughing wi' 'em, and that they don't like, you understand.

Waiter. Well, well, you'll soon get the better of all that. [*A laugh without.*

Sam. What's all that about?

Waiter. [*Looking out.*] Oh, it's Mr Diddler trying to joke himself into credit at the bar. But it won't

do, they know him too well. By the bye, Sam, mind you never trust that fellow.

Sam. What, him with the spy-glass?

Waiter. Yes, that impudent short-sighted fellow.

Sam Why, what for not?

Waiter. Why, because he'll never pay you. The fellow lives by spunging-- gets into people's houses by his songs and his bon mots. At some of the squires' tables he's as constant a guest as the parson, or the apothecary.

Sam. Come, that's an odd line to go into, however.

Waiter. Then he borrows money of every body he meets.

Sam. Nay, but will any body lend it him?

Waiter. Why, he asks for such a trifle, to give it the appearance of immediate necessity, that people are ashamed to refuse him.

Sam. Damma, he must be a droll chap, however.

Waiter. Here he comes; mind you take care of him. [*Exit.*

Sam. Never you fear that, mun. I wasn't born two hundred miles north of Lunnun, to be done by Mr Diddler, I know.

Enter DIDDLER.

Did. Tol lol de riddle lol:—Eh! [*Looking through a glass at* SAM] the new waiter,---a very clod by my hopes! an untutored clod. My clamorous bowels, be of good cheer.—Young man, how d'ye do? Step this way, will you?--A novice I perceive.—And how d'ye like your new line of life?

Sam. Why, very well, thank'ye. How do you like your old one?

Did. [*Aside.*] Disastrous accents! a Yorkshire-man! [*To him.*] What is your name, my fine fellow?

Sam. Sam. You need'nt tell me yours, I know you, my---fine fellow.

Did. [*Aside.*] Oh, Fame! Fame! you incorrigible

gossip!---but *nil desperandum*---at him again. [*To him.*] A prepossessing physiognomy---open and ruddy, importing health and liberality. Excuse my glass, I'm short-sighted. You have the advantage of me in that respect.

Sam. Yes; I can see as far as most folks.

Did. [*Turning away.*] Well, I'll thank ye to---O Sam, you haven't got such a thing as tenpence about you, have you?

Sam. Yes. [*They look at each other,* DIDDLER *expecting to receive it.*] And I mean to keep it about me, you see.

Did. Oh, aye, certainly. I only asked for information.

Sam. Hark! there's the stage coach comed in. I must go and wait upon the passengers. You'd better ax some of them; mayhap they mun gie you a little better information.

Did. Stop. Hark ye, Sam; you can get me some breakfast first. I'm devilish sharp set, Sam; you see I come from a long walk over the hills; and---

Sam. Aye, and you see I come fra---Yorkshire.

Did. You do; your unsophisticated tongue declares it. Superior to vulgar prejudices, I honour you for it, for I'm sure you'll bring me my breakfast as soon as any other countryman.

Sam. Aye, well what will you have?

Did. Any thing; tea, coffee, an egg, and so forth.

Sam. Well now, one of us, you understand, in this transaction, mun have credit for a little while. That is, either I mun trust you for t'money, or you mun trust me for t'breakfast. Now, as you're above vulgar preju-prejudizes, and seem to be vastly taken wi' me, and as I'm not so conceited as to be above 'em, and a'n't at all taken wi' you, you'd better give me the money you see, and trust me for t'breakfast; he! he! he!

Did. What d'ye mean by that, Sam?

Sam. Or mayhap you'll say me a bonn mo?

Did. Sir, you're getting impertinent.

Sam. Oh, what you don't like they terms? Why then, as you sometimes sing for your dinner, now you may whistle for your breakfast---you see; he! he! he! [*Exit.*

Did. This it is to carry on trade without a capital. Once I paid my way, and in a pretty high road I travelled; but thou art now, Jerry Diddler, little better than a vagabond. Fie on thee! "Awake thee, rouse thy spirit!" honourably earn thy breakfasts and thy dinners too. But how? My present trade is the only one that requires no apprenticeship. How unlucky, that the rich and pretty Miss Plainway, whose heart I won at Bath, should take so sudden a departure---that I should lose her address, and call myself a foolish romantic name, that will prevent her letters from reaching me. A rich wife would pay my debts, and heal my wounded pride. But the degenerate state of my wardrobe is confoundedly against me. There's a warm old rogue, they say, with a pretty daughter, lately come to the house at the foot of the hill. I've a great mind—its d—d impudent; but if I hadn't surmounted my delicacy, I must have starved long ago. [*Waiter crosses in haste.*] George, what's the name of the new family at the foot of the hill?

Waiter. I don't know: I can't attend to you now. [*Exit.*

Did. There again. Oh! I mustn't bear this any longer. I must make a plunge.—No matter for the name. Gad! perhaps it may be more imposing not to know it. I'll go and scribble her a passionate billet immediately;—that is, if they'll trust me with pen and ink. [*Exit.*

Enter FAINWOU'D *and* RICHARD.—SAM *shews them in.*

Fain. Bring breakfast directly.

Sam. Yes, sir, yes. [*Exit.*

Fain. Well, Richard, I think I shall awe them into a little respect *here*, though they're apt to grin at me in London.

Rich. That you will, I dare say, sir.

Fain. Respect, Richard, is all I want. My father's money has made me a gentleman, and you never see any familiar jesting with your true gentlemen, I'm sure.

Rich. Very true, sir. And so, sir, you've come here to marry this Miss Plainway, without ever having seen her.

Fain. Yes; but my father and her's are very old friends. They were school-fellows. They've lived at a distance from one another ever since, for Plainway always hated London. But my father has often visited him; and about a month ago, at Bristol, they made up this match. I didn't object to it, for my father says she's a very pretty girl; and besides, the girls in London don't treat me with proper respect, by any means.

Rich. At Bristol?—then they're new inhabitants here. Well, sir, you must muster all your gallantry.

Fain. I will, Dick; but I'm not successful that way; I always do some stupid thing or other, when I want to be attentive. The other night, in a large assembly, I picked up the tail of a lady's gown, and gave it to her for her pocket-handkerchief. Lord, how the people did laugh!

Rich. It was an awkward mistake, to be sure, sir.

Fain. Well, now for a little refreshment, and then for Miss Plainway. Go, and look after the luggage, Richard. [*Sits down. Exit* RICHARD.

Enter DIDDLER, *with a Letter in his hand.*

Did. Here it is—brief but impressive. If she has but the romantic imagination of my Peggy, the direction alone must win her. [*Reads.*] " To the beautiful

Maid at the foot of the hill." The words are so delicate, the arrangement so poetical, and the *tout-ensemble* reads with such a languishing cadence, that a blue-stocking garden-wench must feel it.—" To the beautiful Maid at the foot of the hill." She can't resist it!

Fain. I am very hungry. I wish they would bring my breakfast.

Did. Breakfast! delightful sound!—Oh! bless your unsuspicious face; we'll breakfast together. [*advancing to him.*] Sir, your most obedient. From London, sir, I presume?

Fain. At your service, sir.

Did. Pleasant travelling, sir.

Fain. Middling, sir.

Did. Any news in town, when you came away?

Fain. Not a word, sir. [*Aside.*] Come, this is polite and respectful.

Did. Pray, sir, what's your opinion of affairs in general?

Fain. Sir?—why really, sir,—[*Aside.*] Nobody would ask my opinion in town, now.

Did. No politician, perhaps. You talked of breakfast, sir; I was just thinking of the same thing—shall be proud of your company.

Fain. You're very obliging, sir; but really I'm in such haste—

Did. Don't mention it. Company is every thing to me. I'm that sort of man, that I really couldn't dispense with you.

Fain. Sir, since you insist upon it. Waiter—

Sam. [*Without.*] Coming, sir.

Fain. Bless me, they're very inattentive here; they never bring you what you call for.

Did. No; they very often serve *me* so.

Enter SAM.

Fain. Let that breakfast be for two.

Did. Yes, this gentleman and I are going to breakfast together.

Sam. [*To* FAINWOU'D.] *You* order it, do you, sir?

Fain. Yes, to be sure; didn't you hear me?

Sam. [*Chuckling.*] Yes, I heard you.

Fain. Then bring it immediately.

Sam. Yes. [*Still chuckling.*]

Fain. What d'ye mean by laughing, you scoundrel?

Did. Aye, what d'ye mean by laughing, you scoundrel? [*Drives* SAM *out, and follows.*

Fain. Now, that's disrespectful, especially to that gentleman, who seems to be so well known here; but these country waiters are always impertinent.

Enter DIDDLER, *his Letter in his Hand.*

Did. A letter for me?---Desire the man to wait. That bumpkin is the most impertinent---I declare it's enough to---You haven't got such a thing as half a crown about you, have you, sir? there's a messenger waiting, and I haven't got any change about me.

Fain. Certainly---at your service.

[*Takes out his Purse, and gives him money.*

Did. I'll return it to you, sir, as soon as possible. Allo! here! [*Waiter enters.*] here's the man's money, [*Putting it into his own Pocket;*] and bring the breakfast immediately.

Waiter. Here it is, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter SAM, *with Breakfast.*

Did. There we are, sir. Now, no ceremony, I beg, for I'm rather in a hurry myself. [*Exit* SAM, *chuckling.* DIDDLER *pours out Coffee for himself.*] Help yourself, and then you'll have it to your liking. When you've done with that loaf, sir, I'll thank you for it [*Takes it out of his Hands.*] Thank'ye, sir. Breakfast, sir, is a very wholesome meal. [*Eats fast.*]

Fain. It is, sir; I always eat a good one.

Did. So do I, sir, [*Aside.*] when I can.

Fain. I'm an early riser too; and in town the servants are so lazy, that I'm often obliged to wait a long while before I can get any.

Did. That's exactly my case in the country.

Fain. And it's very tantalizing, when one's hungry, to be served so.

Did. Very, sir;---I'll trouble you once more.---[*Snatches the Bread out of his Hand again.*]

Fain. This can't be meant for disrespect, but it's very like it. [*Aside.*

Did. Are you looking for this, sir? you can call for more if you want it. [*Returns a very small bit.*] Here, waiter!

Waiter. Sir?

Did. Some more bread for this gentleman.---Why, bless my soul, you eat nothing at all, sir!

Fain. Why, bless my soul, I can get at nothing.

SAM *enters, with Rolls.*

Did. Very well, Sam; thank ye, Sam; but don't giggle, Sam; curse you, don't laugh. [*Following him out.*]

Sam. Ecod! you're in luck, Mr Diddler. [*Exit.*

Did. [*Again taking his Letter out of his Pocket.*]---What, another letter by the coach! Might I trouble you again? you haven't got such a thing as tenpence about you, have you? I live close by, sir; I'll send it to you all in the moment I go home---be glad to see you any time you'll look in, sir.

Fain. You do me honour, sir. I have'nt any halfpence; but there's my servant, you can desire him to give it you.

Did. You're very obliging. [*Puts the rolls Sam brought, unobserved, into his Hat.*] I'm extremely sorry to give you so much trouble. I will take that liberty. [*Aside.*] Come, I've raised the wind for to-day, however. [*Exit.*

Fain. That must be a man of some breeding, by his ease and his impudence.

SAM *is crossing.*

Who is that gentleman, waiter?

Sam. Gentleman!

Fain. Yes; by his using an inn, I suppose he lives upon his means---don't he?

Sam. Yes; but they're the oddest sort of means you ever heard of in your life. What, don't you know him?

Fain. No.

Sam. Well, I thought so.

Fain. He invited me to breakfast with him.

Sam. Aye; well, that was handsome enough.

Fain. I thought so myself.

Sam. But it isn't quite so handsome to leave you to pay for it.

Fain. Leave me to pay for it!

Sam. [*Looking out.*] Yes, I see he's off there.

Fain. Poh! he's only gone to pay for a letter.

Sam. A letter! bless you, there's no letter comes here for him.

Fain. Why, he's had two this morning; I lent him the money to pay for 'em.

Sam. No! did you though?

Fain. Yes; he had'nt any change about him.

Sam. [*laughing.*] Dam' if that an't the softest trick I ever know'd.—You come fra Lunnun, don't you, sir?

Fain. Why, you giggling blockhead, what d'ye mean?

Sam. Why, he's had no letters, I tell you, but one he has just been writing here himself.

Fain. An impudent rascal!

Sam. Well, sir, we'll put t' breakfast all to your bill, you understand, as you ordered it.

Fain. Psha, don't tease me about the breakfast.

Sam. Upon my soul, the flattest trick I ever heard of. [*Exit laughing.*

Fain. Well, this is the most disrespectful treatment.—

RICHARD *enters, meeting him.*

Rich. I lent that gentleman the tenpence, sir.

Fain. Confound the gentleman, and you too! [*Exit, driving off* RICHARD.

SCENE II.—*The Outside of* PLAINWAY'S *House.*

Enter PLAINWAY, PEGGY, *and Miss* DURABLE.

Miss L. Dur. Dear cousin, how soon you hurry us home.

Plain. Cousin, you grow worse and worse. You'd be gaping after the men from morning till night.

Miss L. Dur. Mr Plainway, I tell you again, I'll not bear your sneers; though I won't blush to own, as I've often told you, that I think the society of accomplished men as innocent as it is pleasing.

Plain. Innocent enough with you it must be. But there's no occasion to stare accomplished men full in the face as they pass you, or to sit whole hours at a window to gape at them, unless it is to talk to them in your famous language of the eyes; and that I'm afraid few of 'em understand, or else you speak it very badly; for, whenever you ask 'em a question in it, they never seem to make you any answer.

Miss L. Dur. Cousin Plainway, you're a sad brute, and I'll never pay you another visit while I live.

Plain. I'm afraid, cousin, you have helped my daughter to some of her wild notions. Come, knock at the door. [*Miss D. knocks.*] Well, Peg, are you any better prepared to meet your lover?

Peggy. [*In a pensive tone and attitude.*] Alas! cruel fate ordains I shall never see him more. [*The door opens—Miss D. goes into the house.*]

Plain. There—she's at her romance again—Never meet him more! why, you're going to meet him to-day for the first time.

Peggy. You speak of the vulgar, the sordid Fain-wou'd; I, of the all-accomplished Mortimer.

Plain. There! that Mortimer again.—Let me hear that name no more, hussey; I am your father, and will be obeyed.

Peggy. No, sir; as Miss Somerville says, fathers, of ignorant and grovelling minds, have no right to our obedience!

Plain. Miss Somerville! and who the devil is Miss Somerville?

Peggy. What, sir! have you never read the Victim of Sentiment?

Plain. D—n the victim of sentiment! Get in, you baggage.—Victim of Sentiment, indeed!

[*They go into the House.*

Enter DIDDLER.

Did. There she dwells. Grant, my kind stars! that she may have no lover, that she may be dying for want of one; that she may tumble about in her rosy slumbers with dreaming of some unknown swain, lovely and insinuating as Jeremy Diddler. Now, how shall I get my letter delivered?

Miss L. Dur. [*Appearing at the window.*] Well, I declare the balmy zephyr breathes such delightful and refreshing breezes, that, in spite of my cousin's sneers, I can't help indulging in them.

Did. [*Looking up.*] There she is, by my hopes! Ye sylphs and cupids! strengthen my sight, that I may luxuriate on her beauties. No—not a feature can I distinguish—but she's gazing on mine, and that's enough.

Miss L. Dur. What a sweet-looking young gentleman—and his eyes are directed towards me.—Oh! my palpitating heart! what can he mean?

Did. You're a made man, Jerry. I'll pay off my old scores, and never borrow another sixpence while I live.

Miss L. Dur. [*sings.*] "Oh! listen, listen to the voice of love."—

Did. Voice indifferent:—but d—n music when I've done singing for my dinners.

Enter SAM.

Eh! Sam here—he shall deliver my letter.—My dear Sam, I'm so glad to see you! I forgive your laughing at me. Will you do me a favour?

Sam. If it won't take me long, for you see I've gotten a parcel to deliver in a great hurry. By the bye, how nicely you did that chap—

Did. Hush, you rogue. Look up there—do you see that lady?

Sam. Yes, I see her.

Did. Isn't she an angel?

Sam. Why, if she be, she's been a good while dead, I reckon; long enough to appearance to be t'mother of angels.

Did. Sam, you're a wag, but I don't understand your jokes. Now, if you can contrive to deliver this letter into her own hands, you shall be handsomely rewarded.

Sam. Handsomely rewarded!—Aye, well, let's see; (*takes the letter*;) "To the beauti—"

Did. Beautiful—

Sam. "Beautiful maid at the foot of the hill."—[*Looks up at the window.*] Damma, now you're at some of your tricks. [*Aside.*] The old toad's got some money I reckon—Well, I can but try, you know—And as to the reward, why it's neither here nor there. [*Knocks at the door.*]

Did. Thank ye, my dear fellow. Get an answer if you can, and I'll wait here for you. [*The door opens*—SAM *nods, and enters.*]

Miss L. Dur. A letter to deliver?—Oh, dear, I'm all of a flutter! I must learn what it means. [*Retires from the window.*]

Did. Transport! she has disappeared to receive it. She's mine.—Now I shall visit the country squires upon other terms. I'll only sing when it comes to my turn, and never tell a story or cut a joke but at my own table. Yet I'm sorry for my pretty Peggy. I did love that little rogue, and I'm sure she never thinks of her Mortimer without sighing—[Sam *opens the door, holds it open, and beckons.*] Eh, Sam! well, what answer?

Sam. Why, first of all, she fell into a vast trepidation.—

Did. Then you saw herself?—

Sam. Yes, I axed to see she that were sitting at the window over the door.

Did Well?

Sam. Well, you see, as I tell you, when she open-ed the letter, she fell into a vast trepidation, and flutter'd and blush'd, and blush'd and flutter'd—in short—I never see'd any person play such comical games i' my days.

Did. It was emotion, Sam.

Sam. Yes, I know it was a motion, but it was a devilish queer one. Then at last, says she, stuttering, as might be our pot-boy of a frosty morning, says she, tell your master,—she thought you was my master, he! he! he!

Did. My dear Sam, go on.

Sam. Well;—tell your master, says she, that his request is rather bold, but I've too much—too much confidence in my own diss—dissension—

Did. Discretion—

Sam. Aye, I fancy you're right—in my own discretion, to be afraid of granting it. Then she turned away, blushing again—

Did. Like the rose—

Sam. Like the rose, he! he! he!—like a red cabbage.

Did. I'm a happy fellow.

Sam. [*Smiling.*] Why, how much did you ax her for?

Did. Only for an interview, Sam.

Sam. Oh! then you'd better go in. I han't shut the door.

Did. I fixed it for to-morrow morning: but there's nothing like striking while the iron's hot. I will go in, find her out, and lay myself at her feet immediately. I'll reward you, Sam, depend upon it. I shall be a monied man soon, and then I'll reward you— [*Sam sneers.*];—I will, Sam, I give you my word. [*Goes into the house.*]

Sam. Come, that's kind too, to give me what nobody else will take. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* PLAINWAY'S *House.*

Enter DIDDLER *cautiously.*

Not here.—If I could but find a closet now, I'd hide myself till she came nigh. Luckily, here is one. Who have we here? [*Retires into a closet, and listens from the door.*]

Enter FAINWOU'D *and* SERVANT.

Ser. Walk in, sir, I'll send my master to you directly. [*Exit.*

Fain. Now let me see if I can't meet with a little more respect here.

Did. [*Approaching and examining him.*] My cockney friend, by the Lord! Come in pursuit of me, perhaps!

Fain. Old Plainway will treat me becomingly, no doubt; and as he positively determined with my fa-

ther that I should have his daughter, I presume she's prepared to treat me with proper respect too.

Did. What! Plainway and his daughter! Here's a discovery: Then my Peggy, after all, is the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill; and the sly rogue wouldn't discover herself at the window, on purpose to convict me of infidelity. How unlucky! and a rival arrived too, just at the unfortunate crisis.

Servant returns.

Ser. He'll be with you immediately, Mr Fainwou'd. [*Exit.*

Did. Mr Fainwou'd, eh!—Now, what's to be done? If I could but get rid of him, I wou'dn't despair of excusing myself to Peggy.

Fain. I wonder what my father says in his letter of introduction. [*Takes a letter out of his pocket.*]

Did. A letter of introduction!—Oh! oh! the first visit then. Gad, I have it,—it's the only way; so impudence befriend me! But, first, I'll lock the old gentleman out. [*Goes cautiously, and locks the door whence the Servant came out,—then advances briskly to* Fainwou'd.] Sir, your most obedient.

Fain. He here!

Did. So you've found me out, Sir! But I've sent you the money,—three and fourpence wasn't it?—two-and-six and ten—

Fain. Sir, I didn't mean—

Did. No, Sir, I dare say not; merely for a visit. Well, I am very glad to see you. Won't you take a seat?

Fain. And you live here, do you, sir?

Did. At present, sir, I do.

Fain. And is your name Plainway?

Did. No, sir, I'm Mr Plainway's nephew. I'd introduce you to my uncle, but he's very busy at present with sir Robert Rental, settling preliminaries for his marriage with my cousin.

Fain. Sir Robert Rental's marriage with Miss Plainway!

Did. Oh! you've heard a different report on that subject, perhaps. Now, thereby hangs a very diverting tale. If you're not in a hurry, sit down, and I'll make you laugh about it.

Fain. [*Aside.*] This is all very odd, upon my soul. [*They sit down.*]

Did. You see, my uncle did agree with an old fellow of the name of Fainwou'd, a Londoner, to marry my cousin to his son, and expects him down every day for the purpose; but, a little while ago, Sir Robert Rental, a baronet, with a thumping estate, fell in love with her, and she fell in love with him. So my uncle altered his mind, as it was very natural he should, you know, and agreed to this new match.— And as he never saw the young cockney, and has since heard that he's quite a vulgar, conceited, foolish fellow, he hasn't thought it worth his while to send him any notice of the affair. So, if he should come down, you know, we shall have a d—d good laugh at his disappointment. [FAINWOU'D *drops his letter, which* DIDDLER *picks up unseen.*] Ha! ha! ha! Capital go! isn't it?

Fain. Ha! ha! ha! a very capital go, indeed. [*Aside.*] Here's disrespect! [*To him.*] But if the cockney shouldn't be disposed to think of the affair quite so merrily as you?

Did. O the puppy! if he's refractory, I'll pull his nose.

Fain. [*Aside.*] Here's an impudent scoundrel! [*Rises.*] Well, I shall cheat 'em of their laugh by this meeting, however.

Did. [*Aside.*] A shy cock, I see.

Fain. O, you'll pull his nose, will you?

Did. If he's troublesome, I shall certainly have that pleasure. Nothing I enjoy more than pulling noses.

Fain. Sir, I wish you a good morning. Perhaps, sir, you may—[*A knocking at the door* DIDDLER *locked.*

Did. [*Aside.*] Just in time, by Jupiter! [*Aloud.*] Be quiet there! Damn that mastiff!—Sir, I'm sorry you're going so soon. [*Knocking again.*] Be quiet, I say.—Well, I wish you a good morning, sir. Then, you won't stay, and take a bit of dinner?

Fain. Perhaps, sir, I say, you may hear from me again.

Did. Sir, I shall be extremely happy, I'm sure. [*Exit* FAINWOU'D.] Bravo, Jeremy! admirably hit off [*Knocking repeated.*] Now for the old gentleman. [*Opens the door.*]

Enter PLAINWAY.

Plain. My dear Mr Fainwou'd, I'm extremely happy to see you. I beg pardon for keeping you so long. Why, who the deuce could lock that door?

Did. He! he! he! It was I, sir.

Plain. You, why what—

Did. A bit of humour, sir, to shew you I determined to make free, and consider myself at home.

Plain. [*Aside.*] A bit of humour! why, you must be an inveterate humourist, indeed, to begin so soon. [*To him.*] Well, come, that's merry and hearty.

Did. Yes, you'll find I've all that about me.

Plain. Well, and how is my old friend, and all the rest of the family?

Did. Wonderfully well, my old buck! But here, here you have it all in black and white. [*Gives the letter.*]

Plain. So, an introduction.

Did. [*Aside.*] It's rather unlucky, I don't know a little more of my family. [*Struts familiarly about.*]

Plain. [*Reads.*] " This will at length introduce to you your son-in-law. I hope he will prove agreeable

both to you and your daughter. His late military habits, I think, have much improved his appearance; and perhaps you will already discern something of the officer about him." Something of the officer—[*Looking at him.*] Damn me, it must be a sheriff's officer then. "Treat him delicately, and, above all, avoid raillery with him."—So then I suppose, though he can give a joke, he can't take one.—"It is apt to make him unhappy, as he always thinks it levelled at that stiffness in his manners, arising from his extreme timidity and bashfulness!"—"Assure Peggy of the cordial affection of her intended father, and your faithful friend, FRAS. FAINWOU'D." A very pretty introduction, truly.

Did. But where is my charming Peggy? I say—could not I have a little private conversation to begin with?

Plain. Why I must introduce you, you know—I desired her to follow me—Oh! here she comes.

Did. [*Aside.*] Now if she should fall in a passion and discover me!

Enter PEGGY.

Plain. My dear, this is Mr Fainwou'd.

Did. Madam, your most devoted.—[*She screams—he supports her.*]

Peggy. [*In a low tone.*] Mortimer!

Did. [*Aside to her.*] Hush! Don't be astonished—you see what I'm at—keep it up.

Plain. What ails the girl? Oh, I see she's at her romance again.—Mr Fainwou'd, try if you can't bring her about, while I go and fetch my cousin Laury to you. [*Exit.*

Did. No fear, sir; she is coming about.—My dear Peggy! after an age of fruitless search, do I again hold you in these arms?

Peggy. Cruel man! how could you torment me with

so long an absence, and so long a silence?—I've written to you a thousand times.

Did. A thousand unlucky accidents have prevented my receiving your letters; and your address I most fatally lost not an hour after you gave it to me.

Peggy. And how did you find it out at last?

Did. By an accidental rencontre with my rival. I've hummed him famously, frightened him away from the house, contrived to get his letter of recommendation, and presented myself in his stead.

Peggy. It is enough to know that you are again mine; and now we'll never part.

Did. Never, if I can help it, I assure you.

Peggy. Lord, Mortimer, what a change there is in your dress!

Did Eh? Yes, I've dressed so on purpose—rather in the extreme perhaps—but I thought it would look my vulgar rival better.

Peggy. Well thought of;—so it will.

Did. [*Aside.*] Very odd—nothing about the letter—I won't start it, however.

Peggy. Here's my father coming back. I'd better seem a little distant, you know.

Did. You're right.

Enter PLAINWAY; DIDDLER *not seeming to notice him.*

Do, my dear lady, be merciful. But perhaps it is in mercy that you thus avert from me the killing lustre of those piercing eyes.

Plain. [*Aside.*] Well done, timidity. [*To him.*] Bravo! Mr Fainwou'd, you'll not be long an unsuccessful wooer, I see. Well, my cousin's coming to see you, the moment she's a little composed.—Why, Peg, I fancy the old fool has been gaping out at window to some purpose at last. I verily believe somebody, either in jest or in earnest, has really been writing her a billet-doux; for I caught her quite in a fluster reading a letter, and the moment she saw me, she

grappled it up, and her cheeks turned as red as her nose.

Did. [*Much disconcerted, aside.*] Oh Lord! here's the riddle unfolded. Curse my blind eyes! what a scrape they've brought me into! A fusty old maid I suppose. What the devil shall I do? I must humour the blunder, or *she'll* discover me.

Plain. Here she comes.

Did. [*Aside.*] Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Enter Miss DURABLE.

Plain. Mr Fainwou'd, Miss Durable.—Miss Durable, Mr Fainwou'd.

[*Miss L. Dur. screams, and seems much agitated.*]

Did. [*Advancing to her.*] My dear lady, what's the matter?—[*Aside to her.*] Don't be astonished.—You see what I'm at.—Keep it up. [*Continues whispering to her.*]

Plain. Why, what the devil!—this fellow frightens my whole family. It must be his officer-like appearance, I suppose.

Peggy. [*Aside.*] Well, I declare Laurelia means to fall in love with him, and supplant me.

Miss L. Dur. [*Aside to* DID.] Oh! you're a bold adventurous man.

Did. [*To her.*] Yes, I am a very bold adventurous man; but love, madam—

Miss L. Dur. Hush!

Plain. Why, Fainwou'd, you seem to make some impression upon the ladies.

Did. Not a very favourable one, it would seem, sir.

Miss L. Dur. I beg Mr Fainwou'd's pardon, I'm sure. It was merely a slight indisposition that seized me.

Plain. Oh! a slight indisposition was it?

Peggy. [*Aside.*] Yes, I see she's throwing out her lures.

Did. Will you allow me, madam, to lead you to the air?

Plain. Aye, suppose we shew Mr Fainwou'd our garden. A walk will do none of us any harm.

Miss L. Dur. With all my heart, cousin.

Plain. Unless Mr Fainwou'd is fatigued with his journey.

Did. Not in the least, I assure you. Miss Plainway, give me leave. [*Aside, in taking her hand.*] Did you observe that old fool? I believe she has a design upon me.

Peggy [*Aside.*] That she has, I'll be sworn.

Did. [*Aside.*] I'll hum her.—Miss Durable, here's the other arm at your service.

Miss L. Dur. [*Taking it.*] Dear sir, you're extremely obliging.

Did. Don't say so, madam; the obligation is mine. [*Nodding.*] Plainway, you see what a way I'm in.

[*Exeunt* Diddler, Peggy, *and Miss* Durable.

Plain. Bashfulness!—Damme, if ever I saw such an impudent dog! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Inn.*

Enter Fainwou'd *and* Richard.

Fain. In short, I never met with such disrespectful treatment since I was born:—and so the rascal's name is Diddler, is it?

Rich. So I heard the waiters call him.

Fain. As to the disappointment, Richard, it's a very fortunate one for me; for it must be a scrubby family indeed, when one of its branches is forced to have recourse to such low practices. But to be treated with such contempt! why, am I to be laughed at every where?

Rich. If I was you, sir, I'd put that question where it's fit it should be answered.

Fain. And so I will, Richard.—If I don't go back, and kick up such a bobbery—I warrant I'll—Why, he called me a vulgar, conceited, foolish cockney.

Rich. No, sure?

Fain. Yes, but he did; and what a fool my father must have been not to see through such a set—a low-bred rascal, with his three-and-fourpence! But if I don't—I'll take your advice, Richard—I'll hire a post-chaise directly, drive to the house, expose that Mr Diddler, blow up all the rest of the family, sir Robert Rental included, and then set off for London, and turn my back upon them for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SAM *with a Letter, followed by a Messenger.*

Sam. Why, but what for do you bring it here?

Mess. Why, because it says, to be delivered with all possible speed. I know he comes here sometimes, and most likely won't be at home till night.

Sam. Well, if I see him, I'll gi't to him. Most likely he'll be here by-and-by.

Mess. Then I'll leave it. [*Exit.*

Sam. Mr Jeremiah Diddler—Dang it, what a fine seal! and I'll be shot if it don't feel like a bank note. To be delivered wi' all possible speed too. I should'nt wonder now if it brought him some good luck. Ha! ha! ha! with all my heart. He's a d—d droll dog, and I like him vastly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* PLAINWAY'S *House*—PLAINWAY, DIDDLER, PEGGY, *and Miss* DURABLE *at Table.*

Plain. Bravo! Ha! ha! ha! [*They all laugh.*

Miss L. Dur. Upon my word, Mr Fainwou'd, you sing delightfully; you surely have had some practice?

Did. A little, madam.

Miss L. Dur. Well, I think it must be a very de-

sirable accomplishment, if it were only for your own entertainment.

Did. It is in that respect, madam, that I have hitherto found it most particularly desirable.

Miss L. Dur. But surely the pleasure of pleasing your hearers——

Did. I *now* find to be the highest gratification it can bestow, except that of giving me a claim to a return in kind from you. (*Aside to* PEGGY.) I lay it on thick, don't I?

Miss L. Dur. You really must excuse me; I can't perform to my satisfaction without the assistance of an instrument.

Plain. Well, well, cousin, then we'll hear you by and bye; there's no hurry, I'm sure.—Come, Mr Fainwou'd, your glass is empty.

Miss L. Dur. Peggy, my love.

[*They rise to retire. Exit Miss L. Dur.*

Plain. Peg, here! Come back, I want to speak with you.

Peggy. (*Returns.*) Well, papa?

Plain. Mr Fainwou'd, (*They rise.*)—You know I told you of a billet-doux that old Laury had received.

Peggy. Yes, sir.

Plain. Coming through the passage to dinner, I picked it up.

Peggy & Did. No!

Plain. Yes; I have it in my pocket,—one of the richest compositions you ever beheld. I'll read it to you.

Did. (*Aside.*) How unlucky! Now, if she sees it, she'll know the hand.

Plain. (*Reads.*) "To the beautiful Maid at the foot of the hill."—Ha, ha, ha!

Did. & Peggy. Ha, ha, ha!

[DIDDLER *endeavours to keep* PEGGY *from overlooking him.*

Plain. "Most celestial of terrestrial beings! I have

received a wound from your eyes, which baffles all surgical skill. The smile of her who gave it, is the only balsam that can save it. Let me therefore supplicate admittance to your presence to-morrow, to know at once if I may live or die.

That if I'm to live, I may live your fond lover;
And if I'm to die, I may get it soon over.

ADONIS."

[*They all laugh.* DIDDLER *appears much disconcerted.*

Plain. Why, this Adonis must be about as great a fool as his mistress; eh, sir? Ha, ha, ha!

Did. Yes, sir; he, he, he!—(*Aside.*) They've found me out, and this is a quiz.

Peggy. Or more likely some poor knave, papa, that wants her money; ha, ha, ha!

Plain. Ha, ha, ha!—Or perhaps a compound of both; eh, sir?

Did. Very likely, sir; he, he, he!—(*Aside.*) They're at me.

Plain. But we must laugh her out of the connection, and disappoint the rogue, however; though I dare say he little thought to create so much merriment. So short-sighted is roguery.

Did. (*Aside.*) Short-sighted!—It's all up, to a certainty.

Plain. So she's returning; impatient of being left alone, I suppose.—Now, we'll smoke her.

Enter Miss L. DURABLE.

Miss L. Dur. Bless me! why, I'm quite forsaken among you all.

Plain. Forsaken, my dear cousin! It's only for age and ugliness to talk of being forsaken, not for a beautiful maid like you,—the most celestial of terrestrial beings! [*All laugh.*

Miss L. Dur. (*Aside.*) I'm astonished,—*he* laughing too!

Did. (*Aside to her.*) Excuse my laughing, it's only in jest.

Miss L. Dur. In jest, sir!

Did. Yes. [*Whispers and winks.*

Plain. Well but, my dear cousin, I hope you'll be merciful to the tender youth. Such a frown as that, now, would kill him at once.

Miss L. Dur. Cousin Plainway, this insult is intolerable. I'll not stay in your house another hour.

Plain. Nay, but, my dear Laury, I didn't expect that truth would give offence.—We'll leave Mr Fainwou'd to make our peace with you.

Did. (*Aside.*) Leave me alone with her! Oh, the devil!

Peggy. Aye, do, Mr Fainwou'd, endeavour to pacify her;—pray, induce her to continue a little longer "the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill."

[*Exeunt* PLAINWAY *and* PEGGY. *Miss* L. DURABLE *and* DIDDLER *look sheepishly at each other.*

Did. (*Aside.*) I'm included in the quiz, as I'm a gentleman.—(*To her.*) My dear madam, how could you—

Miss L. Dur. How could I what, sir?

Did. Wear a pocket with a hole in't?

Miss L. Dur. I wear no pockets, which caused the fatal accident. But, sir, I trust, it is an accident that will cause no change in your affection.

Did. (*Aside.*) Damn it! now she's going to be amorous.—(*To her.*) None in the world, madam. I assure you, I love you as much as ever I did.

Miss L. Dur. I fear my conduct is very imprudent.—If you should be discovered—

Did. It's not at all unlikely, madam, that I am already.—(*Aside.*) Now she'll be boring me for explanations. I must get her among them again.—(*To her.*)

Or if I am not, if we don't take great care, I soon shall be; therefore I think we'd better immediately join—

Miss L. Dur. Oh, dear sir! so soon?—I declare you quite agitate me with the idea.

Did. Ma'am!

Miss L. Dur. It is so awful a ceremony, that really a little time—

Did. My dear ma'am, I didn't mean any thing about a ceremony.

Miss L. Dur. Sir!

Did. You misunderstand me; I—

Miss L. Dur. You astonish me, sir! no ceremony, indeed!—And would you then take advantage of my too susceptible heart, to ruin me? would you rob me of my innocence? would you despoil me of my honour?---cruel, barbarous, inhuman man!

[*Affects to faint.*

Did. (*Supporting her.*) Upon my soul, madam, I would not interfere with your honour on any account.---(*Aside.*) I must make an outrageous speech; there's nothing else will make her easy.---(*Falls on his knees; PEGGY enters listening.*) Paragon of premature divinity! what instrument of death, or torture, can equal the dreadful power of your frowns? Poison, pistols, pikes, steel-traps, and spring-guns, the thumb-screw, or lead-kettle, the knout, or cat o'nine-tails, are impotent, compared with the words of your indignation! Cease then to wound a heart, whose affection for you nothing can abate; whose---

Peggy. (*Interrupting him, and shewing his letter.*) So, sir, this is your fine effusion, and this is the fruit of it. False, infamous man!

Did. (*Aside to Miss L. Dur.*) I told you so. You'd better retire, and I'll contrive to get off.—My dear Miss Plainway—

Peggy. Don't dear me, sir; I've done with you.

Did. If you would but hear—

Peggy. I'll hear nothing, sir. You can't clear yourself;—this duplicity can only arise from the meanest of motives, Mr Mortimer.

Miss L. Dur. Mr Mortimer!—Then I am the dupe, after all.

Peggy. You're a mean—

Miss L. Dur. Base—

Peggy. Deceitful—

Miss L. Dur. Abominable—

Did. *(Aside.)* Here's a breeze! This is raising the wind, with a vengeance!—My dear Miss Plainway, I—a——My dear Miss Durable, *(Aside.)* pray retire; in five minutes I'll come to you in the garden, and explain all to your satisfaction.

Miss L. Dur. And if you don't—

Did. Oh, I will;—now, do go.

Peggy. And you too, madam; aren't you ashamed——

Miss L. Dur. Don't talk to me in that style, Miss; it ill becomes me to account for my conduct to you; and I shall therefore leave you, with perfect indifference, to make your own construction.—*(To him.)* You'll find me in the garden, sir. [*Exit.*

Did. *(Aside.)* Floating in the fish-pond, I hope.—*(To Peggy.)* My dear Peggy, how could you for a moment believe—

Peggy. I'll not listen to you; I'll go and expose you to my father immediately. He'll order the servants to toss you in a blanket, and then to kick you out of doors.

Did. *(Holding her.)* So, between two stools, poor Jeremy comes to the ground at last.—Now Peggy, my dear Peggy, I know I shall appease you.

[*He takes her hand.*

Peggy. If you detain me by force, I must stay; and if you will talk, I must hear you; but you can't force me to attend to you.

Did. That's as you please, only hear me.—That

letter—I did write that letter. But, as a proof that I love you, and only you, and that I will love you as long as I live, I'll run away with you directly.

Peggy. Will you, this instant?

Did. I'll hire a post-chaise immediately;—*(Aside.)* that is, if I can get credit for one.

Peggy. Go, and order it.

Did. I'm off. *(Going.)*—Nothing but disasters! here's the cockney coming back in a terrible rage, and I shall be discovered.

Peggy. How unlucky! Couldn't you get rid of him again?

Did. Keep out of the way, and I'll try. [*She retires.*

Enter FAINWOU'D.

Fain. So, sir,—

Did. How do you do, again, sir? Hasn't my servant left you three-and-four-pence yet?—Bless my soul, how stupid!

Fain. Sir, I want to see Mr Plainway.

Did. Do you, sir? that's unlucky: He's just gone out,—to take a walk in the fields.

Fain. I don't believe a word you say.

Did. *(With affected dignity.)* Don't believe a word I say, sir!

Fain. No, sir.

Did. Sir, I desire you'll quit this house.

Fain. I shan't, sir.

Did. You shan't, sir?

Fain. No, sir; my business is with Mr Plainway. I've a post-chaise waiting for me at the door, and, therefore, have no time to lose.

Did. A post-chaise waiting at the door, sir?

Fain. Yes, sir,—the servant told me Mr Plainway *was* within, and I'll find him too, or I'm very much mistaken. [*Exit.*

Did. A post-chaise waiting at the door!—we'll

bribe the post-boy, and jump into it. Now, who shall I borrow a guinea of to bribe the post-boy?

Enter JOHN.

John. Has that gentleman found my master, sir?

Did. Oh yes, John, I shewed him into the drawing-room. (JOHN *is going.*)—Stop, John; step this way. Your name is John, isn't it?

John. Yes, sir.

Did. Well, how d'ye do, John?—Got a snug place here, John?

John. Yes, sir, very snug.

Did. Aye, good wages, good vails, eh?

John. Yes, sir, very fair.

Did. Um—You haven't got such a thing as a guinea about you, have you?

John. No, sir.

Did. Aye—that's all, John; I only asked for information. [*Exit* JOHN.]—Gad! I said a civil thing or two to the gardener just now, I'll go and try him; and, to prevent all further rencontres, make my escape through the garden-gate. (*Going.*)

Enter Miss L. DURABLE.

Oh, Lord! here is old innocence again. (*Aside.*)—I was just coming to you.

Miss L. Dur. Well, sir, I'm all impatience for this explanation.—So, you've got rid of Miss Peggy?

Did. Yes, I have pacified her, and she's retired to the—drawing-room.—You haven't got such a thing as a guinea about you, madam, have you? A troublesome post-boy, that drove me this morning, is teasing me for his money. You see I happened unfortunately to change my small——

Miss L. Dur. Oh, these things will happen, sir,—(*Gives a purse.*)—There's my purse, sir; take whatever you require.

Did. I'm robbing you, ma'am.

Miss L. Dur. Not at all; you know you'll soon return it.

Did. (*Aside.*) That's rather doubtful.—(*To her.*) I'll be with you again, madam, in a moment. [*Going.*

Miss L. Dur. What, sir! So even your post-boys are to be attended to before me.

Did. Ma'am!

Miss L. Dur. But I see through your conduct, sir. This is a mere expedient to avoid me again.—This is too much.

Did. (*Aside.*) What the devil shall I do now?—Oh!—oh dear!—oh Lord!

Miss L. Dur. What's the matter?

Did. Your cruelty has so agitated me,—I faint,—a little water,—a little water will recover me! (*Falls into a chair.*)—Pray, get me a little water!

Miss L. Dur. Bless me, he's going into hysterics! Here!—help, John!—Betty, a little water immediately! [*Exit.* DIDDLER *runs off.*

Enter FAINWOU'D.

Fain. No where to be found.—So, Mr Diddler is gone now. They've found me out by my letter, and avoid me on purpose. But I'll not stir out of the house till I see Mr Plainway, I'm determined; so I'll sit myself quietly down. (*Sits down in the chair* DIDDLER *has left.*)—I'll make the whole family treat me with a little more respect, I warrant.

Enter Miss L. DURABLE *hastily, with a glass of water, which she throws in his face. She screams; he rises in a fury.*

Miss L. Dur. Here, my love.—Ah!

Fain. Damnation, madam! what d'ye mean?

Miss L. Dur. Oh dear, Sir! I took you for another gentleman.

Fain. Nonsense, madam! you couldn't mean to serve any gentleman in this way. Where is Mr Plainway? I'll have satisfaction for this treatment.

Enter PLAINWAY.

Plain. Hey day! hey day, cousin! Why, who is this gentleman; and what is all this noise about?

Miss L. Dur. I'm sure, cousin, I don't know who the gentleman is. All that I can explain is, that Mr Fainwou'd was taken ill in that chair; that I went to get some water to recover him; and the moment after, when I came back, I found his place occupied by that gentleman.

Fain. Madam, this is no longer a time for bantering. You found Mr Fainwou'd's place occupied by me, who am Mr Fainwou'd; and you found him suffering no illness at all, though you wanted to give him one.

Plain. & Miss L. Dur. You Mr Fainwou'd!

Fain. Yes, sir; and you've found out by this time, I suppose, that I'm perfectly acquainted with all your kind intentions towards me; that I know of your new son-in-law, Sir Robert Rental; that I am informed I am to make merriment for you; and that, if I am refractory, your nephew, Mr Diddler, is to pull my nose.

Plain. My dear sir, I haven't a nephew in the world, and never heard of such people as Sir Robert Rental, or Mr Diddler, in the whole course of my life.

Fain. This is amazing!

Plain. It is, upon my soul!—You say your name is Fainwou'd?

Fain. Certainly.

Plain. Then nothing but the appearance of the other Mr Fainwou'd can solve the riddle.

Fain. The other Mr Fainwou'd!

Plain. Yes, sir; there is another gentleman so call-

ing himself now in this house; and he was bearer of a letter of introduction from——

Fain. My letter of introduction! The rascal picked my pocket of it, in this very house, this morning. I see through it all!—I dare say your house is robbed by this time.

Plain. A villain!—Why, where is he, cousin?—Here, John!—where are all the servants?

Enter JOHN.

Plain. Where is Mr Fainwou'd?

John. What, the other gentleman, sir?

Plain. The other, sir!—Then you knew this gentleman's name was Fainwou'd: and you never told me he was here this morning.

John. Yes, sir, I did; I sent you to him.

Plain. You sent me to the other fellow.

John. No, sir, I did not let in the other.

Plain. I suppose he got in at the window, then.—But where is he now?

John. I'm sure I don't know, sir.—But I thought *that* gentleman was gone.

Fain. Why did you think so, sir?

John. Because, sir, the chaise is gone, that you came in.

Plain. What!

Fain. Gone!

John. Yes, sir.

Plain. Why, then, the rascal's run off in it,—and Peg—where is she? Where is my daughter?

Miss L. Dur. Gone with him, cousin.

John. Here they are, sir.

Enter DIDDLER, PEGGY, *and* SAM. DIDDLER *dancing and singing.*

Plain. Sing away, my brave fellow; I'll soon change your note.

Did. Thank ye, sir, but it is changed already.—Sam, pay my debts to that young man, (*pointing to* FAINWOU'D) and give him credit for a breakfast on my account.—Ah, my dear old innocence! (*to Miss* L. DUR.) there's your purse again; when I'm at leisure, you shall have your explanation.

Miss L. Dur. Oh, false Adonis!

Plain. And now, sir, what have you to answer to—

Did. I plead guilty to it all. I've been a sad rogue; but, as a proof I've some conscience left, here's your daughter, just as I found her. Don't give her to me unless you like.

Plain. Give her to you! And pray, sir, what claim have you to her?

Did. "Not my deserts, but what I will deserve." My resolution to lead a new life, with the trifling collateral recommendation of ten thousand pounds in my pocket.

Plain. Ten thousand pounds in *your* pocket!

Did. In brief, sir, idle habits, empty pockets, and the wrath of an offended uncle, made me the shabby dog you see before you. But my angry uncle has, on his death-bed, relented. This fine fat-headed fellow arrested our flight through the town, to put into my hand this letter from his executor, announcing the handsome bequest I have just mentioned, and inclosing me a hundred pound note as earnest of his sincerity.

Sam. Yes, I'm witness to the truth of all that; and—

Did. (*Stopping his mouth.*) That's enough, Sam; the less we say, the better.—I shall be steady now, Plainway, I shall indeed! I've felt too much my past degradation, not to make the best use of my present good fortune.

Plain. Um.—I imagine you are the Mr Mortimer she sometimes sighs about?

Did. The same, sir. At Bath, under that name,

and under somewhat better appearances, I had the honour to captivate her. Hadn't I, Peggy?

Peggy. And isn't your name Mortimer?

Did. No, my dear, my legitimate appellation is Mr Diddler.

Peggy. What! and am I to have a lover of the name of Diddler?

Sam. I'm sure Mrs Diddler's a very pretty name.

Did. Don't be rude, Sam.

Plain. Well, sir, your promises are fair, there's no denying; but whether it would be fair to attend to them, depends entirely upon that gentleman.

[*To* FAINWOU'D.

Fain. As to me, Mr Plainway, if your daughter has taken a fancy for another, I can't help it. Only let her refuse me respectfully, and I'm satisfied.

Did. You're a very sensible fellow, and we have all a very high respect for you.

Fain. I'm satisfied.

Did. But I shall not be satisfied without the hope, that all such poor and idle rogues as I have been may learn, by my disgraceful example,

How e'er to vice or indolence inclined,
By honest industry to RAISE THE WIND.

[*Exeunt.*

MAHARAJA SERFO

MATRIMONY;

A

PETIT OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH

BY JAMES KENNEY,

AUTHOR OF

RAISING THE WIND.

PREFACE.

The little opera of *Adolphe et Clare*, which I saw at Paris in the autumn of 1802, pleased me more than any thing of the kind I saw on the French stage. I was well aware how much it was at variance, like most of their other pieces of this cast, with the general spirit of English farce; yet its intrinsic neatness, and above all the probability of the heroine's finding so attractive a representative as Mrs Jordan, persuaded me it would not be unwelcome to a British audience. The late accession of Mr Elliston to the Drury-Lane company, whom I thought peculiarly suited to the part he sustains, finally determined me to prepare the piece for that theatre; and its success has fully justified me in having done so.

I must not, however, dissemble my conviction, that the first audience of "Matrimony" was not wholly unattended with discontent. This I have reason to think arose chiefly from an expectation, which had, in a great measure, been diffused by the newspapers, that it was of the same farcical description as my first production. People were disappointed; and perhaps scarcely gave a fair attention to the delicate tints of a French pencil, when they had prepared themselves for such broad and grotesque sketches as they had witnessed from my own. But as this impression is now removed, the piece has apparently increased in public favour.

The character of *O'Cloghorty* is a metamorphosis; *Lisetta*, an interpolation, for the sake of the respective talents of their representatives; and the poetry is nearly a fresh supply. My utmost claim to what-

ever merit "Matrimony" may possess, "hath this extent—no more." A diurnal critic, in terms highly courteous and flattering, blames me that my alterations have been so limited; but I think inconsiderately. The design is unsusceptible of that bustle and ludicrous situation, the want of which he seems peculiarly to lament; an attempt to introduce them must have destroyed the character of the piece; it would have made it something else, and, I am fearful, something worse. The unity of the scene has also been made an objection, but more on account of its novelty, than from any more serious cause. Every body makes me this objection; not on their own account, but for the sake of the public. It is thus that prejudice of all kinds keeps its ground. If individuals are *all* satisfied, what becomes of that *public*, to which I am to sacrifice? As the objection, however, was easily obviated, two changes of scene have been made since the second representation.

The manager and performers are particularly entitled to my thanks on this occasion. By their unwearied zeal and assiduity, the piece was represented in a fortnight only after it was received at the theatre. The characters could not have been better played; and I should have been glad if their importance had been more justly proportioned to the eminent talents they employed.

CHARACTERS.

BARON DE LIMBURG,	*Mr Dowton.*
DELAVAL,	*Mr Elliston.*
O'CLOGHORTY,	*Mr Johnstone.*
CLARA,	*Mrs Jordan.*
LISETTA,	*Mrs Bland.*

Servants, &c.

SCENE—*A short distance from Berlin.*

*** *The lines marked with inverted commas are omitted in the representation.*

MATRIMONY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A hall in the Castle of Limburg. A Staircase on each side; and a large Window in the Flat.*

Enter Baron, *and* O'Cloghorty.

Bar. Ha, ha, ha!—So, then, our old castle, hitherto the peaceable abode of friendship, the rendezvous of my hunting neighbours, the asylum of innocence and poverty, is to be transformed, at the whim of a cabinet-minister, into a state prison.—Well, the reasons he gives me are good ones. My heart is interested in his motives, and I am determined to fulfil his intentions. You shall help me, O'Cloghorty. 'Tis an act of friendship.

O'Clog. Then give me my orders, general. When I have always stuck to them so staunchly in banging an enemy, never fear I shall neglect them in the service of a friend.

Bar. I can do nothing without you, comrade; therefore, let me invest you with your new powers immediately. This morning you were only my game-

keeper; now, I appoint you—gaoler of the prison of which I am governór.

O'Clog. Gaoler!—O'Cloghorty a gaoler!—An old soldier, whose business has been to make prisoners, to turn paltry keeper of them!

Bar. Don't be alarmed, my honest fellow. It's only a frolic, which pleases me, because its end is laudable; because it will tend to re-unite a charming pair, gay and thoughtless, but amiable: whom the pleasures of the capital, bad counsels, and false friends, have led astray, and might, in the end, have ruined entirely.

O'Clog. Oh!—Well, well, if that's the case, no matter what name we take. If we have but an indifferent one, doing an act of kindness to our fellow-creatures is no bad way of mending it, at any rate.

Bar. There spoke the old soldier.—But take care, my good fellow; tremble lest, under the severe appearance you are going to assume, the tender heart of O'Cloghorty should still be perceptible.

O'Clog. It will require some pains, to be sure.

Bar. And then that comely figure—you must make it look clumsy and forbidding.

O'Clog. To a young lady?—Oh, that will be difficult indeed.—I'll speak to her without looking at her; for, if I see her sighing, and crying, and sobbing, and trembling, I shall certainly send my part to the devil, and jump about her beautiful neck.—But how the plague are we to accommodate the lady and gentleman?

Bar. I'll tell you. Hear the minister's letter.—[*Reads.*] "You have often heard me speak of my volatile madcap of a niece Clara, whom I married, at a very early age, to young Delaval. They were then passionately in love with each other, and I was proud of my choice; but a dissipated life, bad company, and some jarring qualities in their dispositions, have occasioned many childish quarrels between them,

which have terminated in a serious rupture, without any real cause of reproach on either side. They have both brought me their complaints, and solicited to be delivered from the cause of their troubles; the husband begging I would send his wife to a convent, the wife, that I would oblige the husband to absent himself upon his duty. In seeming to comply with the wishes of both, I mean to furnish them with a lesson, that may prove a better remedy for their grievances. When shut out from the capital, and the sources of their discord, under the eye of a sensible and enlightened friend, I trust their heads will again be cooled, and their hearts warmed. They shall be conveyed from Berlin an hour hence, and will arrive at your castle on the tenth. I trust them entirely to your management, and hope soon to hear you have restored them to reason and happiness."

O'Clog. Sweet souls! How astonished they'll be to meet again, just when they've left one another so far behind. Oh! I wish they were come.

Bar. They'll soon be here. I've ordered one of my fellows to be upon the watch, and give me notice with the horn the moment he sees them. The rest of my servants have their instructions to represent my sentinels, my turnkeys, &c. You are to be my confidential man. Your business will be to watch over the prisoners, to scrutinize their behaviour, and give me a faithful account of all that passes among them.

O'Clog. Could'nt we give the six-pounders a share in the frolic?

Bar. No doubt of it; they shall be planted on the rampart; they'll do to make a noise if necessary, and that's all the service they have been used to.

O'Clog. That's true, my noble commander. Like those of some enemies I have heard of, they have seen nothing but rehearsals yet, and seem likely to wear out in smoke and harmless botheration.

Bar. But you must go and equip yourself directly. I have provided a disguise for you. You'll find it in my cabinet. [*The Horn sounds.*]

DUET.

BARON *and* O'CLOGHORTY.

O'Cloghorty.

The signal—Hark! the mellow horn,
Speaks a prisoner's approach.

Baron.

Look—from the window you'll discern
Who's descending from the coach.
Is't the lady?

O'Cloghorty. [*Looks from the window.*]
To be sure;
For her goaler to allure,
See her lute's in yonder chest.

Baron. [*Looking.*]
And to soothe him when he chides,
Many a pretty thing besides,
Doubtless lurks among the rest.

Both.

Lovely woman! angels bless you!
Solace sure for every ill;
Though we study to distress you,
You delight to charm us still.

Baron.

Can you now perceive her face?

O'Cloghorty.

No, her veil hides every feature.

Baron.

But her figure—mark, what grace!

O'Cloghorty.

Oh! she's a bewitching creature.

Baron.
This way—now I see her clearer;

O'Cloghorty. [*exulting.*]
I shall shortly see her nearer.
Zooks! what packets she has got;
Drawings, and I don't know what.

Both.
Lovely woman, &c.

O'Clog. They are shewing her into the hall. Now to go and practise the functions of my office. I'll make the locks, bolts, and bars, clatter famously;—and when the governor calls me, here I am. Faith it will be comical enough now, if I should make no blunder in this business. [*Exit.*

Bar. Here she comes. I'll withdraw a little, to observe the impression the place makes upon her, and take my cue from it. [*Retires.*

CLARA *enters in a travelling dress, preceded by a Guard.* LISETTA *follows with another Guard. Two Sentinels are stationed at the entrance.*

Cla. [*To the Guard.*] What, sir, take away my waiting-maid—the governor could never order any such thing.

Lis. No, that he could'nt, I'm sure.

Cla. Never was a woman treated so cruelly.—Send the governor to me, sir, d'ye hear? And if the governor's not in the way, send me the next great man among you.

1 *Sol.* We have already sent to him.

2 *Sol.* For the present, Mrs Waiting-maid, you must come with me.

Lis. Must I, indeed, go with you?—Oh! madam, it breaks my heart to leave you.

SONG.

Lisetta.

Here weeping, bewailing,
In prison to stay;
Misfortune assailing,
And friends far away.
Ah! say, will they rid you
Of Lisetta too?—
My heart breaks to bid you,
Sweet lady, adieu!

Kind angels attend you,
And soothe every pain,
'Till heaven shall send you
Blest moments again;
When never more need you
Lose servant so true,
Nor Lisetta bid you,
Sweet lady, adieu!

Cla. What a horrid place! and what an incredible adventure! [*The Servants bring in her luggage.*] At the very moment that I was beseeching my uncle to rid me of that—that tyrant—[*To the Servants*] put my lute down there. Mind what you're doing—Where's my music?—my English romances—[*To herself*] shut up in a prison!—at my age!—What a wretched being I am!—[*To the Servants.*] Ah! deuce take you! my pens will be all crushed to pieces—[*To herself*] A very wretched being indeed. [*The Servants go out.*] How could my relations be so shortsighted, as to marry me to a good-for-nothing fellow, that, for a few tolerable weeks at first, has tormented me incessantly ever since?

The Baron enters, ushered by a Sentinel.

2 Sold. The governor is here, madam. [*Exit.*

Bar. Madam, you're welcome. I desired I might

be informed the moment you alighted from your carriage. But, really, the affairs of the castle, the number of prisoners, ... I beg pardon, madam—but now I attend your orders.

Cla. It seems, sir, 'tis I must attend yours; for I've been waiting———

Bar. Excuse me, madam. I am now quite at your service.—Sentinel, take the lady's things up to the third room in the second tower; that looking upon the ditch, No. 107.—[*To Clara.*] Its very commodious, madam.

Cla. But, my waiting-maid, sir,———

Bar. She will be taken care of, madam. My orders require that she should be parted from you, and sent back to Berlin with the first convenience.—You are married, madam?

Cla. Alas! yes, sir.

Bar. A young husband—amiable, no doubt?

Cla. A monster! sir.

Bar. You have been unhappy then?

Cla. To such a degree, you've no idea.

Bar. He was inconstant, perhaps? And yet to look at you, one would hardly imagine—a gamester probably, or a rake?

Cla. Every thing, sir; every thing that's bad.

Bar. Yet in his principles, I should hope—

Cla. Oh! yes, sir,—just, and honourable—Nobody has any reason to complain of him but his wife.

Bar. Well, that's something; but he is not the less inexcusable——

Cla. To be sure not, is he, sir?

Bar. Particularly, as I have every reason to believe, it was at his pressing solicitations that the minister signed the fatal order——

Cla. What! was it my husband that—yes, yes, it was he. I'm sure of it; it's exactly like him; I hated him before, but now—

Bar. [*Smiling*] I should hardly suspect you can do

more for him. I pity you very sincerely; I am already much interested for you. I have been deceived about you;—you were described to me as a giddy, thoughtless woman, and I find you the victim of injustice.

Cla. Yes, sir, I am—a victim,—that's the very word.—What indignity! [*weeping, then changing her tone*] But it don't signify, I'll make the best of it.—Pray, sir, how do we pass our time here? I'm afraid I shall die with ennui.

Bar. We'll do all in our power to divert you from your troubles: in the first place, you may walk.

Cla. [*Pleased*] Walk, may we?

Bar. Twice a-day.

Cla. [*Pointing*] In the—

Bar. In the court-yard—

Cla. In the court-yard!

Bar. Lengthways or across, at the choice of the prisoner.

Cla. Mighty pleasant. And pray, what other amusement?

Bar. Then you return to your apartment. There you repose yourself, and may either read or sleep.

Cla. [*Ironically*] Indeed!—Do you really allow all these recreations!—Bless me! it's a paradise.—And this is the way of life in the castle, of which you have the honour to be the governor?

Bar. Every body is not so well treated. For the refractory, for instance, for the refractory we have—

Cla. [*Displeased*] Will you be so obliging, sir, as to shew me my apartment?

Bar. [*Taking out his watch.*] If you please; but you will be at liberty to chat another quarter of an hour with me, if you find it agreeable.

Cla. [*Ironically*] Undoubtedly—But I—I'm afraid of indulging myself too much the first day. I wish to husband my enjoyments.

Bar. As it suits you. Then I must call the turnkey, the gaoler, the sentinels.

Cla. Sir!

Bar. Hollo! [*Beckons a Soldier, who approaches.*] Are the passages well guarded, the garrison under arms, the drawbridge, the cannon, all in order?

Cla. Is all that on my account, sir? I beg you won't make so much ceremony with me, sir.—Or, if you only want to frighten me, I assure you [*with ironical politeness*] one of those gentlemen will be quite sufficient.

Bar. [*To the Soldier*] There, sir—make the lady a bow, and conduct her away. [*The Horn sounds.*]

Cla. What's that?

Bar. It's a prisoner that I expect; he will be here in a few minutes. That signal is to announce his approach.

Cla. A prisoner! I wish it had been a companion.

Bar. His case is a very lamentable one, if what they write me about him be true.

Cla. He is unfortunate then? You interest me in his favour. Might I ask his name?

Bar. He'll tell it you himself; you'll be with him now and then—at your meals, for instance; you'll eat at the governor's table—you'll meet him to-night at supper.

Cla. But, can I shew myself? I'm so horridly fatigued with my journey; my figure—

Bar. Is perfectly well, I assure you. Besides, here, you know, you can have no pretensions—

Cla. Oh! no—I protest—all men at present are—but one would'nt like to be frightful, and I think if I were just to change this gown, and set my head to rights—

Bar. Set your head to right?—why, yes, that might be as well, to be sure.

Cla. I've a charming cap; when's your supper?

Bar. Two hours hence.

Cla. Oh! then I've time to make myself a little decent.

Bar. In two hours? I should think so.

Cla. But who's to attend me?

Bar. [*Calling*] Sentinel!

Cla. Sir!

Bar. Give notice to the old woman to attend the lady.—[*To Clara*] You'll find her very useful; and depend upon it, every attention you can expect shall be paid you.

Cla. You're a charming man; you take part in my misfortunes—now for my toilet.——That way, sir? [*At the foot of the Staircase.*]

Bar. Yes, madam.

Cla. What a shocking staircase—abominable! I shall never be able to climb it.

Bar. It's the only one, madam, that leads to your apartment.

Cla. Is it?—well, if every thing answers to this specimen, Mr Governor, you may certainly boast of a most delightful and convenient habitation.

[*Exit, ascending the Stairs.*

Bar. What levity!—What a head! No wonder her husband——

O'CLOGHORTY *enters disguised for the Gaoler, with an air of self-complacency.*

O'Clog. [*Pulling him by the sleeve*] What do you say to me?

Bar. Ah! charming!—You have surpassed my expectations, my old friend. To do you justice, you look frightful.

O'Clog. [*Smiling.*] You flatter me. But, without vanity, I think I'm tolerably horrid; and then my voice, you know—you've my own sweet natural tone now—I'll keep my next little bit of a grunt for a

proper occasion. There's no need of being ostentatious. But the name——

Bar. Aye; it must be something pretty now and suitable. Suppose we say Grim—gruffin—hoff.

O'Clog. Grim—gruffin—hoff. I'll study it. The husband's arrived—they made him get down at the gardener's lodge; the guard room, you know, and there he's waiting—a mighty smart fellow. Oh! what a pity it would be to part such a charming couple!

Bar. I'll go and conduct him in. [*Exit.*

O'Clog. Now, Mr Grim-gruffin-hoff, think a bit of your new character, and deserve the confidence placed in you. Faith, and it will be no easy matter, I find. The dress may be well enough; but then I feel I can never come at your oaths, and your frowns, and your—your cut-throat grimaces—what one may call the graces of my office.—Och! but I'll not lose heart for all that. If I can't reach all the accomplishments of the profession, I'll e'en be satisfied with what I can master.

SONG.

O'Clog.

Can an Irishman practise such guile
 With a lady so sweet to dissemble,
And when he would make the rogue smile,
 To think but of making her tremble?
Indeed, Mister Grimgruffinhoff,
 If these are the rigs you must run,
You may think yourself mighty well off,
 That you're only a gaoler for fun.

To be sure 'tis a comical plan,
 When two married folks disagree,
To pop them as soon as you can,
 Both under a huge lock and key.

Should we blab of this project of ours,
  To cure matrimonial pother,
One half of the world, by the powers!
  Would very soon lock up the other.

Oh Liberty! jolly old girl!
  In dear little Ireland, you know,
You taught me to love you so well,
  They never shall make me your foe!
My practice will nothing avail,
  And this little frolic once o'er,
Never give me the key of a gaol,
  Except it's to open the door.

[*Exit.*

The Baron and DELAVAL *enter.*

Del. Depend upon it, sir, it will turn out some mistake; some error in the name, perhaps.

Bar. No, sir, you are accurately described, Frederick Delaval. But reflect a little; are there not some secret motives—some debts, for instance?

Del. Debts!—why I have contracted a great many, it's true; but then, I've paid them all.

Bar. Concern'd perhaps in some affair of honour?

Del. Half a dozen, sir. But neither, thank heaven, has furnished a pretence to lock up either party.

Bar. Some ill-natured relation, then?

Del. I have just received a legacy from the last of them. To be sure there's an uncle of my wife's that might have—no, that's impossible. He had too great a regard for me; I confided all my troubles to him, and he participated in them with the most friendly solicitude. Indeed, he had just promised to rid me of my wife.

Bar. You were not upon good terms then?—

Del. We couldn't be upon worse.

Bar. Her person probably is not exactly—

Del. The prettiest woman in Berlin, sir. God knows why they married us!—We loved each other too—I don't know whether we didn't adore each

other for a few months, and might have done so still, but I soon found her such a devilish temper.

Bar. What! haughty, forbidding?

Del. No, damn it, it wasn't that; but, in short,—curse me if I can tell you what it was exactly.

Bar. Cross, peevish?

Del. No, not peevish, but somehow petulant, fickle—won't hear reason.

Bar. What the devil!—did you talk reason to her?

Del. To be sure, now and then.—Why, what are you laughing at?

Bar. [*Smiling.*] Is'nt it rather odd, think ye, at your age, to be talking reason to her, when she expects you should be talking of nothing but love?

Del. Nonsense!—Why I tell you she wouldn't listen to me, constantly crossing me, every moment occupied with balls, entertainments, dress—sometimes she'd leave me whole days alone—grumbled if I but spoke to a pretty woman, while she herself listened to the flippant nonsense of every coxcomb that came near her. In fact, sir, she has gone so far as to propose separate apartments! Yes, sir, separate apartments—and from that moment—[*Whispers.*] It's very true, upon my soul.

Bar. Oh! these are shocking things; it's impossible to regret such a woman as that. She is really every thing that's bad—coquettish, ill temper'd, and perhaps———

Del. [*Seriously.*] Oh! no, no. I must do her the justice to say, that no suspicion of that sort—

Bar. Aye, very likely. But she's certainly a woman you couldn't live with, and, at all events, it's a great advantage to be parted from her.

Del. Why certainly, there's some consolation in that. [*Smiling.*] Still it might have been as well if she had been brought here, instead of me.

Bar. I understand you; but make yourself easy.

I'll write to the minister, and open his eyes in this matter.

Del. [*Earnestly.*] Thank ye, governor.

Bar. And I don't despair of getting your wife to take your place.

Del. That will be famous. I'm very much obliged to you, governor.

Bar. In the mean time you shall enjoy every proper liberty. Our garden is large and pleasant, and we've a little society within. Among others, a very charming young woman arrived to-day.

Del. [*Eagerly.*] A young woman!—pretty?

Bar. Very engaging.

Del. Delightful!—Oh the charming little creature!—Some jealous brute of a husband, I dare say.

Bar. Something of that sort. You may see her; she's just coming down.

Del. Is she? I needn't tell you I shall be extremely happy in her acquaintance.

Bar. But then, I hope you'll conduct yourself with proper——

Del. [*Impatient.*] Oh! to be sure I shall; where is she?—which way is she coming?

Bar. But then you must be so out of spirits, so vexed and mortified.

Del. Oh! most confoundedly; but I don't see her coming—not that I'm in any hurry.

Bar. Oh! no, I see that clearly. But I must attend to business. Excuse me, and if the lady comes, you'll be so good as keep her company till supper.

Del. Oh! surely—you needn't trouble yourself about that. [*Exit Baron.*]—A pretty woman!—Come, that's something to qualify captivity, however. Now do I feel unaccountably disposed for a little romantic attachment; yes, I'm getting sentimental very fast.

SONG.

Del.

Oh! when the bosom's torn with care,
When sad regret controls us;
For one perverse and cruel fair,
Another best consoles us.

This lovely woman Fortune sends,
Shall make my jaded heart amends;
Now my fancy fain would sketch her,
And with ev'ry charm enrich her.
Eyes, brilliant, languishing, and tender;
Figure, elegant and slender;
" And upon her lovely face,
" Steals a soft and pensive grace.
" Which as I her woes beguile,
" Gently brightens to a smile:"
How my griefs will then abate!
She'll delight me,
And requite me,
For the frowns of cruel fate.

Oh! when the bosom's torn with care,
When sad regret controls us;
For one perverse and cruel fair,
Another best consoles us.

Hark! I hear the rustling of her gown—there's a charm in that—there she is [*Approaching the stair-case.*] Her back's turned this way—charming figure!—and that arm that she's extending to give an order, how fair, how elegantly formed! By heaven! I'm already so touched with her misfortunes, that—but she's coming, she's coming, here she is.—[CLARA *descends.*]

Cla. Now for this new prisoner.—Is it possible!

Del. Can it be!

Cla. It is he!

Del. It is she!

Cla. So, it's you, sir?

Del. It is indeed, madam.

Cla. What, you are come, I suppose, to enjoy my affliction, to insult my misfortunes.

Del. I'm come, madam, because a party of guards brought me.

Cla. Arrested! Oh! that's charming; tell me all about it.

Del. It was the minister's will and pleasure.

Cla. Well, and *do* you know, they have served me the same? It seems they thought every thing should be in common in a well-regulated family.

Del. I should like vastly to know to whom I am indebted for this agreeable residence.

Cla. [*Seriously.*] Should you, sir? then I can tell you. It is to—[*Curtseying with ironical politeness.*] to me, sir. [*Laughs.*]

Del. To you! really I'm very much obliged to you.

Cla. You're very polite: I'm sure I needn't enquire what generous friend was so good as——

Del. [*Maliciously.*] You make me blush. It's true I was willing to contrive you a little surprise.

Cla. Do you laugh, you wretch!—Let me tell you, it was a measure unworthy even——

Del. Yours or mine?

Cla. He'll drive me mad.—I'm not jesting, sir; I'm very angry; and as a proof of it, I assure you, the only comfort I found in my misfortune was——

Del. Getting rid of me.

Cla. Excuse me if I don't contradict you. We are not here to flatter each other.

Del. Don't distress yourself. The same reflection which you made in secret, I communicated to the governor the first moment of my arrival.—At least, says I, *(with force,)* I shall live here in peace; I shall see no more of her.

Cla. [*Piqued.*] My eulogy in two words.

Del. [*Ironically.*] Why, when we're absent from

those we love, it's always a pleasure, you know, to be talking of them.

Cla. I've experienced it; for I told him some good of you.

Del. [*Piqued.*] I couldn't be in better hands.

[*Both affect a laugh.*

Del. [*Aside.*] Who the devil would live with such a woman?

Cla. [*Aside.*] He's as odious here as at Berlin.

Del. [*Aside.*] It's impossible to bear her; so I'll be off.

Cla. Excuse me, sir. [*Going.*]

O'Clog. *enters and intercepts her; a Sentinel intercepts* Delaval.

O'Clog. You can't pass here.

Cla. Oh! the horrid monster!—What d'ye say? Mustn't I go to my own apartment?

O'Clog. No; it's not the time.

Del. But, Mr Gaoler, surely——

O'Clog. No parleying; it's the governor's orders.

Cla. [*Crying with spite.*] Lord! how can he be so provoking!

Del. [*Aside.*] Now that's to mortify me.—[*To* O'Clog.] Come, come now, my honest fellow, I'm sure you're not so ill-natured as you look.

O'Clog. [*Aside.*] He knows me—

Del. You'll allow me to return, I dare say. [*Draws his purse.*]

O'Clog. Incorruptible.

Cla. Nay, but my dear, sweet Mr Gaoler——

O'Clog. Inflexible.

Del. Can we do nothing with you?

O'Clog. Nothing; but obey me, and hate me, if that will be any consolation to you.

Del. Thank'ye. I shall certainly avail myself of the indulgence.

O'Clog. So much the better.

Cla. But, Mr Gaoler.

O'Clog. I'll answer no more.

Cla. Well, that's one point gained at any rate.

O'Clog. I must return to my post. [*Exit.*

Cla. And that's another.

Del. Well, this is pleasant—that we must be forced to keep each other company.

Cla. Does that vex you? Now it pleases me vastly.

Del. Indeed! Well that's a little odd, after—

Cla. [*Imitating* O'CLOGHORTY.] I'll answer no more.

Del. Was there ever such a——

Cla. [*In the same tone.*] I must return to my post. [*Goes to the table for her lute.*]

Del. [*On the other side.*] Luckily I've a book in my pocket.

Cla. [*Taking up her lute.*] Aye, this is a fine opportunity now to complete your studies. You're a young man, and have a great deal to learn.

Del. If you were a little better instructed—

Cla. Bless me, I'm afraid I've forgotten my key.

Del. One of the comforts of a good head.

Cla. Pray don't talk of heads; for, without compliment, this is not a place to look for a better in, I'm sure. Oh! here's a charming new song—[*aside*] He doesn't seem to listen—[*loud*] that an unhappy woman—sang to beguile the misfortunes that a wicked fellow of a husband—[*aside*] he's peeping under—[*loud*] brought upon her—[*aside*] now he's looking on one side—[*loud*] poor woman!—[*aside*] There, he's stamping with rage! [*Sings from music, accompanying on the lute.* DELAVAL *takes a chair.*]

SONG.

Clara.

A sage once to a maiden sung,
  While summer leaves were growing;
Experience dwelt upon his tongue,
  With love her heart was glowing:

The summer bloom will fade away,
  And will no more be seen;
These flowers that look so fresh and gay,
  Will not be ever green;
    For the green leaves all turn yellow.

'Tis thus with the delights of love,
  The youthful heart beguiling;
Believe me, you will find them prove
  As transient—though as smiling:
Not long they flourish ere they fade,
  As sadly I have seen;
Yes, like the summer flowers, fair maid,
  Oh! none are ever green;
    For the green leaves all turn yellow.

Del. [*Rises, aside*] This is too bad—[*loud*] Madam—[*To himself*] No, she shan't see how much she has mortified me.

Cla. I thought you called me, sir.

Del. No, madam, I'm reading. [*Resumes his chair.*] But, after all, madam, I should like very much to know how you managed to obtain this order for my—

Cla. [*Taking her chair in the same manner.*] And I should like to know how you contrived——

Del. [*Interrupting her hastily.*] Very easily. By an application to your uncle.

Cla. The very man I applied to.

Del. If we keep this distance, I'm afraid we must bawl to each other.

Cla. Well, why don't you come nearer, then?

Del. Oh! certainly—[*Both draw their chairs close to each other.*] Well, you were saying——

Cla. Bless me! Why, you've taken to wear powder again.

Del. Yes, do you think it improves me?

Cla. Very much.

Del. That hat becomes you uncommonly.

Cla. Really! Well, you went to my uncle, and you told him—

Del. All the ill of you that I could think of.

Cla. Not from your heart.

Del. I beg your pardon; I hate hypocrisy. And pray what did you tell him about me?

Cla. That you were a detestable creature; and the plague of my life.

Del. You exaggerated.

Cla. I beg your pardon. I must be as candid as you. I even assured him, (to be sure I was in a great rage that day,) that my hatred for you—

Del. [*Jocosely.*] Hatred! that's a very strong term. I only talked of my antipathy.

Cla. And that still continues?

Del. Fortunately—

Cla. [*Drawing away.*] Adieu! sir.

Del. [*Imitating her.*] Adieu! madam—(*after a pause*) and yet, here we are, condemned to see each other every day.

Cla. [*Sighing.*] It's very true.

Del. [*Rocking in his chair.*] And this may last—

Cla. [*Imitating him.*] Heaven knows how long.

Del. [*Turning towards her.*] So, if we quarrel—

Cla. [*Turning also.*] We shall only make ourselves more miserable.

Del. That's very clear.—[*A short pause.*] Therefore we may as well live civilly.

Cla. Yes, just civilly.

Del. We shall see each other—

Cla. Now and then, at our meals.

Del. And at our walks.

Cla. Aye, at our walks in the court-yard—But that's all. Just good day—good night—and so on.

Del. Certainly—(*with a tender earnestness.*) Only if you should happen to fall sick—

Cla. Oh! to be sure, if you should meet with any accident——

Del. [*Tenderly, and drawing back his chair.*] Why, then——

Cla. [*In the same manner.*] Why, then—

Del. [*Drawing still nearer.*] I must be near you.

Cla. [*Drawing close to him.*] I mustn't run away from you.

Del. [*Affectionately.*] We must tell each other our sufferings—

Cla. [*In the same manner.*] And comfort one another—*(recovering.)* But that's all. There we'll stop.

Del. [*With the same resolution.*] Oh! to be sure we'll stop there.—Yet it's a pity—*(piqued)*—But no matter, we can't force people to love us whether they will or no.

Cla. No, we can't—and—so, sir—

Del. And so, madam—we'll have no love.

Cla. No, no love.

Del. Only a little complaisance—

Cla. And a little confidence—

Del. And a little friendship—

Cla. [*With resolution.*] And that's all.

Del. Agreed.—One kiss to seal the compact.

Cla. Sir!

Del. On the hand only—'tis but a mark of respect.

Cla. [*Seriously.*] Or rather of indifference.

Del. [*Tenderly.*] No, of sincere respect.

Cla. [*Aside.*] I shall certainly relapse—

Del. [*Aside.*] She's as charming as ever—Clara!

Cla. [*Tenderly.*] Frederick!———

Del. My dear Clara, let us be more explicit.—[*Passes his arm round her waist.*]

The Baron enters.

Bar. Now, then—Hey day!—Upon my honour, gentlefolks, you seem on exceeding good terms, for people who never saw each other before.

Cla. Dear sir!—the most singular adventure.—This is my husband——

Del. And this is my wife.

Bar. [*Smiling.*] Come, come, come; for shame! for shame! You're in a very unfit place for a joke of this kind.

Cla. But it's very true, sir.

Bar. Is it possible you can persist, madam? I really could not have expected a lady, I am so much inclined to esteem—remember what you have just told me of your husband. How can I recognise your picture in a gentleman so polite and accomplished?—And you, sir, the manner you described your wife to me can never agree with—

Cla. Well, well, but this is certainly my husband.

Del. And I swear this is my wife.

Bar. Aye, I see how it is. You've found yourselves agreeable to each other, and you thought I should be credulous enough to be imposed upon.—No, sir—No, madam, no, no, it will not do,—I can never suffer in a respectable prison like this—

Del. But listen, sir—

Bar. I'll listen to no such thing—

Cla. Be assured—

Bar. I am assured of every thing.

Cla. [*Aside.*] Obstinate brute!—

Del. He's raving. Let him go on.

Bar. If this is the case, you must be locked in a double tower.

Cla. [*Eagerly.*] Together, sir?

Bar. No, indeed, madam, separately. Come, you must part immediately.

Del. Must we part?——

Cla. Must we indeed?—

Bar. 'Tis my command——

Cla. [*To* Delaval *behind the Baron, he not seeming to observe.*] Contrive to see me soon——

Del. I will—I will.——

Cla. Adieu! Frederick.——

Del. Adieu! Clara.

Both. [*Falling into each other's arms.*] Adieu! adieu!

Bar. [*Surprising them.*] Is it possible!—here's audacity!—Hollo!—Grimgruffinhoff.

O'Cloghorty *enters with a Halbert, Guards following.*

O'Clog. Och! honeys, and is it that you're come

to? By St Patrick, you're making short work of it—

Bar. Part them immediately.

Del. She is my wife.——

Cla. You are a cruel unjust man.

Bar. To your apartments immediately.

[*They are forced up the Staircases severally, kissing hands to each other, and bidding adieu till they disappear.*]

ACT II.

SCENE THE SAME.

Enter O'Cloghorty, *followed by* Lisetta.

O'Clog. Don't bother me, you little devil! Haven't you a snug little closet to yourself, and every thing comfortable about you?

Lis. Yes; but has my mistress every thing comfortable about her?

O'Clog. To be sure she has. Don't I love her as —(*aside*) What the devil am I about now?

Lis. I'm sure you must be very hard-hearted if you don't love her; and I don't think that of you.

O'Clog. [*Smiling.*] Don't you?

Lis. No, indeed; for such a very ugly gentleman, I'm sure you're as good-natured as heart can wish.

O'Clog. Och! Blessings on your pretty little face. If you saw me out of my disguise—

Lis. Out of your disguise!

O'Clog. [*Aside.*] Botheration!

Lis. What, are you in a disguise, sir?

O'Clog. Ye—es. No—o. What the devil business is it of yours now, you little inquisitive monkey?

Lis. I beg your pardon, sir, I only—

O'Clog. Be quiet now. Get to your room; make yourself easy; and I promise you, you shall soon keep your mistress company again.

Lis. No! shall I indeed, sir? Oh, then I'll go to my room, and never trouble you again, indeed I won't.

O'Clog. Stop, you rogue. Won't you give me—just a—a little kiss before you go.

Lis. Oh dear, sir, I'm quite ashamed of you.

O'Clog. Don't be shy, now. There's nothing so ill becomes a pretty little girl, as being too shy.

Lis. For shame, sir! I'm sure you don't think so.

SONG.

Lisetta.

When disdainfully we treat you,
Every beauty we possess;
When with frowning look we meet you,
Language can't our charms express.
Then you're sighing,
Swearing, dying,
Full of feeling,
Praying, kneeling,
Still pursuing while we fly,
Doating while we cry, oh fie!
Fie! fie! fie!

But when pitying your passion,
Quickly altered is the case;
Soon you spare your admiration,
Fled is every charm and grace.
No more sighing,
Swearing, dying,
Praying, kneeling,
Vows or feeling,
You ungrateful then grow shy,
Sneer aside, and cry, oh fie!
Fie! fie! fie! [*Exit.*

O'Clog. Little rogue! How happy I've made her now! Well, I couldn't keep her in misery any longer. Troth, and its very lucky my false colours are not likely to fly long; I never can stick to that damn'd thorough bass falsetto of Mr Grimgruffinhoff. When the women are about me, I can't help sliding into the

gentle seducing tones of Mr Teddy Fitzgrallaghan Macmullinoch O'Cloghorty, for the life of me.

SONG.

O'Cloghorty.

I was the boy for bewitching 'em,
 Whether good humour'd or coy;
All cried, when I was beseeching 'em,
 Do what you will with me, joy.
Daughters be cautious and steady,
 Mothers would cry out for fear;
Won't you take care now of Teddy?
 Oh! he's the devil! my dear!
  For I was the boy for bewitching 'em, &c.

From ev'ry quarter I gather'd 'em,
 Very few rivals had I;
If I found any I leather'd 'em,
 That made 'em plaguily shy.
Pat Mooney my Shelah once meeting,
 I twigg'd him beginning his clack;
Says he—at my heart I've a beating,
 Says I— then take one at your back.
  For I am the boy for bewitching 'em, &c.

Many a lass that would fly away,
 When other wooers but spoke;
Once if I look'd her a die-away,
 There was an end of the joke.
Beauties, no matter how cruel,
 Hundreds of lads though they'd cross'd,
When I came nigh to them, jewel,
 Melted like mud in a frost.
  For I was the boy for bewitching 'em, &c,

Here comes my commander.

Enter Baron.

Bar. Well, O'Cloghorty.
O'Clog. Well, my noble governor.

Bar. This is the human heart, my old boy. You see the moment we tried to separate them, they were dying to be together.

O'Clog. But will their dying fit last? Isn't it only a little remains of their old spirit of contradiction?

Bar. That we must discover. I am preparing them a trial, which will convince me whether it be a renewed affection for each other or not.

O'Clog. It's certainly very like it.

Bar. I think so too. I have examined them.—Their hearts are all goodness and sensibility. Their heads have been to blame. I shall attack their hearts, and try if they are yet penetrable. The lady, I judge, will soon be attempting to speak to you.

O'Clog. [*Smiling.*] To seduce me, perhaps.

Bar. Let her; but by degrees; to keep clear of her suspicion.

O'Clog. No doubt but Mr Delaval will be trying to corrupt me too.

Bar. Well, well, you must be corrupted by him too; but you mustn't bring them together till——

O'Clog. Hark! [*In a low tone.*] Here she comes, here she comes! close to the door; she daren't come down; she's making me a sign. She's all of a twitter, poor thing.

Bar. [*Low.*] I'll retire.—[*Loud and authoritatively.*] You hear me, Grimgruffinhoff; not the smallest communication between the prisoners, not the smallest communication. [*Exit.*

Cla. [*Coming down.*] Barbarous wretch!—[*To O'Cloghorty.*] I've found means to escape from my chamber.

O'Clog. [*Aside.*] Very likely, when the door was left open on purpose.

Cla. My dear Mr Gaoler! pray don't refuse me. Take this ring—

O'Clog. A ring!

Cla. 'Tis a trifling mark of my gratitude. Listen to me, Mr Gaoler; you can render me a most essen-

tial service: that young man—really he's very much to be pitied. I assure you he deserves our being a little interested about him. Indeed we ought. I shall esteem it a great favour if you will be so good as to give him this letter. [*Offers it.*]

O'Clog. A letter! A letter!

Cla. No, only a little note—it's open, you see.—Now do, do, my dear, sweet Mr Grimgruffinhoff.

O'Clog. Oh! if it's only a little note, and open too—But if it should get me into a scrape now—

Cla. It won't—it never can. Come, take them—take them both. [*Gives the ring and letter.*]

O'Clog. [*Holding one in each hand.*] No, on consideration I'll keep only—[*Looks at the ring.*]

Cla. Oh! Heavens.

O'Clog. Only the letter, and you may take back the ring.

Cla. What! wont you have—

O'Clog. I'll have nothing but the pleasure of doing you a service, and that alone—[*Aside.*] By St Pat! here am I wheedled clean out of my character again. —[*In a coarser style.*] Come, come, I'll take the letter, because I believe there's nothing in it to endanger the safety of the state.—There, go, go, I'll take it, I tell you.

Cla. Oh! you dear, kind, amiable man! One day or other depend upon it—I couldn't see him, could I?

O'Clog. Impossible! Go back.

Cla. Yes, Mr Gaoler, I will. [*Follows him behind up the stairs leading to* DELAVAL'S *Room.*]

O'Clog. [*Turning round.*] Where are you going?

Cla. To—to—my own apartment, Mr Gaoler.

O'Clog. You'll find this a round-about way then.

Cla. No, I was going to one, whom I have so often driven from me, and whom I would fly to now, at the risk of my life.

O'Clog. Psha! nonsense!

Cla. Don't you believe me? See then my solicitude, my tears!

O'Clog. [*Aside.*] Faith if I do, you'll see mine too. —[*Aloud.*] Get away with you.

Cla. Pray, don't forget my little note.

O'Clog. Haven't I promised?

Cla. Don't be angry, dear Mr Gaoler, don't be angry—but give it immediately, I intreat you.—[*Aside.*] Thank Heaven! he'll get my letter. [*Ascends.*]

O'Clog. There's no standing this. So, here comes the other now; and galloping down the stairs as if the castle was on fire. [DELAVAL *descends.*

Del. He's alone—That's lucky. [*To him.*] My good friend!—I can't stay up there—Her window is opposite mine—I've climbed to the roof—endeavouring to get a glimpse of her. Impossible!—In the same tower at least.—In the same tower is all I ask—[*Runs to the window impatiently, as if looking out for* CLARA.]

O'Clog. Poor young man!——Climb upon the roof! run the risk of breaking his neck, to get a glimpse of his wife!—and yesterday, when nothing hindered him, he'd have climbed to the devil to get out of her way.

Del. I don't see her.—Well, answer me, can I—

O'Clog. Patience—before we talk of another apartment, what would you say—[*Looking round.*] If I had got—we must be cautious—a bit of a letter?

Del. From her?—My friend! my best friend! give it me, give it me———

O'Clog. Take care—I should be ruined if the governor———

Del. Don't be afraid—[*Takes the Letter and reads.*] "My dear Frederick! I am highly sensible of the concern you have just shewn about me." That was so natural.—"It has made me feel more deeply the wrongs I have done you.—I will venture to hope I may one day atone for them"—My poor Clara! "One day atone for them.—I fear it will be long

before I have an opportunity."——I fear so too.—"Be persuaded 'tis my head alone,"—No! 'tis mine! 'tis mine!—"that has been to blame, and that my heart"—Mine is bursting—I'm choaking!—I can read no more—It is impossible to conclude. [*Puts the Letter in his bosom, kissing it fervently.*] I'll read it in my chamber a thousand times.—My kind friend, what you have already done for me authorises me to ask—In short, my good fellow, I'm becoming frantic, furious, ready to attempt any thing—I must rescue her from this prison, and possess her once again.—A hundred thousand florins if you will assist me in the enterprise.

O'Clog. A hundred thousand florins!

Del. Two hundred thousand!—I'll sign to it immediately.

O'Clog. But my duty—the punishment, if it should be discovered—

Del. You shall go with us, you shall never leave us.—

O'Clog. Then my conscience—for the lady, you know, is married.

Del. To me!

O'Clog. [*Not seeming to attend.*] Her husband, 'tis true, is a mad fellow, who has behaved bad enough; but——

Del. 'Tis I, 'tis I—I who have made her miserable, and who would devote the rest of my days to her happiness.

O'Clog. *Your* wife! Are you sure of it?

Del. I call Heaven to witness it. Promise me then—you seem moved.

O'Clog. [*Affecting emotion.*] No, no, sir.

Del. You are affected at my situation.

O'Clog. [*Smiling aside.*] Oh! that—that's a mistake.

Del. You shed tears?

O'Clog. [*Aside.*] I'm acting famously now.

Del. Well?

O'Clog. Well, I must consent. I can't resist. I'll run all risks for you.

Del. [*Embracing him.*] Oh! my dear friend!

O'Clog. Be quiet now. Listen,—we must take care—[*With caution.*]

Del. [*Looking about.*] We will, we will.—There's nobody.

O'Clog. There's no way of getting out, but by that window that looks upon the trenches, which is about twenty feet from the ground.

Del. [*With earnest impatience.*] Yes,—I'll jump out.

O'Clog. Yes, but the lady and I, and the little maid, we shan't jump out.

Del. That's true; what's to be done then?

O'Clog. We must have a long ladder; I've got one at hand—we shall descend it, and get to the parapet.

Del. [*Eagerly.*] Well, we're at the parapet.

O'Clog. Not yet; but we'll make the best of our way. There we shall find a secret door—I've got the key of it.

Del. Then we open the secret door.

O'Clog. And come out upon three sentinels.

Del. We'll shoot 'em.

O'Clog. No, no, we don't shoot 'em.

Del. Well, well, we don't shoot 'em then.

O'Clog. But we pay them handsomely.

Del. Whatever they desire.

O'Clog. Then I take you to a friend of mine—he gives us horses, and there we are—

Del. In Spain?

O'Clog. With all my heart; but if you wish to secure your wife when you've got her, I'd recommend Ireland to you. We must lose no time, the night's getting dark—all the prisoners should be gone to bed.

Del. And Clara!

O'Clog. I'll go and fetch her, and the little maid too. [*The Stage darkened.*

QUARTETTO.

O'Cloghorty, Delaval, Lisetta, and Clara.

O'Cloghorty.

Hush! Lisetta!—this way—

[Lisetta *appears, and expresses surprize.*

Delaval.

This way.

Delaval and O'Cloghorty.

Silence!—Silence!—Not a word!

O'Cloghorty.

Don't be staring;
We're preparing
To escape.

Delaval and O'Cloghorty.

Hush! not a word!

Delaval.

Quickly now for Clara go;

O'Cloghorty. [*Going.*]

Make no noise, my risk you know.

Delaval.

Love my caution shall secure.

Together.

No, no, we'll not stir, be sure.
Do not, do not stir, be sure.

[*Exit* O'Cloghorty.

Delaval and Lisetta.

Oh! should they yet detect us!
What a dread, what an anxious night!
May fav'ring powers protect us,
And darkness veil our flight!

Lisetta.

How my bosom throbs with fear!

O'CLOGHORTY *returning.*

She follows me,—she's here.

CLARA *enters much flurried, partly in a Night-dress, and carrying a Taper. She throws herself into the Arms of* DELAVAL.

Delaval.

Dearest Clara! rapturous hour!
Our bliss once more is in our power.
Where's the ladder? quick.

O'Cloghorty. [*Brings it.*]
'Tis here.

Clara and Lisetta.
How my bosom throbs with fear!
Delaval.
Dearest Clara! do not fear.
O'Cloghorty.
Little maiden, do not fear.
} *Together.*

Delaval (having fixed the Ladder, &c. ascended to the Window, and handing CLARA *after him.)*
All is safe now,—on this chair,
Follow me, love,—step with care.

[DELAVAL *is half out of the Window, one Foot appearing to be on the Ladder.*

Delaval, Lisetta, and Clara.
Sure none will now detect us,
What a glad, what a happy night!
May favouring powers protect us,
And darkness veil our flight.
O'Cloghorty.
You soon shall be detected,
What a glad, what a happy night!
Your follies are corrected,
And you may spare your flight.
} *Together.*

[*A general Alarm. The report of a Cannon heard. Drums beat, &c.*

O'Clog. Oh! the powers! we're discovered. The alarm's given, the sentinels are after us; we're all ruined; and I shall be massacred!

Cla. [*Tenderly.*] No! no! we'll take all the blame.

The Baron enters, with Guards and Attendants with Flambeaux.

Bar. Let the gaoler be seized, and put in irons immediately.

O'Clog. Here's a pretty commence.

Cla. [*Holding* O'Cloghorty.] 'Twas our fault! indeed it was;—stop him, or we'll go too.

O'Clog. [*Aside.*] Blessings on her tender heart!

Bar. Hear me.—A courier, who has just arrived, acquaints me that you two are really married.

Cla. There, sir.—To be sure we are.

Bar. And informs me also of the motive for which you are here brought together.—Your uncle, convinced that you had both your errors——

Cla. I have had many.

Del. But what have been mine!

Bar. [*Continuing.*] Wished at first to make you both repent them; but his kindness getting the better of his anger, he has abated the rigour of his original order, and determines to punish only one of you.

Del. [*With joy.*] Me, no doubt.

Cla. [*Earnestly.*] Let the governor go on.

Bar. Further, being well convinced that at all events you never can be happy together again——

Cla. How malicious!

Del. Let the governor go on.

Bar. He sends me a deed of separation, and orders, that the first who shall be consistent enough to sign it, shall be immediately free.

Del. [*Very earnestly.*] A separation! Never! Nothing shall induce me to consent to it.

Cla. [*With equal decision.*] Nor me—never!

Del. Yet, if this is the only means of restoring the best of women to society—to her family—to happiness; if so, she may be snatched from a painful state of existence, from an abode of horror, that perhaps may cost her her life, I consent to every thing.—I desire she may sign—nay, I command it. Only let her immediately be set at liberty.

Cla. [*Much moved.*] No, sir, no.—I will not sign—I will not sign. "And you must be sensible, my dear Frederick, that if I refuse, it is not to disobey you. But be reasonable, Frederick. At your age—in the career of military honours, with the qualities to distinguish you, to merit the esteem of all who surround you—Could I consent that you should here sacrifice your youth and reputation!"—No; sign, and begone.—Only think sometimes of your Clara, who in her retreat will hear, and rejoice in your success, and console herself with reflecting that you are happy, and love her still. Go, then; I do not command it——but on my knees I request it.

Del. [*Who has repeatedly wished to interrupt her.*] No, no, it is impossible, I will not sign.

Cla. [*In tears*] If——if it must be so——

Del. [*Embracing her.*] Go, go, my dear Clara.

Cla. I cannot, I cannot, my dear Frederick!

Del. Will you not?—Will you not indeed?—Shall we then—yes—your eyes instruct me—the wish is mutual!—you understand me.

Cla. Oh, yes!

Del. [*With decision.*] No separation! No separation! Here—both together—and for life.

[*Tears the deed.*

Cla. [*Tearing also.*] Yes—for life, for life together!

Del. [*Throwing the fragments.*] There, sir; now send the minister an answer.

Bar. [*Aside.*] Here's a crisis!—[*Aloud.*] What! Do you prefer remaining together in a prison——

Del. To us it will be henceforward the temple of love and happiness.—We shall now live for each other.

Cla. And bid adieu to the world, and its vain pleasures.

" *Del.* Love—friendship—[*To* O'CLOGHORTY.] For you, I'm sure, will be our friend—gratitude—[*To the Baron.*] You must grant us this good fellow's pardon—These shall adorn our asylum.—Congratulate us—it is from this moment only that we are happy."

Bar. Oh! you cruel, you amiable young rogues! So, in this dismal place, you have at length found out how necessary you are to each other's happiness; whilst in the capital, where you were at liberty to love one another as much as you pleased, you must make yourselves miserable with incessant quarrels!

Cla. We shall have no more, depend upon it.

[*Caresses* DELAVAL.

Bar. I believe it, I believe it; and therefore I see no material objection to your returning to Berlin.

O'Clog. Nor I neither.

Del. Sir!

Cla. Explain yourself.

Bar. You are both free, and have never been otherwise. You have only had a friendly lesson, and have profited by it. This fortress is no other than the castle of your uncle's old friend, Baron de Limburg; the sentinels, his servants; and this terrible fellow the gaoler, his brave Irish huntsman.

O'Clog. Who, instead of Grimgruffinhoff, has as smooth a name, and as comely a countenance of his own, as ever came into your ladyship's delicate imagination,—Mr Teddy Fitzgrallaghan Macmullinoch O'Cloghorty, at your service.

Del. My dear Clara! how much are we indebted to this brave officer.

Cla. How much indeed! oh! my dear uncle! let us fly and thank him.

Del. And above all, never let us forget the castle of Limburg.

Bar. If any gratitude is due to me, return here on every anniversary of this day, and celebrate with me the deliverance of our two amiable prisoners.

FINALE.

May love and reason ever reign
  In each fond heart with gentle sway;
And may you never need again
  The friendly lesson of to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

ELLA ROSENBERG;

A MELO-DRAMA.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY JAMES KENNEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The ELECTOR,	*Mr Raymond.*
Colonel MOUNTFORT,	*Mr De Camp.*
ROSENBERG,	*Mr Elliston.*
STORM,	*Mr Bannister.*
FLUTTERMAN,	*Mr Matthews.*
Commander of the Guard,	*Mr Ray.*
Officer,	*Mr Fisher.*
Soldier,	*Mr Maddocks.*
STEPHEN, } Soldier's of Mountfort's Party,	*Mr Cooke.*
CONRAD, }	*Mr Male.*
Messenger,	*Mr Sparks.*
Peasants,	*Messrs Dignum, Gibbon, &c.*
Pursuers,	*Messrs Webb, Evans, &c.*
ELLA ROSENBERG,	*Mrs H. Siddons.*
CHRISTINA,	*Miss Ray.*
Mrs FLUTTERMAN,	*Mrs Sparks.*

Officers, Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

SCENE—Molwitz, a Province of Prussia.

ELLA ROSENBERG.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment plainly furnished. An entrance-door in the centre; a Closet on the left.*

Enter CHRISTINA *at the door.*

Chris. Heigho! every body rejoicing—every house full of happiness but our's.—There sits my uncle, as melancholy as ever, thinking of our poor unhappy young lady. While *her* sufferings continue, even the news of victory cannot revive him. [*A knocking at the door.*]—Who's there?

Enter FLUTTERMAN, *flourishing about.*

Flut. It's I, my dear.—I'll walk in: go where I will, small chance but I am welcome.

Chris. Why, who is it?

Flut. Who?—Come, that's very pleasant. It's I, Sigismund Flutterman.—What, didn't know me? No great wonder,—I hardly know myself.

Chris. So I should think, indeed, when you expose yourself in this way. It's not for your credit.

Flut. No;—It's for the honour of the whole province—for the honour of Molwitz. Have'nt we gained a most splendid victory?

Chris. Well, we all know that.

Flut. Do you? Then why the devil don't you laugh? why arn't you merry?—Where's your uncle? where's the magnanimous Captain Storm?—Zounds! why the house is as dull as the enemy's camp.

Chris. You won't make it merrier, I'm sure.—What business you have in it at all I can't guess.

Flut. Hark ye, lovely Christina: You know I'm burgomaster, and landlord of the Grenadier. The loyal inhabitants of Molwitz have resolved on a loyal address to the Elector, on the late glorious success of his arms. I proposed it;—I composed it;—and I, at the head of a select deputation, shall deliver it.

Chris. I,—I,—I,—as usual. Always thinking and talking of yourself.

Flut. Aye, that's my candour. Depend upon it, my love, it's a favourite subject with more ladies and gentlemen than think fit to acknowledge it.

Chris. But what have we to do with your address?

Flut. An infinite deal, to be sure. Only consider how much the ugly, brown, weather-beaten phiz of an old soldier would adorn the front rank of our loyal procession.

Chris. May be so; but my uncle wont go, I'm sure. He's much better employed.

Flut. Better employed!

Chris. Yes; comforting a poor lady in distress.

Flut. Comforting a lady!—Oh, yes, that's very pretty employment we all know. I have experienced it myself. The other day old Lady Dunderman plumped out of her barouche, and broke one of her clumsy legs at the door of the Grenadier. She spent twenty florins in the inside of it, and I administered a

deal of comfort to her.—Oh! here comes the captain.

Enter STORM [*singing in a tone of melancholy*, "Begone, dull Care, &c. &c."]

Flut. Oh, yes!—that he will——for I'm here. [STORM *stares.*] Sigismund Flutterman, Burgomaster, and proprietor of the Grenadier.——Captain—

Storm. Well!

Flut. The loyal inhabitants of Molwitz have resolved unanimously on an address to the Elector on his late signal and glorious victory; which address was proposed, is now composed, and will shortly be delivered by your humble servant.—Now if you would only join the deputation—

Storm. Not I.

Flut. Won't you?—Zooks, captain, why, what makes you so dull?

Storm. What used to make me merry—my grey hairs and my crippled limb. Once they only reminded me of years of hard and glorious service—a cheering recollection.

Flut. Yes, so I've heard say.

Storm. Now that misfortune has taken shelter with me, they only remind me of my poverty, and want of power to cure it.

Flut. Very uncomfortable indeed.—I suppose you mean the fair and fine lady that has come to you for protection.

Storm. Yes, from the snares of a scoundrel! One of the Elector's prime favourites too. Don't take me with you, or old Storm may chance to tell him to his teeth, that fighting our battles doesn't quite complete the duties of a prince. What does it avail us that he beats our enemies abroad, while he extends his power to wretches who use it to increase our miseries at home?

Flut. Yes, that may be very true; but there's nothing of that sort in my address.

Chris. But princes can't know every thing, uncle. The colonel is allowed to be a man of great bravery.

Storm. Bravery! More's the pity, when both sexes are to be its victims. Shame on the soldier who perverts so noble a quality, to dazzle and corrupt the female virtue it should be his proudest boast to protect!

Flut. Yes, that's my notion; and I bless my stars, there's no such dangerous point about me, to corrupt any female virtue.

Chris. [*Aside.*] Tiresome blockhead!—[*To him.*] Well, we needn't detain you, you know, Mr Flutterman.

Flut. I beg you wouldn't mention it—I'm perfectly at leisure:—the captain talks so finely, I could listen to him all day.

Storm. I'll soon dismiss him. [*Aside.*]—Will you lend me fifty florins?

Flut. Eh?

Chris. Will you lend him fifty florins?

Flut. What did you say? [*Looks at his Watch.*] Bless me! it's growing very late.—I'm afraid the deputation is waiting for me—I wish you good morning. —Your situation must be very uncomfortable, captain; but you know I shall shortly have the ear of the Elector—If I should chance to make an impression—

Storm. Psha!

Flut. I say if I should—but I dare say I shan't! [*Conceitedly.*] I dare say the Elector won't notice such a man as I am.—But if he should, you know, —I'll think of you.—Good morning—rank, place, or pension.—Like other great men, Sigismund Flutterman will be very happy to serve you—at second hand.

[*Exit.*

Storm. [*Sings.*] "Why, soldiers, why—whose business 'tis to die."

Chris. Don't sing, uncle, you always make me so melancholy.

Storm. Well, she shall share our crust with us!—There she sits all day long at her drawing—I have just told her of a subject.

Chris. What is it, uncle?

Storm. Her father—when he stood over me in the battle where I received my wound, and rescued me from the bayonets of a host of the enemy.

Chris. You never told me her story.

Storm. It isn't long. Her husband, Rosenberg, was the intimate friend of this villain Mountfort, till he took a fancy to his wife. One morning Mountfort insulted him on the parade.—Rosenberg drew—wounded his adversary and superior officer, and fled, as it was supposed, to the capital, to seek protection at the feet of the Elector—for Rosenberg had once been his page, and was still his favourite.—That's two years ago; and he hasn't since been heard of. What d'ye think of it, Christina?

Chris. Perhaps some assassin—

Storm. May be not—Mountfort had much in his power; he was just appointed to the government of the province.—Perhaps imprisoned secretly:—

Chris. And his wife?

Storm. Heart-broken with grief, took refuge in the arms of her father. Age and sorrow soon brought the old man to the grave; and then he consigned her to me—I shan't forget the time.—"Captain," says he, "you must take my Ella.—She has lost her mother and her husband, and now I must leave her too. Give her shelter—protect her from the villain Mountfort—and may it be your lot to restore her to Rosenberg."—I couldn't speak—but he knew what I meant, and died in peace. Protect her! Isn't she a suffer-

ing innocent?—Isn't she the child of my dearest friend?—And till this arm be cold as his, let any man dare insult her!

Chris. Ah! but this Mountfort, they say, has so many schemes—so many plans and disguises, it's almost impossible for a woman to escape him.

Storm. Yes, he's a devil!—but I don't fear him.

Chris. But what is become of Rosenberg's wealth?

Storm. 'Twas forfeit to the state, because he ran away. However, I've ventured to petition the Elector for restitution of a support for his wife.

Chris. And did you complain of Mountfort?

Storm. No, he's too strong in favour. It would have been dangerous—Oh! here comes our lovely guest.

Enter Ella *with a Picture.*

Ella. Good morning, Christina. Captain, I have completed my picture.—How shall I dispose of it?

Storm. Psha!—No matter for that—you give yourself too much trouble—Christina, prepare our breakfast.

Chris. I will, uncle. [*Exit.*

Storm. Come, courage! Keep up your spirits. Be merry as I am. [*Stifling a sigh.*]

Ella. Dear sir! you are my only stay, my only comforter.—How shall I repay your kindness?

Storm. By never reminding me of it. Had I palaces to bestow on you, I should only repay your father's friendship to his lawful heiress.

Ella. Generous man!—Any answer to your petition?

Storm. No, you've heard of the victory. Shouts! rejoicings! congratulations!—They must be heard first.

Ella. And is it true that Mountfort is made governor of this province?

Storm. It's true enough.

Ella. I tremble to hear it!—Should he discover our habitation—

Storm. He'll discover then that it's my castle, and inaccessible to a seducer, as to a common enemy.

Ella. But his power!—Alas! I'm doomed to be persecuted.

Storm. Never say so, never droop—Zounds! I'd rather hear an enemy's artillery at my door, than the sigh of a woman within it. But if he will torment you, and make you unhappy, we'll get out of his way. I'll sell off my little property, and will fly to some other country, where we may find peace and security.

Re-enter CHRISTINA, *with Breakfast, which she places on the Table.*

But, come—here's our breakfast waiting.—Sit down, my child; I have a rare appetite, and we shall resist the enemy the better for being well provisioned!—Why, Christina! is this all?—Consider our guest has been used to a little variety.

Ella. Indeed, sir, there's abundance.

Chris. Oh! but there's plenty in the garden! I'll fetch some more directly. [*Exit.*

Storm. Perhaps you'd like it better in your own room?

Ella. No, I prefer this, if you do.

Storm. Why, I confess I've an affection for it—old habits—many an old comrade has smoaked his pipe with me in this room.

Ella. And yet you talked of leaving it for me.

Storm. Well, well; no more of that—[*Takes the Picture.*] And so this is your picture?

Ella. Yes; Where shall I find a purchaser?

Storm. Any one would be a purchaser, I'm sure, who knew the artist.—Have you thought of my subject?

Ella. Yes, and should I ever change my abode, may, perhaps, attempt it.

Storm. Come, come, that's being over scrupulous. [*A knocking at the door.*] Come in.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Are you Captain Storm of the Invalids?

Storm. I am—more's my misfortune.

Mess. Your commanding officer wants to see you at the castle.

Storm. I'll follow you directly—I'm not going far, my dear; I shall soon return.

[*Exit with the Messenger.*

Ella. How inflexible is the fortitude of this brave officer, whilst I, alas! sink under the weight of my affliction.—Oh, Rosenberg! where art thou?—What is thy mysterious fate?—Thy sole care, perhaps, is for thy deserted Ella!—Alas! if misfortune must be our lot, why may we not sigh together—why may not our tears be mingled!—How much more welcome would death have been than this cruel separation! [*A knocking at the door.*] Some one knocks.—Somebody wanting the captain, perhaps.—Who's there?

[*Mountfort, in a feigned voice without.*] A person from Isaac the picture merchant. [*Music.*

[ELLA *opens the door; Colonel* MOUNTFORT *enters, disguised as a Jew.* ELLA, *at first, seems uneasy, but as he speaks, gradually recovers her self-possession.*

Mount. I peg your pardon, Madam, but my friend Isaac tell me vat you make de pretty picture.—If you shall make von for me, I shall be mosh oblige—Dere is some design—vil you be so kind and look?

Ella. Willingly, sir, and shall thank you for your favours. [*Music.*

[MOUNT. *shews some Drawings which he has in a Portfolio.*]

Mount. [*Aside.*] 'Tis well; she does not know me. [*Music.*

[*While he engages* ELLA's *attention towards the Sketches,* STEPHEN *appears at the door.—* MOUNTFORT *makes signs to him—He repeats them without to* CONRAD.—*They both enter, glide cautiously towards the closet, into which they enter, and shut the door;* MOUNTFORT, *in the mean time, anxiously observing them.*

Mount. Very pretty—how you like my designs, madam?—Very ingenious, don't you tink?

Ella. Very ingenious. These two will furnish charming subjects.—At what price shall I execute them?

Mount. [*Discovering himself.*] At that of my eternal affection, adorable Ella! [*Falls at her feet.*]

Ella. Colonel Mountfort! I am lost! [*Attempts to fly.*]

Mount. [*Seizing and detaining her.*] Charming Ella, compose yourself. Pardon this device—consider it as the effects of a passion, ardent, unalterable—which no obstacles can ever surmount or controul.

Ella. Cruel man! Think of my husband!—Oh! Mountfort—think of your once loved Rosenberg!

Mount. Is he not lost?—perhaps irrecoverably—

Ella. [*With resolution.*] Dishonourable suggestion!—Beware, and leave me.—You are beneath the roof of a respectable man, who honours me with his protection. Humble as he is, he will avenge this outrage.

Mount. He dares not.—No, madam, I shall not leave you.—Since fortune has, at length, placed you in my power, I will frankly own to you my intentions.

Absence has nothing abated the fervour of my admiration.—I have armed attendants at hand, and you must follow me.

Ella. [*With indignation.*] Gracious Heaven!—Can it be possible! Have you the audacity to threaten me with violence?

Mount. Do not then compel me. Loveliest of women! the sacrifice you would make, my eternal gratitude shall repay.

Ella. Monster! you excite my horror!—Leave me—or I must call to my assistance those who will chastise your insolence.

Mount. This is too much!—You forget that insulted love becomes resentment.—Within there!

[*Music.*

Enter STEPHEN *and* CONRAD *from the Closet.*

Ella. [*Kneeling.*] Nay, then, I implore your pity.

Mount, It is too late!

[ELLA, *in rising, attempts to draw* MOUNTFORT'S *sword, and defend herself.*

Mount. Secure her, I say!

[STEPHEN *and* CONRAD *seize her, and are dragging her off.* STORM *enters, hastily, and intercepts them.*]

Storm. Ah! ruffians, in my house—Stand off.

[*Music.*

[STORM *fights with* STEPHEN *and* CONRAD, *and drives them off*—MOUNTFORT, *in the mean time, seizes* ELLA.—STORM *having dispersed his opponents, rushes between them.*

Ella. My protector!

Storm. Don't be frightened!—now, sir;—why shouldn't you share the fate of your companions?—Do you know that this house is mine?

Mount. Is it? Lower your tone, friend Storm, or

I may chance to change your residence.—Remember who you are.

Storm. I do—a greater man than you—the friend of suffering innocence—you are but the governor of Molwitz.

Mount. You shall repent this behaviour.

Storm. Never!—If you have poisoned the ear of my sovereign, I've still an appeal to heaven—and here's the angel that shall be my advocate! Come near her, if you dare!—Though I am doomed to hobble on a shattered limb, I have still a sound heart, and an arm strong enough to obey its dictates:—I wish your governorship would condescend to measure weapons with me.

Mount. [*Aside.*] This shall secure him!—Insolent!—I will not baulk you then.—Come forth: you shall find me a fair enemy.

Storm. Have at you then.

Mount. Follow me! [*Exit.*

Ella. [*Endeavouring to hold* STORM.] For heaven's sake!

Storm. I'm coming!—damme, I'll scratch you.

(*Music.*) [*Exit, following* MOUNTFORT.

Ella. Gracious heaven! still accumulating calamities! Should the captain fall?—Dreadful thought! My friend, my protector, lost to me, and I the cause! Abandoned, perhaps, to the power of my persecutor.—[*Music. She falls into a chair.*] Suspense is horrible!—I'll fly to them—still I may prevent them, and save——

Enter CHRISTINA, *hastily.*

Christina!

Chris. Oh, madam! I have seen such a terrible sight—

Ella. Ah! is the captain wounded!—Is he killed!

Chris. No, no—neither!—

Ella. Then why are you alarmed?—Where is he?—Why does he not return?

Chris. He is a prisoner.

Ella. A prisoner!

Chris. I saw it all, madam!—My uncle rushed upon the colonel, tore his scarf off, and trampled on it.

Ella. Imprudent man!—what followed?

Chris. They fought! my dear uncle was disarmed, and the colonel's men came up, and seized upon him directly.

Ella. And dragged him away?

Chris. Oh! yes, madam!—They told him he must answer for violating the laws, and insulting the order of the Elector.

Ella. Treacherous villain!

Chris. He intreated for a parting word to you, madam; and I fell on my knees to beg for his release; but it was all in vain: they dragged him away without listening to a word.

Ella. I shall go distracted—but follow him, Christina—do not abandon your uncle!

Chris. Can I forsake you, madam?

Ella. Oh! yes, yes—Heaven has forsaken me! leave me! leave me to my despair.—Let all I love forsake me, for misery is around me, and every friend must share it—Oh! my heart, when, when shall I have rest!

Chris. Did the colonel, madam, attempt to insult you?

Ella. Oh! yes, Christina—and now his attempt may be renewed—I must be gone. There is no time to lose—I'll fly at once.

Chris. Whither! whither?

Ella. Heaven knows—Heaven must be my guide. [*Going.*

Enter STEPHEN *and* CONRAD.

Steph. Madam, you go with us.
Ella. I'm lost! I'm lost!—[*They force her out.*]
Chris. Spare her! spare her—Mercy, for heaven's sake. [*Exit, following them.*

SCENE II.—*A Camp.*

On one side the Tent of the ELECTOR *is prominent. The Army, joined by parties of Peasantry, discovered rejoicing.*

CHORUS *to Martial Music.*

Sound the trumpet's brazen throat,
Strike the thund'ring drum and cymbal,—
Sound the fife's enlivening note,
Bugle-horn and tingling timbrel!

Our Prince we hail, with victory crowned!
With grateful hearts his throne surround,—
In songs of triumph, raise your voice,
To celebrate this day, rejoice.

The ELECTOR *enters, surrounded by Officers of rank.*

[*A Dance of Peasant Girls, bearing wreaths of laurel, which they present to the Elector.*

Elec. [*To an Officer.*] Enough!—we have shewn our gratitude for the success of our arms. Let us now think of the sacred duties of peace. And first, for the complaints of my subjects.—Give me the memorials.—[*An Officer presents them.*]
[*The Elector seems to read them.*]

[FLUTTERMAN, *and several Followers, come forward and speak to the Officer, who afterwards addresses the Elector.*

1 *Off.* May it please your highness, the loyal inhabitants of Molwitz, with their Burgo-master at their head, request to offer their congratulations. [*The Elector nods assent, and continues to read.*]

Flut. [*Awkwardly and confused.*] Now don't interrupt me.—I declare I don't feel quite so bold as I thought I should.—Hem!—May it please your Serene Highness, I, Sigismund Flutterman, Burgo-master, and the rest of the inhabitants of Molwitz, beg leave to congratulate your invincible Serene Highness, on our splendid victory—that is, on *your* splendid victory.

Elec. [*Looking over a Memorial.*] The wife of Rosenberg in distress!

Flut. Your Serene Highness is at once the gentlest, and most tremendous of heroes—benevolently cutting the throats of your neighbours, only to restore them to good order, and secure the future serenity of your Serene Highness.

Elec. It shall be so—she may communicate some intelligence of her husband. Rosenberg I loved and honoured, and his fate interests me.—Strange he should not have relied on my clemency.

Flut. And to conclude—I, Sigismund Flutterman, Burgo-master, in particular, beg leave to assure your Serene Highness, that any mark of your Serene Highness's favour will be met, on my part, with the most perfect humility and condescension.

Elec. At present, these people disturb me—let them retire.

1 *Off.* At present, you disturb his Highness—you must retire.

Flut. Retire!—Oh! I understand. We are to be private.—You must retire. [*To the Peasants.*]

1 *Off.* You among the rest.

Flut. Me!

1 *Off.* Begone! [FLUTTERMAN *looks back, his Followers laugh.*]

Flut. Lord have mercy upon me!—Who is it that's laughing?—I'll make an example of him; how dare any of you—[*Retires, menacing them.*]

Elec. It shall be so—I'll visit her myself.

Enter MOUNTFORT.

Elec. Well, colonel, you come with congratulations.

Mount. Sincere and heartfelt.

Elec. Yet rather tardy, methinks.

Mount. An affair of an unpleasant nature has detained me; your Highness's order has again been insulted in my person. Even now an insolent subaltern raised his hand against me—tore the scarf from my shoulder, and trampled it beneath his feet.

Elec. These frequent outrages demand the utmost rigour.---He must not escape.

Mount. I have apprehended him, and only wait the necessary forms of martial justice to surrender him to the dreadful, but necessary punishment he has incurred.

Elec. [*To the Officers.*] Let a court-martial be immediately held to try a prisoner on the charge of Colonel Mountfort. [*Officers bow assent.*]

Mount. With your Highness's permission, I will explain his offence. [*Goes to join them.*

Elec. Hold!—a word in private (*He draws near*) I have a petition here from an old officer of Invalids, on behalf of the wife of a former offender—Rosenberg.

Mount. [*Embarrassed.*] The wife of Rosenberg!

Elec. Aye, you know he has a wife.

Mount. [*With hesitation.*] Certainly.

Elec. Can you direct me to her abode?

Mount. [*Suspiciously.*] I cannot.—What may be the nature of this petition?

Elec. It complains simply of her distress—and so.

licits restitution of part of her husband's forfeit property.

Mount. [*Aside.*] So far I am safe then.

Elec. I shall visit her myself incognito.

Mount. Yourself—your Highness cannot seriously intend it—a mere hovel!—

Elec. You have heard *something*, then, of her condition?

Mount. [*Recollecting himself.*] By vague report merely.

Elec. Her advocate, the old Invalid, is the owner of this hovel, and I shall certainly be his guest.—Besides the interest I take in the wife of poor Rosenberg, I am anxious to learn from her the place of his refuge—to which she is, doubtless, no stranger.

Mount. In that respect I should much doubt your Highness's success.

Elec. I'll try, nevertheless—remember secrecy.—And now to your prisoner—Who is he?—his name?

Mount. Confusion! Sire—he is of low rank—unknown to your Highness, and wholly undistinguished—but for the habitual turbulence of his disposition.

Elec. Then he has no title to mercy, and I commend him to your justice.

Mount. This is fortunate. [*Aside.*

Elec. Let no attendants follow me.—I would be alone. Let my subjects and soldiers continue their festivity. [*Retires to his Tent.*

[*Music.*

Mount. How critical is my situation!—But Ella is, by this time, in my power—and ere his return, Storm must—die?—Yes! my security now demands it—the house was deserted, and no witness will then remain—[*To the Officers.*] You heard the Elector's injunction—the utmost rigour.

1 *Off.* We shall observe it.—Where shall we hold council?

Mount. At my house—the prisoner is there in custody. Come, follow me. [*Music.*

[*Exit, followed by Officers.*

Flut. There—now the great dons are gone, we'll have another frisk, and then adjourn to good cheer at the Grenadier. Hollo! music! [*Music.*

[*A Dance of Soldiery and Peasantry, to Martial Music.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Mountainous Country. Night.*

A Symphony.—ROSENBERG *appears in the winding path of a Mountain; his beard is long, and his whole appearance haggard and wretched. He shews hurry and alarm. Pauses a moment, and then speaks.*

Ros. Still the footsteps are near me!—Which way shall I turn?—Direct me, heaven! [*Music.*] *He rushes down the path, and disappears.*

Enter four Pursuers, with torches, and follow him. ROSENBERG *re-appears on a gentle eminence, at an advanced part of the Scene. Pauses, and anxiously looks back.*

Ros. Ha!—by the gleam of their torches, they have taken the path to the left—'tis fortunate—now could I but find concealment!—Ah! no.—Compassion must be bought—and I am without a styver.

[*Music.*

The Elector enters, wrapped up in a military Cloak.

Elec. This must be my path; and it is now sufficiently dark for my purpose.

Ros. [*Abruptly advancing.*] Stranger!—If you have a few superfluous florins, bestow them on a wretch whom they may rescue from destruction.

Elec. On you?

Ros. Yes.

Elec. What is your danger?

Ros. What are you that ask it?

Elec. A soldier.

Ros. Then you should not betray me.—I have escaped an unjust imprisonment—they pursue me—what I crave is for the means of purchasing me a temporary concealment.

Elec. An unjust imprisonment in the Electorate of Brandenburg!—fly and appeal to the Prince.

Ros. His ear is intercepted.

Elec. You wrong him to say so.

Ros. [*With impatience.*] No, the Prince has unworthy favourites, and can wink at persecution.

Elec. To one who bears arms for him you recommend your petition strangely.

Ros. Pardon me—my feelings are distempered—I am angry and rash.

Elec. Were there the semblance of justice in your charge, under such circumstances it might merit excuse.—Could you but name an instance—

Ros. And do you recognize none?

Elec. None.

Ros. If you are a soldier, you may know the name of Rosenberg.

Elec. Perfectly.

Ros. And his fate?

Elec. Perhaps but imperfectly.

Ros. When a boy, he waited on the Elector's person—when a man, like you, he bore his arms—he

served him faithfully—he loved him affectionately—but he resented an insult on his flatterer and favourite.

Elec. Go on.

Ros. You know the rigour of your martial law; still he relied on the clemency of his sovereign—on his way to the capital to implore it, he was arrested.

Elec. Ah!

Ros. And without a trial, has since been suffered to linger miserably in a dungeon.

Elec. How do *you* know this?

Ros. [*Aside.*] I shall betray myself.

Elec. Speak!

Ros. [*Cautiously.*] We were imprisoned together.

Elec. Enough!—there's my purse—at the extremity of this path stands a house that will afford you a shelter; in the morning I'll meet you there, and we will speak further on this subject. Confide in me, and be assured of your safety.

Ros. I'll trust you. [*Exit Elector.*

Doubtless my imprisonment was to be for ever.—The tone and manner of this stranger prove him of some rank. He, perhaps, may seek, may restore to me my Ella, and assist us to fly together. Oh! Ella! Ella! it is for thee I play the criminal, and shun the sight of men. For thy sake, I forbear to seek at once the haughty Mountfort, and stake again my life upon the issue of our quarrel—The darkness thickens—'tis fortunate—now then to my hiding place. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Mountains.* *Music.*

Enter STEPHEN *and* CONRAD *meeting.*

Steph. Conrad!

Con. Stephen! well, what success?

Steph. I can hear no tidings of her.

Con. Nor I; cursed unlucky she should escape. You returned to Storm's?

Steph. Yes; nobody was there but Storm's niece and a neighbour to keep her company. Poor girl! she was in sad trouble.

Con. And what did you do with the young lady's two wounded champions?

Steph. Left them to take care of themselves.

Con. That was right; they've hindered us of a rich reward, and deserve all we gave them.—Isn't that the governor?

Steph. It is; now we shall make a pretty figure.

Enter MOUNTFORT, *musing and restless.*

Mount. What can be the meaning of this delay?

[*Muffled Drum beats without.*

Hark! the knell of Storm! yet, till Ella appear, his death but aggravates my danger.—Who's there? ha! Conrad and Stephen! my good fellows! have you secured her?—Where is she?

Steph. She's escaped, colonel.

Mount. Villains!

Steph. 'Twas quite impossible to hinder it, indeed, colonel. Her cries were so loud, that two armed travellers came to her assistance, and gave us such a tight job of it, that the prize ran off in the scuffle.

Mount. Did you not follow?

Steph. We couldn't till we had fairly settled with her champions; and by that time she was clear out of sight.

Mount. Have you returned to Storm's?

Steph. I have, but she hadn't returned.

Mount. Continue the pursuit—take different paths—I'll seek her this way myself. [*Muffled Drum beats again.*] Hark! the insolent Storm is condemned! let that sound warn you against my resentment. Speed and secrecy. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*A Perspective of the Camp.*

A Dead March; muffled Drums at a distance continue beating at intervals. Enter Storm, *guarded, as on his way to execution.*

Commander of Guard. Halt! Captain—those torches mark the spot where you are to suffer.

Storm. Well, why do you pause? every moment of life, of thought, is agony---desperation!—Be brief, comrade; I would die like a soldier.

Com. I speak to you in kindness. If there is any charge you would commit to me at this awful moment, I will execute it faithfully and willingly.

Storm. Will you? dare you?

Com. Why should you doubt it?

Storm. Hear me!---Pshaw! the men will see me blubber. Come nearer; I leave behind me an unfortunate woman, wife of the lost Rosenberg. In me she loses her last friend.—Mountfort—

Com. I must not hear him named.

Storm. A scoundrel, then, would rob her of her virtue. She has been driven from home to home, from friend to friend; and now, *(much moved,)* I can't bear to think of her!

Com. I understand you.---I will be her friend---I will conceal her.

Storm. Will you?---you see your danger?

Com. Fear me not.---You have been unwise---I shall use more caution.

Storm. And don't let her know my fate, if you can help it.

Com. I will endeavour.

Storm. Heaven bless you! heaven reward you! [*Recovering himself.*] Now I'm prepared---march!

Ella. [*Without.*] Hold! soldiers, hold!

Storm. Hark!---what voice is that?

Enter ELLA. *Her person in some disorder.*

Ella. My dear guardian! [*Rushes into* STORM's *arms.*]

(*The Soldiers express surprise.*)

Storm. 'Tis she! my Ella!---How came you here? Why have you quitted your home?

Ella. They forced me away—strangers rescued me, and I again escaped. Yes, heaven has again directed me to my generous Storm—you are in danger—where is the Prince?—I'll fly to him this instant—kneel—pray—die for you!

Storm. My poor girl! the Prince is hemmed round with sycophants—rascals!

Ella. I'll break through them all; I am grown strong now, irresistibly strong. Is not my protector's life in danger?

Storm. What should persuade you so?

Ella. A dreadful presage! for you have been the friend of the wretched Ella Rosenberg.

Storm. [*Aside.*] She is uncertain then.---Fear not for me, my child, all will yet be well. Go to some neighbouring house, and rest yourself. My commander, here, will let one of my comrades go with you, and you shall soon see a protector again!—Come, 'tis a rough night for you.

Ella. [*Drooping by degrees, and sinking on his arm.*] I do not feel it.

Storm. [*To Com.*] Look at her, my friend. Will you keep your promise?

Com. At any risk. [*To a Soldier.*] Conduct that lady to Flutterman's, and say I shall follow you there immediately.

Ella. [*Recovering herself, and looking fearfully on the Soldier.*] No, no—I dare not—cannot leave you! [*Clinging to* STORM.]

Muffled drum beats. ELLA *starts.*

Com. Hark! we must delay no longer!—[*Drum again,* STORM *much disturbed.*]

Ella. What dreadful sound is that?

Storm. It means nothing. [*Aside to Soldier.*] Not a word of my sentence. [*To* ELLA.] Be pacified. I must leave you; but we shall meet again—Farewell! heaven bless you! come on.

[*Breaks away, and joins the Guards.*

Ella. Hold! [*Attempts to follow.*]

Sol. Madam, you cannot go.

Ella. They are going to kill him! my friend! my father!—mercy! mercy!

[*She falls on the ground.—Scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—*Inside of* FLUTTERMAN'S *House. An entrance door, and doors of inner apartments.*

FLUTTERMAN *and Peasants discovered.*

Flut. Ha! ha! ha!—very pleasant, very pleasant story, indeed; and now, before you go, I'll tell you, in return, something very surprising.

All. Well, let's hear.

Flut. You heard my address?

Peas. Yes, we did.

Flut. You observed the style I spoke it in?

Peas. Well, what then?

Flut. You noticed the grace and energy of my action? [*Flourishes his hand, and strikes him.*

Peas. Yes; but I'd rather not feel it.

Flut. Ay, there it is now!—If it's not felt, it's nothing. Hence my astonishment.

Peas. At what?

Flut. Why, for all it's merits, the Elector has neither called nor sent. [*They laugh.*] What do you laugh at?—why now, here it is. Now, I'll only just point out to you——

Peas. Excuse us, it grows late;—we'll have another strain, and then bid you good night.

Flut. You will?—Well if you prefer one of your own strains to my address, Heaven mend your taste, say.

GLEE.

All when the wars are over,
  In smiles we peasants meet;
For then no plundering rover
  Our homely joys defeat.
Let friend or foe henceforth appear,
  We gaily live in clover,
And greet him with a welcome cheer,
  All when the wars are over.

Soli. No more the fearful cannons roar;
The sound of strife is heard no more;
No terror now the village knows;
All, all is hushed in sweet repose.

Chorus—All when the wars, &c.

Mrs F. [*Without.*] In the name of peace, haven't these people done singing yet?

Flut. There's my wife coming to deliver one of her addresses.

Peas. The devil she is!—Good night.

2 *Peas.* Good night.

Flut. Won't you stay and hear it?

Peas. No, thank ye; we've wife enough at home.

Flut. She speaks uncommonly well.

[*Exeunt Peasants.*

Enter Mrs FLUTTERMAN.

Mrs F. Oh! they're gone, are they? It's well for them.—Have you no conscience, to keep these people from their wives till this time of night?

Flut. Yes, my love; it was in conscience that I did keep them from their wives.

Mrs F. None of your sneers! You know you have no conscience, you selfish coxcomb!

Flut. And if you had a little less, my love, it might be none the worse for the prosperity of the Grenadier.

Mrs F. Pooh! don't tell me!—Because I won't connive at stopping travellers on their journey for nothing, or chatter with our poor neighbours of a night, to keep them from their wives and families.

Flut. No, my darling; and I don't blame you for not chattering: for I know nothing more likely to send them home. But, talking of conscience, if the Elector leaves it to me, what shall I be?

Mrs F. A blockhead, as long as you live, in spite of him.

Flut. No matter for that. Thank heaven, that's very little impediment to a man's preferment now-a-days. So, I'll go to bed, and dream of further greatness.

Mrs F. You'd better. That's your only chance of enjoying it, I promise you.

[*A knocking without.*

Flut. More visitors!

Mrs F. The door shall be opened no more.—Who's there?

Soldier. [*Without.*] A woman in distress.

Mrs F. Distress! To that call it is open at all hours.

Flut. Aye, that's her conscience, again.

Mrs F. [*Opens the door.*] You may leave 'em to me.

Flut. With all my heart, my love; for then I shall leave myself without you. [*Exit.*

Enter Soldier, leading in ELLA, *slowly and carefully. Her looks express faintness and wild stupor.*

Mrs F. Poor lady!—She seems very ill.

Sold. Yes! I'm afraid her brain is a little gone.

Mrs F. Sit down, sit down, madam, and compose yourself.—I declare, she's quite lost. [*They place her in a chair.*]—Who is she, poor creature?

Sold. I don't know; but my commander will be here presently, to take care of her.—It seems, she has escaped from somebody that carried her off by force.

Mrs F. Carried her off!

Sold. Aye; I've no time to give you any more information, if I could; I must return to my duty; but my commander will tell you all. [*Exit.*

Mrs F. Poor creature! she must have been sadly used.—Will you take any refreshment, madam?

Ella. They've murdered him!—His grey hairs are steeped in blood!—But I was not the cause.

Mrs F. Mercy! she talks of murdering!—What can have happened?

Ella. Yes, glare upon me!—Let me be haunted—tortured!—But you,—you should be in heaven!

Mrs F. This is terrible!—Let me conduct you to a chamber, lady.

Ella. [*Suffering herself to be led.*] Yes, yes, yes; we'll go, we'll search for Rosenberg!—Rosenberg shall revenge him.

Mrs F. This way;—Come, come.

Ella. Where! where is he?—Where is Rosenberg? Rosenberg, Rosenberg!

[*Mrs* FLUTT. *leads her. Exeunt.*

Enter ROSENBERG.

Ros. The door open, and no one attending! This should be the house. All dark still, and my entrance unobserved.—Should I again be overtaken, my life is in danger, and my Ella left to a lasting wretched widowhood!—When will the morning come?—Till I can again behold her, every moment is misery.

Re-enter Mrs FLUTTERMAN.

Mrs F. Poor thing! she's quite worn out, and seems inclined to rest.—A man!—Who are you, pray?

Ros. A wretched, but an honest man.—May I beg of you a shelter till the morning?

Mrs F. Why, I don't like to turn you out, though you have but a suspicious look with you.—But you can't have a bed; my last is just occupied by a poor lady, who has escaped from a villain that ran off with her.

Ros. Ah!—I wish I had met him.

Mrs F. Will an arm-chair content you?

Ros. More than content me.

Mrs F. Then, go in there, and take it.

[*Pointing to the chamber-door.*

Ros. I thank you heartily. [*Going.*

Mrs F. Do you want any thing to eat or drink?

Ros. Nothing. In the morning you shall be punctually paid for your accommodation.

[*Exit at a chamber door.*

Mrs F. Not by such a poor devil as you, depend upon it.

MOUNTFORT (*without.*)

Mount. Within, there!—House!—[*He enters.*]—So, the door is open.

Mrs F. Yes; but I think it's high time to shut it.—Pray, sir, who may you be?

Mount. No matter; I intrude late, but I shall pay.

Mrs F. Pay, or not pay, if you're ever so great a man, you can't lodge here to-night. Our last bed-room is just taken by a poor unhappy lady, that has much more need of it than you.

Mount. [*With interest.*] An unhappy lady!—How unhappy?

Mrs F. Why, some villains ran away with her, and frightened her out of her senses.

Mount. [*Aside.*] So, I'm right at last.—Carried her off, say you?

Mrs F. Yes, poor girl!—Some man of consequence, I dare say.—Oh, I wish I had him here! [*vehemently.*] I'd teach him how to treat the gentle sex in a different manner!

Mount. I cannot but applaud your spirit, for the lady is my relation.

Mrs F. Your relation! Then, perhaps, you're the officer that was to come and take care of her?

Mount. [*Hesitating.*] Yes—[*Aside.*] Who can she mean?

Mrs F. She was brought here by a soldier.

Mount. [*Aside.*] Conrad or Stephen, then.—You are right, one of my men.

Mrs F. And perhaps, then, you know the rascal that carried her off?

Mount. He is to be found.

Mrs F. I wish you'd tell me where?

Mount. No matter;—she must leave this to-night.

Mrs F. To-night! Dear lady, let her have a little repose first.

Mount. But how will her friends repose in her absence? Consider their anxiety.

Mrs F. Aye, poor souls, they must be sadly distressed indeed. Where are her friends?

Mount. [*Rather shaken.—Aside.*] I have robbed her of her last.—[*recovering.*] Psha! Where is she? Conduct her to me at once; she must not remain here.—Hold! you say she is ill?

Mrs F. Very ill—almost insensible.

Mount. [*Aside.*] So much the better; a conveyance then must be had; I'll seek one.—In the mean

time, lest, in her derangement, she may endeavour to quit your house, I would have a stronger guard upon her.—Where's your husband?

Mrs F. Gone to bed, sir; but, if you particularly wish it, there's a poor rough-looking man has just taken up his night's lodging in that room, that, I dare say, would be glad of such a job.

Mount. Bring him to me; I'll pay him handsomely.

Mrs F. I'll go and tell him. [*Exit.*

Mount. She's a woman, and I can't trust her.—[*Becomes disturbed.*] Sick!—delirious!—A strange heart-sinking comes over me.—Psha! She'll soon be resigned; soon smile again, and yet repay the bitter anxiety she has this day cost me.

Enter Mrs FLUTTERMAN, *conducting* ROSENBERG.

Ros. Is that the gentleman?

Mrs F. Yes.

Ros. [*Advancing.*] You would speak to me, sir---[*Starts, and exclaims aside*] Mountfort!

Mount. Why do you start?

Ros. Your pardon---you are armed---It struck me for a moment you might be---

Mount. A robber, perhaps. And can you fear robbers, who seem to be in the last stage of misery? I wish to employ you.---[*To Mrs F.*] Bring the lady.---Are you willing? [*To* ROSENBERG.

Ros. I must know to what purpose.

Mount. Disasters, which I need not explain to you, have brought a woman, my relation, into the house.

Ros. I have heard of it---Your relation?

Mount. Yes; perhaps you saw her then?

Ros. No.

Mount. Her senses have suffered; and I want a sufficient guard upon her, while I seek a conveyance to carry her home.

Ros. [*Aside.*] Perhaps some victim of his intemperate passions.

Mount. Do you hesitate?

Ros. No; you may trust her to me.

Mount. You shall be well rewarded.

Ros. I thank you.

Mount. She is here.

Mrs FLUTTERMAN *leads in* ELLA.

Ros. Merciful heaven! it is my wife!
[*Retires in great emotion.*

Mount. [*Noticing him with surprise.*] What can he mean? For so rough an outside, he seems strangely sensitive.

Ella. Where, where am I? Have I dreamt, or were such horrors real?

Mount. [*Tenderly.*] My Ella! [*Approaching her.*

Ella. Ah, monster!---Spare me! save me from him!

Mrs F. She don't like *you*, sir.

Mount. She raves.

Mrs F. I'm afraid she has some reason.

Ros. [*Aside*] I'm horror-struck!---[*Incontinently to* MOUNT.] Wretch!---[MOUNT. *turns, struck with amaze.*]---[*Aside.*] He is armed!---[*To* MOUNT. *guardedly.*] I spoke of him who drove her to this melancholy state.

Mount. For whom, in her phrensy, she has mistaken me. She must be removed immediately. You'll guard her safely till my return. [*Exit.*

Mrs F. Mistaken you! I'm afraid it's no mistake. He's gone, madam.

Ella. Is he, indeed!---and to whom did he speak?

Mrs F. To this man.

Ella. (*Looking at him.*) Ruffian!

Ros. (*Aside.*) No;---she cannot know me.

Ella. But where am I? For what new sufferings am I reserved?

Ros. You are under my protection, lady, till the return of Colonel Mountfort.

Mrs F. The governor!

Ella. I thought I had escaped.---How came I again in his power?---*(Gazes around, then kneels to* Ros.*)* Oh, stranger! you have a rugged look, yet you may have pity.---Have you a wife?

Ros. *(Much moved.)* I have.

Ella. Then you should feel for me. Should you be torn from her, think what you would suffer, to have a rich man strive to rob her of her honour; seduce her from your affection; and, to gain his cruel purpose, murder the only remaining friend that could shield her, and drag her from his bosom!

Ros. *(Smothered.)* Horror!

Ella. Oh, think of this, and pity your poor prisoner! pity her unhappy husband! and deliver me from this cruel, cruel man!

Ros. My heart will burst!---Oh, Ella, Ella!

Ella. Ah, that voice!---Can it be?

Ros. It is, it is your Rosenberg's.

Ella. My husband! *(Falls into his arms.)*---Thank God, thank God! [*Faints.*

Mrs F. His wife!

Ros. My Ella, awake!---Look on me, dear, injured excellence!

Ella. *(recovering with sobs of convulsion.)* Yes, yes, it is---it is, indeed, my Rosenberg; and yet so changed---Oh! whence do you come?

Ros. From a dungeon.---Mountfort does not know me. A chance, a miracle, places you in my power---I am pursued.

Ella. Pursued!

Ros. Yes; this is no time to hear and weep over

our mutual sufferings. Flight alone can secure us.---But you spoke of a murdered protector.

Ella. Yes; the gallant Storm, the invalid. He has sheltered me; he is condemned to die for defending me.---Yet there may be time to save him; shall we not attempt it?

Ros. In the face of every danger.

Ella. Throw ourselves at the feet of the Elector?

Ros. Come--- [*Music.*

Re-enter MOUNTFORT.

Returned so soon!---How shall I act?

Mount. A conveyance is at hand. I met with it accidentally.---You must attend her with me.

[ROSENBERG *looks inquisitively at* ELLA.

Ella. (*Apart.*) Yes; consent.

Ros. (*To Mount.*] You shall command me.

Mount. One moment.---(*Aside, with disquiet.*) Two men with torches watched my entrance---What could they mean?---Ah, they are here! [*Music,*

Enter two of the Pursuers of ROSENBERG, *and advance to* MOUNTFORT, *as if suspecting him.*

(*The Music expresses alarm and surprise.*)

Ros. (*Aside.*) My pursuers! [*Fear and surprise.*

1 *Pur.* 'Tis not he!

2 *Pur.* 'Tis the governor!

Mount. Ah! are not you from the castle of Walstein?

1 *Pur.* We are;---in search of a prisoner who has escaped.

Mount. Who?

2 *Pur.* Why, he is there!

Mount. There!

Ros. I'm lost!

Mount. Who is it?

Ros. (*Rushing forward as if to confound him.*) Ro-

senberg!---(MOUNT. *starts, and shudders.*) You are shaken! Heaven's justice will follow you.--Repent, and set me free.

Mount. *(Gradually resuming his audacity.)* It is too late.---Secure him!

Ros. Despair then assist me!

Pursuers. Resistance!

Ella. Forbear!

[ROSENBERG *snatches a Sword from one of the Pursuers, and attacks the other; when* MOUNTFORT *interferes, and wounds him.---He drops the Sabre.*

Ros. I am wounded.

Ella. My love! [*Supports him.*

Mount. Guard them both---this is in self-defence. In your power!---No:---The light of day you never must behold again; but your wife, your faithful wife, is now free to be your companion.

Ella. Inhuman monster! [*Music.*

Enter the two other Pursuers, conducted by the Elector, disguised.

Mount. Who are these?

1 *Pur.* Two of our comrades.

3 *Pur.* What! you've found our man, then?

1 *Pur.* Yes, here he is, safe enough.

Elec. (*Aside.*) His wife, too.

4 *Pur.* Our friend was right, then.

1 *Pur.* Your friend?

3 *Pur.* Yes, this gentleman.---We met him by the way, and he was kind enough to bring us here in search of him.

Mount. We thank him.---You are now under orders of the governor.

[*They appeal to the first Pursuers, in action, who assent.*

Mount. No more delay; drag them to their prison.

Elec. (*Coming forward.*) I command ye, hold!
(MOUNTFORT *amazed.*)

Ros. (*His attention roused.*) Ha! the friend I met among the mountains.

Mount. A *command* to the governor of Molwitz?

Elec. Aye.

Mount. From whom?

Elec. (*Discovering himself.*) His master.

All. The Elector!

Elec. There is your prisoner. (*Pointing to* MOUNTFORT.)---Do you pause?---Guard him instantly.---(*They obey.*)---(*A pause.*)---Rosenberg, you have done me wrong; this night, while I listened to your reproaches, I was ignorant of your fate, and on my way to administer to the afflictions of your wife. Of her wrongs and yours I am now informed, and know them but to redress them. "With our wilful faults the "tongue of faction is amply exercised; for our errors "in judgment we should at least share the indulgence "due to the meanest of our subjects. The same vil-"lain was once the friend of your bosom, who has "now abused the confidence of his prince.

" *Ros.* 'Tis just; I am ashamed---

[*Goes to bend.*

" Elec. (*Checking him.*) No; I would not humble "the man, whose virtuous feelings entitle him to my "continued love, confidence, and esteem."---The posts Mountfort has dishonoured, are yours; he is your prisoner. Yet more,---(*To* MOUNT.) Savage hypocrite! the brave and virtuous invalid!

[MOUNT. *shudders.*

Ella. (*Eager.*) Oh, sire, is he dead! May he yet be saved?

Elec. From his own cottage I dispatched the mandate for his pardon; his niece follows the messenger. Should they be too late--- [*Menacing* MOUNT.

(*A shout without.*)

"Huzza! Storm is safe! Storm is pardoned!"

Elec. You are fortunate.

(*Music expresses exultation.*)

Enter STORM, *followed by Commander of the Guard,* CHRISTINA, *Soldiers, Soldiers' Wives, Peasants, &c. &c. &c.*---STORM *rushes to the embraces of* ELLA.

Ella. My preserver!---Accept also the embrace of my grateful husband.

Storm. Rosenberg!

Ros. My generous friend!

Storm. And are you free?

Ros. Free, and happy!

Storm. (*Looking about him, is agitated with excessive joy.*) What, the governor a prisoner! The prince too!

Ros. Yes; and now let us together express our eternal devotion and gratitude to a beneficent sovereign. [ROSENBERG, ELLA, *and* STORM, *kneel at the Elector's feet.*

Soldiers, &c. "Huzza! Long live Alberto!"

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

The Picture continues.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

THE

BLIND BOY;

A

MELO-DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Stanislaus, (King of Sarmatia,)	*Mr Murray.*
Edmond, (his Son,)	*Mrs C. Kemble.*
Rodolph,	*Mr Brunton.*
Oberto,	*Mr Fawcett.*
Starow,	*Mr Chapman.*
Kalig,	*Mr Farley.*
Molino,	*Mr Liston.*
High Priest,	*Mr Thomson.*

WOMEN.

Lida,	*Miss Bristow.*
Elvina,	*Miss Norton.*

Guards, Attendants, &c.

THE BLIND BOY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Farm-yard of Oberto, entirely reaching the length of the Stage. The entrance to the House on the right. On the left an Out-house, ornamented with creeping plants, built against another building of the Farm. At the bottom of the Yard, a small River, over which is a Rustic Bridge, in very bad repair. In the distance a Rural View. On a Stand, under a Window, near the door of the House, are some Flower Pots. A Rustic Seat under the Window, under the Out-house; some Chairs, and a small Table.—Curtain rises to soft Music, expressive of the Harmony of a fine Summer Morn.*

ELVINA *enters from the House, with a small Watering Pot, which she puts down, examines the Flowers under the Window, and takes away one of them.*

Elv. These flowers already begin to fade; while Edmond is away, I will replace them with some which are but newly blown. (*Music. She brings a pot from the house, in the place of the one she takes*

away.) How beautiful are these pinks! Alas! Edmond cannot see their varied tints, but he will enjoy their fragrance. In the morning, when he opens the window, in the evening, when he reposes on this seat, the sweet perfume of these fresh flowers will assure him that Elvina ceases not to think of him.—Here comes that foolish fellow Molino.

Enter MOLINO.

Mol. Ah! there's my pretty neighbour—alone too. Wounds! if I could but muster up courage enough to—hem! hem! before I make my approaches, I'll make a commence with some pretty genteel sort of compliment. Now I have it—these flowers are beautiful—you are beautiful—and seeing you together, a body may say—how do you do to-day, Miss Elvina?

Elv. Very well, thank you, Molino; but what a fine compliment you pay me.

Mol. Odsbobs, miss, I hav'n't my words at my fingers ends, as you have, who were so long at the grand cademy there at Warsaw; but that's neither here nor there. When the heart—though I say it—Is my neighbour, Oberto, at home?

Elv. My father? No, he went out at sun-rise to look after the reapers in the field, near the little wood.

Mol. And where's the young blind boy? is he still in the arms of Orpheus, (as our schoolmasters say.)

Elv. Edmond is with my father.

Mol. Ha, ha! what business, now, can he have there, I wonder? Poor lad! it's all the same to him, whether in the open fields, or at the bottom of a well.

Elv. There, Molino, you are mistaken; though his eyes are not blessed with the brilliant light of day, his *other* senses more exquisitely feel the soft impression of the sun's first beams, and the fresh morning breeze, which breathes its fragrance round him. Even

now, seated on a bank, near my father and his men, he sees them not, 'tis true; but he hears their cheerful songs, their joyous tales, and my dear Edmond is happy.

Mol. I believe he is, indeed. I don't doubt he is happy, since he is your *dear* Edmond.

Elv. Does that displease you?

Mol. Oh, no matter; it's not worth mentioning; but just let's talk a bit of reason. My papa, Molino, and your papa, Oberto, seeing us play together, used to say, "Dang it! they be pretty poppets, they'll make a nice match some day or other." "What say you to it, neighbour Oberto?" says my father: "Why, dang it, neighbour Molino, I see nothing to contrary it." So they shook hands, and 'twas a done bargain. Don't you think 'twas now!

Elv. I should suppose they thought the marriage would be agreeable to both.

Mol. That's exactly what I always reckoned upon. You hav'n't forgot all that has happened since, 'twixt you and I?

Elv. Happened since! Indeed, I do not understand you. Why, what has happened?

Mol. That's a good one! You ask that? Why, who bought you all the pretty ballads? Who gave you the largest and prettiest nosegays at the fairs? And then, at blind-man's buff, who always caught you, and made believe not to know you, on purpose that he might hold you longer in his arms? Eh! what happened indeed?

Elv. Indeed, Molino, I cannot see what this proves.

Mol. No; but I see how it is; you'd rather play blind-man's buff with Edmond.

Elv. Softly, Molino! it is unkind of you to mock at the poor youth's misfortune.

Mol. You love him very much then?

Elv. He is my dearest friend, and he loves me, I believe, better than all the world.

Mol. Very well! mighty well! He loves you, you love him;—but, still I flatter myself, I have as proper a leg as another, and what's more——

[*Music piano.*

Elv. Ah! I see my father coming towards the bridge. [*Runs to him.*

Enter OBERTO, (*over the Bridge.*) *Music expressive of joy.*

Oh, my dear father, take care.

Ober. Why, Elvina, my child, surely the bridge has given way since I passed it this morning?

Elv. Yes; part of it gave way just as the waggon had got over; [*Music*;] but my dear father—what! Edmond not with you! If in your absence he should return——

Ober. Don't be uneasy, my dear, I left him with the reapers.

Mol. Never fear, miss; if he has a mind to come alone, he'll find his way safe enough. I've often laughed to see how he clears the posts, bushes, and cart-ruts. Egad! one would think he had an eye at the end of his walking stick.

Elv. Silence, Molino, I desire you.

Ober. What, angry with Molino?

Mol. I thinks, I have the most cause to be angry. She says she doesn't love me. I gave her *proofs* of it just now, and I'll continue to make love to her, and torment her to such a pitch, that she must have me at last, if it is only to get rid of me. [*Going.*

Ober. That's right, neighbour: but, pray, are you not going to Warsaw?

Mol. To be sure I am!—Talking of that, you had better take advantage of the lift.—Gad! you should go to the city now or never.

Ober. Why so?

Mol. What! don't you know that all Warsaw will be turned topsy turvy to-morrow. They'll be such

fêtes, feasting, and fiddling! and all to celebrate the marriage of Prince Rodolph, the son of our good King Stanislaus, with the Princess Lida, grand Duchess of Lithuania. Oh! 'twill be a capital sight! Must go with me in the chaise; Miss Elvina will sit very easy in it—there will be room for Edmond too. Yes, miss, I knows very well you would have no pleasure without him. Poor lad! he'll not often find himself at such a grand to-do. Such rich dresses! such illuminations! such——

Ober. All these are very interesting to Edmond.

Elv. My good friend, we thank you; pleasures of this kind we do not covet.

Mol. You've a very great loss; for my part, I love a row. How I will but smack my whip, when I get into the gates of Warsaw! click clack; click clack. [*Cracks his whip loudly. Exit.*

Ober. Elvina, do you not love Molino?

Elv. As the companion of my childhood, father; no more.

Ober. And you would not marry him?

Elv. I marry him! Oh, father, if I should marry—if I should leave this house, who would supply my place near Edmond? who would lead him about? who would he have to listen to his artless tales?—to lament with him—to pity and console him?

Ober. Who would? why, I would.

Elv. I know you love him as your son; but your daily occupation—Indeed, father, you could not be always with him. Besides, you know not the little cares, the delicate attentions with which nature inspires our sex, and which are more a pleasure, than a duty to us. And if I could be cruel enough to deprive him of them, even for a single day, indeed, indeed, poor youth, I'm sure 'twou'd kill him.

[*Weeps.*

Ober. [*Wipes his eyes.*] Yes, yes, girl, you are right, you ought not to think of marriage yet. But,

my child, what Molino has just said about Edmond!—Can he have guessed right?

Elv. [*Timidly.*] Oh, no! 'tis a little jealousy, that's all

Ober. Come, Elvina, speak frankly to your father, to your friend;—have you ever wished to marry Edmond?

Elv. My dear father, I never once had such a thought; but I will confess to you, if you should order me to make a choice, 'tis he that I should name to you.

Ober. [*Reflecting.*] Hum!—if it was to come to that.

Elv. But it is not come to *that*, father.

Ober. [*Still reflecting.*] Eh! perhaps if *you* did not think of it, I have a long time considered of it. One difficulty alone prevents it.

Elv. [*With anxiety.*] What is that, father?

Ober. I am fearful lest, one day, we should discover that Edmond's birth is far above ours.

Elv. What foundation have you for such a surmise?

Ober. Listen, and you shall hear. [*They sit.*] I had been a soldier fifteen years when I married your mother. We had retired to a village near Gesna, and we lived there poor and miserably enough. One fine day we were sitting at our cottage door. You were then three years old, and playing near us, when a stranger arrived, followed by a woman who held an infant in her arms. He stopped and examined us attentively.—You left your play, and ran to the woman, to let you kiss the child.—The stranger observed you, and advanced to us.—"My honest fellow," says he, "here is a purse, contains five hundred pieces of gold—it is for him who will take charge of this child. Speak, will you have the infant and purse?" My wife and I looked at each other, when you cried, "Yes, papa, do take it, do take the little baby,—it's so pretty." We accepted the proposal,

but the stranger added one condition to it, that we should directly quit the village, and remove at least thirty leagues from Gesna.—We took the child—

Elv. 'Twas Edmond.

Ober. And soon discovered he was blind. Our arrangements were soon made. We quitted the neighbourhood of Gesna, and settled in this village, four leagues from Warsaw, where, with the money which the purse contained, we bought this farm. My industry has made it prosper, and, but for your mother's death— [*They rise.*

Elv. Oh, don't speak of that, dear father.

Ober. Well, then, child, these are my conjectures —When he was brought home to me, Gesna was the residence of our sovereign. 'Twas not till some years after, that Stanislaus preferred Warsaw, where his court is now established. The precaution taken to require our removal from the vicinity of the court, the large sum which the purse contained, all circumstances combined, I have often thought that Edmond might be the child of some great lord of the court, who, for weighty reasons, was compelled to make use of this strange and cruel precaution. You see then, child, we should consider well before we determine on a marriage.

[EDMOND *appears alone, and advances towards the Bridge, feeling with his stick. Music expressive of fear.*

Elv. [*Sees him on the Bridge, with dread.*] Oh, heavens!

Ober. [*Turns, and sees him.*] Take care, Edmond —take care—you——

Elv. [*Places her hand on her Father's mouth.*] Silence, father! if you startle him, he'll fall. You're very safe, Edmond, but, don't stir—wait for me.

[*She runs to* EDMOND, *takes him by the hand, assists him over the Bridge, leads him to the seat under the Window, and sits by him. Music, expressive of affection.*

My dear Edmond, how could you pass this dangerous bridge alone? Part of it has fallen in since the morning, and the rest scarce holds together.

Edm. I waited for you in the corn-field, my dear Elvina; you came not—and I was weary of being so long absent from you.—Hark! Elvina, don't you hear the sound of the horn?

Elv. [*After a pause.*] No, I hear nothing.

[*Goes towards the bottom to listen.*

Edm. There is certainly some one hunting in the forest! There again! the huntsman's call distinctly.

Elv. [*Listening.*] I cannot hear it.

Ober. [*Who has been listening.*] Nor I, either—surely you're mistaken, Edmond.

Edm. No, father, listen—There again—the sound is louder; they come this way. [*Horn.*

[ELVINA *and her Father listen attentively. After some silence, the sound of a horn is heard at a great distance.*

Elv. Edmond is right, father.

Ober. Yes, yes, very true. How fine his sense of hearing! I can scarcely hear it now, though it's so much nearer.

Elv. Perhaps 'tis the Prince Rodolph hunting.

Ober. Prince Rodolph! No, he has other game to hunt. He is to be married to-morrow.

Elv. I forgot; it can't be him.

Edm. I pity the lady who marries him, with all my heart; they say he is a most wicked young prince. He, like me, had the misfortune to be born blind; but Providence heard his parents' prayers, and restored his sight, while I, alas! am left without sight or parents.

[EDMOND *weeps, turns towards the Window, stretches out one hand, and places the other on his heart. Soft Music, expressive of Love.*

Where are you, Elvina?

Elv. [*Goes to him quickly.*] Here I am, Edmond.

Edm Dear Elvina, thank you.

Elv. What for, my Edmond?

Edm. For having ornamented my window with fresh flowers; there were no pinks here this morning, were there, Elvina?

Elv. What, can you perceive it already?

Edm. None of the attentions you lavish on me can ever escape my observation. Ah! Elvina! if you knew how sensible I am to them! I have often heard that you were handsome; but I know not how the sight of you could encrease the sentiment you inspire me with; to be near my Elvina, to hear her voice, to feel her hand in mine, is the summit of my happiness. 'Tis not the privation of an enjoyment I have no idea of, which makes me grieve at my misfortune, but I lament to feel the obligations I am under, without a possibility of returning them.

Elv. You love us, Edmond; that is an ample recompense.

Ober. If you knew, Edmond, what Elvina said just now, talking of you—

Elv. Chut! [*Low to her Father, putting her finger to her lip.*]

Edm. Why forbid your father to go on, Elvina?

Ober How! did you? Egad, for my part, child, I believe he hears the slightest motion; I'm sure you did no more.

Edm. Go on, father—what did she say? pray tell me.

Ober. Can't you guess? much about the same that you say to me, whenever she is absent.

Edm. Ah, my Elvina! [*A horn is heard near.*

Ober. The hunters come this way.

[MOLINO *runs on the Bridge, to look out.*

Mol. Neighbour, neighbour, come and see, come and see! the hunters are coming out of the wood, and seem to take this way.

Ober. Well, let them come.

Mol. [*Advances.*] Don't you know who it is? they say 'tis the Prince Rodolph, son to our king, Stanislaus.

Ober. Oh, if it's he—

Mol. This prince, by gole, must be main fond of the chase, to be hunting so far from home, the day before he is to be married. [*From the Bridge.*] There, there, 'tis a wild boar they have kill'd—Lud, lud, how angry he is at it! Quick, quick! Come, and see, Elvina! come, and see, Edmond!

Edm. [*Smiling.*] I thank you, Molino.

Ober. The silly fool!

Mol. Oh, I must, I must see the Prince Rodolph, that I must. [*On the Bridge.*] There they are close by, there they dismount. I'faith, neighbours, they're coming strait this way. Perhaps you see them.

Ober. The devil! I wish they'd take some other road. [*Music.*

Officers, Huntsmen, &c. arrive on the other side of the Bridge; RODOLPH, STAROW, KALIG, *and Suite, pass the Bridge. Music, Horns, &c.*

Rod. Are you the master of the farm?

Ober. I am, your highness.

Rod. Well, my friend, you'll oblige me much by getting us some refreshment—The chace was long—I feel thirsty.

Ober. With the greatest pleasure, your highness. [*To* ELVINA.] Go, my child, call Frank and his comrade—they will help you. [*Exit* ELVINA.] Would your highness please to sit here, or go into the large hall?

Rod. We shall be very well here. [*Sits down in the Out-house, at a small Table.*] You have been a soldier, or I'm mistaken?

Ober. Yes, my prince; I served fourteen years, and I hope, with honour, in the legion of Plosko.

Rod. 'Tis well, my brave fellow! your name?

Ober. Oberto, at your service, prince.

Kal. Oberto! [*Aside—looks round, sees* EDMOND, *and examines him attentively.*]

[ELVINA *and two Servants bring in a small jug and goblets, which she places on the Table. Music.*

Rod. Thank you, fair maid. Your daughter, I presume?

Ober. Yes, your highness.

Rod. A fine girl!

Edm. [*Low to* ELVINA.] Come, Elvina, let us be gone.

Elv. With all my heart.

[ELVINA *takes his arm, and leads him to the door of the House, but stops to let two Servants pass, who enter with large jugs;* OBERTO *signs to them to help the Hunters and Attendants.*

Mol. [*Aside, looking at* RODOLPH.] Zounds! the prince does drink just like another man, I declare.

Kal. [*Takes* MOLINO *aside, with great agitation.*] Is the young man who just left us, blind?

Mol. Oh yes, that he is, and of both eyes too.

Kal. Is he son to this farmer?

Mol. No; but all as one.

Kal. Um—Um—Oh, should this be him I seek!

[*Aside, considering.*

Rod. [*Rises and comes forward.*] Starow, my friend, e'en the pleasures of the chace afford me no relief.

Star. Chearly, my prince! 'tis the fatigue of this long day's chace depresses you.

Rod. No, Starow, no; 'tis not the body now complains; it is the mind disordered, that weighs me down.

Star. Consider, sir, Lithuania's charming duchess soon will grace your bed. Her smiles will chace away intruding melancholy.

Rod. Never, never! Oh Starow! there is a being breathes this air, whose existence is poison to my happiness.

Star. [*Half draws his dagger.*] My prince, shall I—

Rod. Officious fool! think'st thou, if I could find this enemy to my repose, I should want thy feeble aid? No more—Starow, give orders to depart.

[Starow *turns towards the Suite, they advance—he gives his orders to depart.* Oberto *approaches the Prince, and bows.*

Rod. [*Points to* Oberto.] And there, my honest friend, [*presenting a Purse.*]

Ober Your highness, I hope, will not wound an old soldier's feelings, by offering payment for so slight a service.

Rod. [*Takes his hand.*] Well, my brave fellow, I shall not forget your generous hospitality—Away!

[*Music. Exit* Rodolph, *followed by Suite.*

[Kalig *remains*—Molino *goes with the People, to see the Prince, as long as possible*—Kalig, *after being assured that no one is near, approaches* Oberto, *and looks round attentively.*

Kal. Are we alone?

Ober. Why do you ask?

Kal. I would speak with you.

Ober. [*Astonished.*] Ha! [*Goes to examine the door, then returns.*] Speak on.

Kal. Your name, I think, is Oberto.

Ober. It is.

Kal. You lived in another village before this?

Ober. I did; at Urzena, six leagues from Gesna; but it's a devilish long time back.

Kalig. 'Twas there that a blind infant was given to your charge.

Ober. [*Uneasy.*] Yes, yes; 'tis very true, very true.

Kal. Is that child still living?

Ober. Thanks be to heaven! you saw him, as you came in: he was with my daughter.

Kal. Yes, I *saw* him then.

Ober. Ah sir! for pity's sake, tell me who were his parents?

Kal. I am simply charged with a commission to you—For more than two years, I have made every search for you, but in vain. [*Takes a Roll of Parchment from his bosom.*] This writing I have always carried about me, in the hope, that chance might one day bring us together. It was to be given to you, in case the child, entrusted to your care, was living—The condition exists; then, take the writing, it is addressed to you. [*Offers him the Packet.*

Ober. [*Taking it hesitatingly.* To me—addressed to me! [*Looks at the seal.*] Ha! the seal—

Kal. Of our late queen.

Ober. The queen!

[*His hand trembles, the Packet falls.*

Kal. [*Takes it up, and gives it to him.*] Compose yourself, and—

Enter Elvina, *from the House.*

Elv. Father, breakfast is ready—we wait for you.

Ober. [*Confused, endeavours to hide it—to her.*] Very well—very well—I'm not hungry—Go in, go in.

Elv. [*Astonished.*] What ails you, father? you seem uneasy—this stranger—

Ober. I'm busy—I tell you again, go in.

Elv. Never did you treat me so before, father.

[*In tears.*

Ober. I treat you ill? [*Embracing her.*] Go in, my love, go in, I beg of you.

[*He conducts her with attention.*

[*Exit* Elvina, *looking anxiously at her Father and* Kalig.

[*Returning.*] Pardon me, now proceed.

Kal. Then, there—it is to bid you read that packet without witnesses. Fare you well, Oberto.

Ober. Wait a moment—at least, I may read it before you.

Kal. No; I must follow instantly, to prevent suspicion; but, remember, if you have occasion to make a journey to Warsaw, beware of Prince Rodolph. Seek me out, and, at the hazard of my life, I will serve you. [*Exit towards the Bridge. Music.*

Ober. [*Remains almost motionless.*] My hand trembles—I dare not break the seal—let me breathe awhile —Oh my dear Edmond, it is your fate, which I am about to discover, and 'tis the queen that—Courage, Oberto! a soldier, and afraid!

[*Music, expressive of violent agitation—he breaks the Seal eagerly—a pause—unfolds the packet, turns it in various directions, rubs his eyes, wipes his forehead, at last, reads—as he reads, his surprise and emotion increase—he exhibits the most violent agitation.*

Ober. Edmond, the son of Stanislaus, heir to the throne of Sarmatia! [*Music expressive of his agitation.*] But let me finish. [*Endeavours to read.*] There is a mist before my eyes—I can't see a letter. What, my Edmond, my dear boy, my prince? [*Soft Music. His eyes fill with tears, he wipes them.*] Come, come, I must be calm. [*Music. Walks about in great agitation, with hasty strides.*] What! the Prince Rodolph is no longer—Ha! this is no trifling matter. [*Walks about as before. Music.*

Enter Molino, *running.*

Mol. Any commands for Warsaw—I'm just going —our chaise—

Ober. [*Without heeding him.*] Oberto, the fate of Warsaw, of the whole empire of Sarmatia, is this day in your hands. If you are silent, all remains; if you speak, all is changed—Say but a word, the truth comes out, and the crown—

Mol. [*Approaches him.*] Eh! What's that you say, neighbour?

Ober. [*Anxiously.*] Were you listening?

Mol. I just came this moment, to tell you our chaise is ready, and to ask if you have any commissions:—But what the devil were you talking about, neighbour? the crown and Warsaw! 'Tis my belief, that you were dreaming with your eyes open.

Ober. Yes, yes; I—Did you never dream, that you was some rich, powerful, great lord?

Mol. Oh, yes, yes; I often dreamed that I was become rich, very rich; and that I was going to town, to sell our provisions, in a coach and six; but, for all that, when I waked, I was only Molino.

Ober. [*Aside.*] He has not heard me.—Well, neighbour, I'm much obliged to you; but I have nothing to trouble you with. You must excuse me; but I have a good deal to do.

Mol. Good bye, neighbour. [*Going.*

Ober. [*Calling him back.*] Ah, Molino!—[*Aside.*] We may take advantage of this opportunity.—Can't you delay your departure a little, a few minutes?

Mol. Oh yes, certainly.

Ober. Perhaps we may be inclined to go with you.

Mol. Gadzooks, will you? that will be mighty agreeable.

Ober. Well, my friend, go and prepare; return in a quarter of an hour, and we'll be ready for you.

Mol. I'll just go, and put on the head of the chaise, and make every thing snug for Miss Elvina.

Ober. And for Edmond too.

Mol. Edmond!

Ober. Yes, yes, Edmond. If he don't go—

Mol. Well, well; we will take care of him too.—[*Aside.*] There, there! neither father nor daughter can think of any thing but Edmond. [*Runs off.*

Ober. I must go find my children.—[Elvina *meets*

him at the door.] Oh, Elvina, great news! such news, my girl!—Call Edmond to me.

Elv. Great news! you frighten me, father.

Ober. The news is good, very good! Call Edmond, I tell you.

Elv. Here he is.

[*She runs to the House, and returns with* EDMOND.

Ober. [*Runs to embrace him.*] My dear Edmond!—I forgot. [*Falls on his knees.*] Oh, my prince, permit me to be the first to offer you my homage. [*Music.*

Edm. [*Puts his arms round him.*] On your knees, Oberto!

Ober. This is the great news, my children. Look, daughter, look at this packet; it's the hand of our late queen: Rodolph is not the son of Stanislaus, but Edmond is. [*Music.*

Edm. I?

Elv. Edmond?

Edm. Gracious powers, explain!

Ober. Yes, yes, I'll read you the letter: listen to me.—[*Reads.*] "Oberto,"—you see she knew my name.—"Oberto, if this packet"—Here, Elvina, take it yourself, I shall never get through it.

[*He gives* ELVINA *the Letter, who takes it trembling and reluctant. Music.*

Elv. (*Reads with emotion.*) "Oberto, if this packet should ever reach you; if the child, entrusted to your care at Urzena, be still alive; learn from this his destiny. I have deceived the people; I have deceived my husband. Rodolph is not my son, nor is he the son of Stanislaus. My child was born blind. The bitter disappointment my husband experienced, inspired me with the guilty design of deceiving him by a supposed miracle. I had the barbarity to suffer my infant to be taken from me; that infant, whom you, Oberto, so readily received."

Ober. Read, Elvina, read.

[*He paces about, and rubs his hands with great satisfaction.*

Elv. (*Reads.*) "The Palatine of Rava had a son, the same age as mine. It was reported he was dead, and believed so. The child was named Theobald;—'tis Rodolph."

Ober. Good, very good.

Elv. (*Reads.*) "I feel my last hour approach; I shall never behold my child; but if the officer, who is entrusted with this packet, should perchance discover your retreat, I command you, Oberto,—(*Raising her voice.*) "I command you, in the name of the Gods who watch over the safety of Sarmatia, instantly to divulge the truth. To your prudence I leave the manner of disclosing it, and of restoring to the true heir of the throne that name, and those rights, of which my guilt has so long despoiled him. Farewell.

Judith of Bohemia, Queen of Sarmatia."

Ober. I shall obey you, madam. (*Bows respectfully over the packet.* ELVINA *weeps.*)—What's the matter, child? Do you weep when our Edmond is—

Edm. In tears, Elvina! Let me, then, my father, ah, let me destroy this writing.

Ober. My prince, my king that will be, what mean you?

Elv. (*Tenderly.*) Ah, prince!

Edm. Say *Edmond*, my Elvina; always Edmond! Oberto, keep the strictest silence; let Rodolph reign, and let me be still the happy Edmond of my dear Elvina.

Ober. Keep silent!—No, my dear children, the queen's commands are rendered sacred by her death; they must be obeyed: She calls upon me from the tomb—"In the name of the Gods, who watch over the safety of Sarmatia, I command you instantly to divulge the truth."—Come, my prince, let us away.

[*He forces them off reluctantly.* *Music.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A magnificent Temple, with a flight of steps leading to the Vestibule, at the back of which are large folding-doors. Music.*

Enter KALIG, *who stations the Guards, to prevent the Populace from pressing too forward. When they are arranged, exit* KALIG. *Shouts, Drums, &c.*

Enter OBERTO, ELVINA, *and* EDMOND.

Ober. Well, my children, here we are, at court! We must endeavour now to get access to the king; and that, I fear, will not be easy.

Elv. Oh father! I shudder at the consequences of your resolution. We were so happy!

Ober. We shall be more so; I pledge myself we shall.

Edm. Can you believe so, Oberto? Alas, I fear not. The confused noise of the multitude, who throng towards the palace; their acclamations, which, at intervals, resound through the city; the tumultuous preparations for the *fete*; every thing here confuses my senses, and makes me the more regret our peaceful habitation. Oh, my father! let us return to the village, and leave this place and all its pleasures.

Ober. No, no; my resolution's fixed. This royal magnificence, (*Trumpets heard at a distance.*) this superb palace, these warlike trumpets, all transport me out of my senses; my blood boils in my veins! I think I hear already they call you prince. Come, my children, courage; we must be resolute.

[*They are proceeding, when stopped by the Guards.*

Guard at gate. You must not pass.

KALIG *comes forward.*

Kal. Ah, 'tis Oberto!—(*To Guards.*) Let them pass;

pass them. This young man has the misfortune to be blind; it would be dangerous to let him stay in the crowd. [*Guards retire.*

Ober. Sir, is it you? 'Tis fortunate we have met you here so soon. Behold the prince——

[*Pointing to* EDMOND.

Kal. (*Prevents his finishing the sentence.*) Beware, Oberto! you are surrounded by Prince Rodolph's spies.

MOLINO *entering, is repulsed by the Guards.*

Mol. Let me pass, let me pass! I am of the same party, I tell you.

Kal. (*To the Guards.*) Pass him.

Mol. Indeed! I'd have you know—Lord, it's my neighbour, Oberto; that's his daughter, and the young gentleman that came in my chaise; and you would not, ha, ha, ha!—(*To* KAL.) Why, these droll gentlemen wou'dn't let me pass.

Ober. Silence, I say.—(*Takes* KAL. *aside.*) What is to be done? The paper you gave me, its contents I must shew to the king—ay, to the king himself—I must speak to him—some one must help me to an interview, and you are that person.

Kal. Oberto, I fear there is an insurmountable bar. For a long time past, Stanislaus is only accessible by Prince Rodolph—Through Rodolph every business must pass before the king will listen to it—Think, then, how impossible— [*Trumpets without.*

Mol. There's your works! lord, lord, how fine to be sure! look, miss, do look! Look, Edmond—Ah! what a pity Edmond can't see!

Ober. Molino, be quiet—[*Looking out.*] 'Tis Prince Rodolph passing to the marriage ceremony. What if I throw myself in his way, and say, I have a petition to present to the king? When he was at my house yesterday, he spoke to me, often called me a

brave fellow, and said he would not forget my hospitality.

Kal. You know him not—his pride will spurn you from him: besides, should he, by chance, but see the poor blind prince, his suspicions will be instantly awakened; for know, his father, the late Palatine, on his death-bed, revealed to him the dreadful secret of his birth—'Tis that which haunts him, dreading the discovery of Sarmatia's rightful heir.

Ober. [*In great perplexity.*] What is to be done? I must hazard something, children—Molino, retire while the prince passes. [*They go off.*

Grand March, enter RODOLPH *and Attendants; he is richly dressed, thoughtful, and discontented.*

Ober. [*Throws himself in his way.*] Prince, I would speak with you. [RODOLPH *looks at him haughtily, and proceeds*—] My Lord, I am the old soldier, whom yesterday—

Rod. [*Interrupts him hastily.*] Some other time.

Ober. [*Holding him by the cloak.*] My prince, the affair will admit of no delay.

Rod. [*Disengages himself quickly.*] What audacity! Guards! [*They seize* OBERTO. *Music.*

[EDMOND *and* ELVINA *rush in; she throws her arms around her Father's neck; and* KALIG *steps before* EDMOND *to prevent his being seen by* RODOLPH. *After a pause.*

Rod. Could no other time but this be found for your intrusion? but, as you were attentive to me yesterday in the forest, I pardon you.—Guards, let them pass, but see that you intrude no more.

[*March recommences.* RODOLPH *passes on to the Ceremony.*

MOLINO *enters.*

Mol. Oh lord! oh lord! what does all this mean? When I saw you step up, and speak to the prince, I

expected, from his fair promises yesterday, to see you and him go cheek by jowl—free and easy—no ceremony—you gave him your best wine, and that generally makes an intimacy between the Lord and the chimney-sweeper.

Elv. [*Quits her Father, and goes to* EDMOND.] My dear Edmond, let us be gone; let us leave this scene of danger, for our peaceful home.

Edm. Oh, more than father! Oh, dear Oberto! let us return. Till this day I was most happy. What was wanting to make me so? I was beloved by all around me; here, my life is sought by wicked men I never injured. Oh, then, beloved father, listen to me! These poor sightless eyes are filled with drops of gratitude. Let them fall on your dear, dear hand, and induce you to pity and indulge me!

Ober. [*Much affected.*] My child, my prince, what can I say? Think of my affection, think of my duty. Your mother calls from the grave,—remember her injunction:—"In the name of the Gods, who watch over the safety of Sarmatia, I command you to divulge the truth."

Kal. Hear me, Oberto. When last we parted, I promised, at the hazard of my life, to serve you:—Willingly would I lay down that life to save my prince;—but danger presses him on every side. Then let his country be his champion, proclaim his wrongs aloud, and, in one instant, every loyal heart will swell to serve a prince, so wrong'd, so virtuous.

Ober. Ay; but the voice that first proclaims his wrongs, will also sound his knell.

Kal. Stanislaus loves Rodolph as his son; at this instant he is about to give his hand in marriage to the fair Lida, Duchess of Lithuania; after this, should the king find Edmond blind, and lowly bred, he might wish to conceal his rights; a public declaration, therefore, is necessary, which would render that impossible. [*Trumpets are heard without.*

Ober. The procession advances.

Kal. Retire within, and I'll explain more to you, Oberto.

Ober. The moment is at hand. How my old heart beats! Rouse, rouse! Recollect, Oberto, the fate of Sarmatia is in your hands.

[*Exit with* EDMOND, ELVINA, *and* KALIG.

The King, with LIDA *on one side, and* RODOLPH *on the other, attended by his Court, enter from the Portico to the left. Grand Procession. Music, &c. They go towards the right. The King stops to look at the People, who crowd the Square. The palisadoes and barriers are removed, to give the Populace free access.*

Stan. My loyal subjects, indulge your mirth, celebrate the happiness of your prince, of your king, who, in this august alliance, has considered but your welfare, and the happiness of Sarmatia.

Priests bear an Altar to the front of the Temple portico. Others hold different vases destined for the Sacrifice. The King leads the Duchess to the Altar. RODOLPH *on the other side. The High Priest receives them near the Altar—he burns the incense. The betrothed couple bow before him. The Pontiff raises his hands over them, in the act of blessing them. Trumpets and Drums.*

H. Priest. I here betroth Prince Rodolph, son of Stanislaus.

OBERTO *comes forward, followed by* EDMOND *and* ELVINA.

Ober. [*With all his force.*] He is not the son of Stanislaus.

[*Music expressive of astonishment, and general confusion.*

The King, LIDA, *and* RODOLPH, *come forward.*

Stan. Who is the rash, audacious man?

Ober. [*Taking* Edmond's *hand.*] My liege! behold your son!

Stan. My son!

Lida. His son! [*Aside.*

Ober. [*Offers the King the packet.*] Yes, my liege, your son—deign but to cast your eyes on this writing.

Stan. 'Tis the writing of the queen! [*To* Rodolph.

Music expressive of astonishment. The King seems greatly agitated, while reading, and frequently takes his eyes off the Packet to look at Edmond, *then reads on.*

Stan. What have I read! [*Aside.*

[*Approaches* Edmond *and takes his hand, and looks at him with fixed attention.*

Ober. [*Low to* Edmond.] 'Tis the king.

Edmond *falls on his knees with reverence and affection.*

Stan. These features,—so like the queen! The writing too! [*Aside.*] We will return to the palace. [*To* Edmond.] Come, unfortunate youth!—Rodolph, let the council be instantly assembled;—in their presence we will read this letter, and interrogate Oberto—no means must be left untried to ascertain the truth. [*To the High Priest.*] Holy pontiff! the marriage rites must be suspended. [*Music. They return to the Temple, and the Scene closes on them.*

SCENE II.—*A Piazza, surrounding the Palace.*

Enter Molino.

Mol. Oh lord, Oh lord, I can't get out, I can't get out. For this last hour I have been running up and down, in and out, and at every avenue I met

with huge whiskerfaced fellows with their long bayonets, who roar out "no passing here;" but gentlemen, says I, sweet gentlemen, I don't wish to pass *here*, I want to pass there. "*No passing here*," is all my answer. Dear, dear, if I could only meet with neighbour Oberto, just to ask him how Edmond is become a prince. Lack-a-daisy, only to think now, how often I have played with a prince. To think it was a prince that gave me a blow in this left eye. Yes, Molino, you may boast for ever that you received from a prince such a rare black eye. Besides, that is not the only honour I have received; for, not long ago, a prince condescended even to speak to me, and this was what he said:—

SONG.

1.

One morning my *nose* to regale with fresh air,
I walk'd, and for breakfast my *throat* to prepare,
My eyes met a horseman pursued by a guard;
I knew 'twas a prince by his riding so hard.

2.

My *body* to bend, with my best *leg* I tried,
And pitched on my head where the prince wished to ride;
When *he, bless him*, did me the honour to say,
"You *careless* young rascal, *get out of the way*."

3.

Then I ne'er shall forget with what good natur'd grace,
He flourished his whip, which came smack in my face;
Sure an honour much greater no mortal can know,
Than receive from a prince, both a word and a blow.
Then he rode! gee ho!
And he walk'd just so,
With a turn of the toe,
Just so, just so; oh ho!
How delighted I took both his word and his blow.

[*Exit.*

Enter Stanislaus *and* Rodolph.

Stan. Rodolph, I have sought to be alone with you. By the extraordinary occurrences of the day, I have recovered a son whom nature bids me cherish and regard; but, be not thou afflicted, he cannot destroy the paternal affection I feel for *thee*, my Rodolph.

Rod. Not Rodolph now, my liege.

Stan. But still the palatine of Rava, by the right of birth. Rodolph, though he ceases to be my son, has still a claim in my affection, and on my justice too:—I will repay it, therefore, with the fair hand of the duchess, whom you so much love, and dukedom of Lithuania, which you so well deserve.

Rod. Ah! my liege, when Edmond once begins to wind himself about your heart, then, farewell Lithuania's new-made duke.

Stan. Never, Rodolph; for, should fate call Edmond from me, Lithuania's duke succeeds to Stanislaus. My confidence in you is as unbounded as my love; I have committed young Edmond to your charge, and, as a farther earnest of my love, I place this ring, of value most inestimable, upon your finger. Should you, at any time, perceive my affection diminish, present this to my view, and I will instantly fold you to my heart, and you shall be my son again. [*Exit.*

Rod. Ah! then Lithuania's duke succeeds, if Edmond falls—why then, my hopes revive. I have already placed a guard, devoted to my service, over the young prince—I have also taken care to have Oberto and his daughter removed far from him.—Now, Starow, where is that dagger which peeped, officious, from its scabbard, to greet the enemy I only dreaded—He's found, he's found, he's found!—And now, indeed, I lack thy murderous aid.

Enter STAROW.

Ah, Starow, this cursed boy!—

Star. My prince, I've heard it all;—but joy to find you have him in your power.

Rod. I have, my friend; and 'tis your kind hand must rid me of the charge—but how, my friendly Starow, how?

Star. My lord, the night is dark, the wind rages, and the Vistula rolls wide and deep under the window of young Edmond's prison.

Rod. 'Tis well conceived; but I must not appear in this—Is there no friendly hand, whose aid you can confide in for the task?

Star. My lord, have you observed a dejected man of late, about the court, who seems to brood in silence over his wrongs?

Rod. What, Kalig?

Star. The same, my prince. He I've noted for a purpose like the present.

Rod. I like him not; but, better *he* than one I do; for he must not survive to blab the tale. Thus let it be—soon as the day shuts in, I will myself conduct the prince,—you shall receive him from my hand—my voice must not be heard—you and Kalig force him on board a boat, then make what speed you can to gain the centre of the river, leaving Kalig to watch the shore—be sure exert yourself to gain the middle of the stream, and there—

Star. I understand, my lord.

Rod. Be careful to repeat the name of Kalig, frequently in Edmond's hearing, and when the boy sinks in the wave, give the signal of success with your horn, and row with all your speed some distance down the river. When I shall hear the signal, I will alarm the paláce with the loss of Edmond, and myself encourage the vain search that will be made.

Star. My prince, I fully comprehend; will instant-

ly find out Kalig, and answer with my life, that all shall be as you desire. [*Exit.*

Rod. Farewell, villain!—sooner than you suspect, your life may answer it.

Enter OBERTO *and* ELVINA.

Ober. Child, I will speak to him.—My lord, you have given orders that no person shall approach the apartments of Prince Edmond. I suppose 'twas through forgetfulness that Elvina and myself were not excepted.

Rod. The order is a general one, and admits of no exception.

Elv. What, are we forbidden to see the prince; we, who have sworn never to leave him?

Rod. *You* may sometimes, perhaps, be allowed to see him.

Elv. Sometimes! Oh, heavens!

Ober. My child, the prince means daily.

Rod. The prince has no such meaning. Oberto, you forget; you fail in the respect you owe me.

Ober. Pardon me, my lord, but I shall fail still more, if 'tis your intention to confine the son of your master.

Rod. Oberto, leave me. [*Partly draws his Sword.*

Elv. Oh, my father!

Ober. Child, I tell you, I will speak; it shall never be said that Oberto brought up the heir to Sarmatia's crown, that he loved him as his son for twenty years, and that in one day he renounced the promised joy, of passing the rest of his life with him. My lord, I ask not for what I have done, honour, dignity, or wealth, but let me be near my Edmond. I have told you how I love him, and must see him daily.

Rod. Let me constrain my rage.—Well, sir, calm your anger—wait patiently but till to-morrow, and then— [*Exit.*

Ober. Oh! Elvina, what does he mean? Wait till to-morrow!—A dreadful night intervenes—before that morrow. Ah! Why did I not listen to the poor afflicted boy this morning? He said right—we were happy. Wretch that I am! my curst ambition has destroyed him.—Ye gods, protectors of innocence oppressed, avert all dangers from my Edmond's head! On me, on me direct their murderous aim!

Elv. Oh, my father!

Ober. Come, my child, let us fly to save our prince, or perish nobly with him. [*Exeunt.*

[*Music expressive of their apprehensions.*

SCENE III.—*The Banks of the Vistula on this side of the Stage. A Terrace, under which the Water is seen; on the other side, high and winding Rocks, against which the Vistula dashes with great fury. In the centre a Boat. Night.*

KALIG *and* STAROW *discovered. They part,* STAROW *goes towards the Terrace.*

Star. [*On the Terrace.*] Remember you have sworn.

Kal. [*Solus.*] What is to be done? a few short moments, and Edmond will be here, and I am singled out to help in his murder; what if I fly to the palace, and reveal the whole? but assistance will arrive too late, and the crime hold—Let me consider—Starow said Rodolph will not be with us. Starow alone. 'Twill not be difficult.

[RODOLPH *appears on the Terrace, holding* EDMOND *by one Hand.* EDMOND *appears uneasy.* STAROW *has a Horn suspended round his neck.*

Edm. Why does this hand grasp mine so violently? why does it tremble so? Pray answer me. Where would you lead me?

Rodolph *signs* Starow *to answer.*

Star. I have already told you, my lord, to that part of the palace, where Oberto and his daughter wait for you—We could not resist the entreaties of the amiable Elvina; and whilst Prince Rodolph is busy with the king, we have seized the opportunity to lead you to your friends. Come, my lord, come on. [Rodolph *endeavours to force him.*

Edm. (*Resisting.*) But I am not in the palace now; the air which blows upon me—

Star. We are in one of the courts, which we must cross to—

Edm. A court! 'tis a very large one then. 'Tis filled with trees and flowers.

Rod. Ha!

Edm. And bordered by a river.

Star. (*Embarrassed.*) A river!

Edm. (*Pointing.*) Yes; 'tis there—I hear the noise of water. I feel the moisture which exhales from it.

Rod. (*Low and impatiently.*) Come on—come on.

Edm. Is not that Prince Rodolph's voice?

Star. No, my lord; my comrade, Kalig.

Edm. Kalig?

Star. Yes; he urges us to lose no time. Let us begone.

Edm. (*Uneasy.*) You must conduct me back from whence you brought me.

Star. Why so, my lord?

Edm. I am not safe here.

Star. I mean it, my prince.

[Rodolph *tries to get his hand from* Edmond.

Edm. I tell you I am not in safety.

Kal. Indeed, my prince, I promise you, you are. I answer to you, you have nothing now to fear.

[Rodolph *struggles with* Edmond.

Edm. Why do you force your hand from me? If

you leave me in this strange place, I shall be in danger. [Rodolph *gets his hand away.*

Star. My prince, I only wish, as the evening is dark, to explore the way for you. (*Coming up to him, and taking his hand.*) All is safe, and now I can conduct you without danger.

Edm. Oh, heaven! how many of you are there? This is not the hand which just now——

Kal. 'Tis the hand of a friend, my lord; be not uneasy.

Edm. Oh, who could be so cruel as to take advantage of my wretched situation!

[Rodolph *makes signs of impatience, and points to the Boat.*

Star. (*Pulls him forward.*) Come, my prince, come.

Edm. No; a storm threatens, and if we go much farther—

Star. A storm, did he say?

Kal. Yes, he's right, the night looks black.

[*Lightning.*

Star. 'Tis nothing but a few passing clouds, and will soon be over.

Edm. I tell you, 'twill be terrible. (*Distant Thunder.*) Did you hear that? the thunder rolls already.

[Rodolph *mounts the Terrace and Exit, pointing to the Boat.* Starow *leads* Edmond *a few Paces towards the Terrace, and then turns away.*

Star. Well, then, my lord, we will return to your apartment.

Edm. Stop, this is not the way we came—There—

[*Pointing to the Right.* Starow *forces him to the Boat.*

Edm. (*Resists forcibly.*) Villains! where is the traitor that employs you?

Star. My lord, 'tis needless—you must come with us.

Edm. Vile wretches! Grant that my cries may—

[*Music.*

Kalig *leaves the Prince, and goes round to* Starow, *takes hold of the Horn that hangs to his Neck, and forces him from the Prince: the Chain of the Horn breaks, and* Kalig *draws his Sabre. They stand for a moment, gazing at each other.*

Star. Ah, traitor!

Kal. Thou liest—I am no traitor—but while this arm can wield a sword. it shall protect it's lawful prince. [*They fight towards the Rock.*

Edm. Oh, whither shall I fly—Oh, Oberto—Oh, Elvina, come to my aid!

[*He goes off on the opposite side.*

Enter Elvina, *from the Terrace.*

Elv. (*Comes forward.*) Sure I heard the voice of Edmond—He called on me, on my father—Ha! what noise is that? (*Noise of Swords up the Rock.*) Swords gleam through the darkness of the night. Perhaps some succour to the oppressed. I see them—Good heavens! what fury animates them!

Kal. (*On the top of the Rock.*) Die, perfidious wretch!

[*Thrusts his Sword into* Starow's *Breast, and forces him over the Rock into the River.*

Elv. How dreadful this suspense! I see not Edmond. (*Thunder and Lightning.*) Hark! did I not hear footsteps?—(*Looks out.*) 'Tis one of the men, who—Ah—he comes this way—

[*Hurrying Music. She runs and hides herself on the other side.*

Kalig *enters from the Rock, looks about with cautious uneasiness, holding the Horn which* Starow *had.*

Kal. Not here! what has become of him? where is he gone?

Elv. [*Aside.*] Speaks he of Edmond?

[*Goes towards the Terrace.*

Kal. [*Returning.*] Ah! what's to be done? Ah!

I'll sound this horn, with which the traitor Starow was to inform his master that the prince was dead. Rodolph, deceived by the well-known signal, will alarm the palace, and assist me to save *him* whom he had devoted to destruction.

[KALIG *goes towards the Ballustrade in the bottom, and sounds the Horn, then exit up the Terrace.*

Elv. Good heavens! 'tis some dreadful signal! perhaps the one that Rodolph waits for; where shall I bend my steps? Edmond! Edmond! answer your Elvina. [*Goes off near the Rock. Lightning.*

Enter EDMOND *from the opposite side, and goes towards the Rock.*

Edm. Here, my Elvina, here. This way I heard her voice. Elvina! my dear Elvina!

[*Goes up the Rock;* ELVINA *runs on in terror.*

Elv. I heard him call my name. [*Lightning.*] Oh heavens! by the gleam of the lightning's flash, I thought I saw him upon the rock. [*Lightning.*] Yes, 'tis Edmond! unhappy youth! one false step,—oh! let me fly to save him! [*Music.*

[*She runs up the Rock—Thunder and Lightning increase; during the flashes,* EDMOND *is seen on the summit of the Rock.*

Edm. Almighty powers! send some pitying mortal to conduct my steps. From the sharp air which surrounds me, I think I stand on the edge of some frightful precipice. I will advance a few steps more.

[ELVINA *is seen climbing up the Rock; at the sight of* EDMOND, *who is just at the edge of the Precipice, she stops a moment, and utters a shriek of horror, and exclaims,* Edmond! Edmond! *Music.*

Edm. Elvina! [*He falls into her arms.*

[ELVINA *leads* EDMOND *down the winding Path behind a large mass of Trees, &c. which conceal them from the Spectators.*

Enter RODOLPH *from the Terrace, speaking to the Guards, who have* KALIG *in custody.*

Rod. Soldiers, disperse yourselves throughout the gardens; be watchful; prevent a dreadful crime. One of the villains I have already secured. Let some go towards the rock, and search it well.

[*Exeunt Guards.*

Enter OBERTO *from the Terrace.*

Ober. Oh! a curse upon all traitors! Edmond has disappeared; Who had the care of him? Who but Rodolph? Rodolph is the murderer.

Rod. Ah! [*Half draws his Sword.*

Ober. Yes, villain, strike! You told me I should see my child to-morrow. Then, for once keep thy hellish promise; strike through this poor broken heart, and let me join my murdered boy.

[*Throws himself on the Rock.*

Enter STANISLAUS, *Officers, Guards, and Domestics, with Torches, &c. Music. The front of the Stage becomes light.*

Stan. Say, Rodolph, have they yet found my son?

Rod. My liege, the guards this moment scour the park, the gardens, and the borders of the river.

Stan. Who can have planned this act of horror?

Rod. It is difficult to guess: but here we've taken a skulking villain, who seemed to fly our presence.

Stan. Ah! Kalig.

[ELVINA *and* EDMOND *are seen coming down the Rock.*

Ober. Prince Edmond—Prince Edmond is safe!

[*Runs up the Rock, embraces him, and then brings him down to the King.*

Stan. [*Embracing him.*] My son! my son!

Rod. [*Aside.*] I am betrayed.

Stan. My son, know you the traitors, who have planned your destruction?

Ober. [*Aside.*] I could name one, I warrant.

Rod. Confusion!

Edm. I think there were three: one of them scarce spoke; a single word, in a low tone, escaped him, and I thought I recognized—but no, it cannot be, I might have been deceived.

Rod. [*To* EDMOND.] My lord, did not the assassins address each other by their names?

Edm. Yes, one of them I think was called Kalig.

Stan. Kalig?——

Rod [*To* STANISLAUS.] Mark that, my liege;—the man I have taken.

Ober. [*With energy.*] No, my king, never believe it. Though he should himself confess, I never could believe it. –Kalig, speak,—what means all this?

Kal. It means, my sovereign, that Starow was engaged by Rodolph to destroy the prince: Starow engaged me to aid him; but I slew the villain.——

Rod. Starow dead!

Stan. Rodolph!

Rod. [*To* STANISLAUS.] Vain subterfuge! If Starow is no more, he has lost his life in endeavouring to save the prince.

Edm. I have every reason to think that one of them resolved to defend me. But, for the wicked man, who dragged me from the palace, he, perhaps, may be discovered.

Stan. How, my dear boy?

Edm. Why, in dragging away his hand, which I wished to keep in mine, he left this ring behind.

[*Gives it to the King.*

Pause of astonishment. Music.

Stan. 'Tis the ring I gave to Rodolph! The gods are just. Guards, seize him.

Rod. I know the punishment that awaits me; but I prefer death to the torment of seeing my riva mount that throne, so long my destined prize.

[STANISLAUS *motions the Guards, who lead off* RODOLPH.

Stan. [*To* KALIG.] Brave man, I will reward your zeal.—My age requires repose. *You* I invest with the sovereign power. Exercise it as you think right.

Edm. Then, my father, my first act shall be to adorn my throne with a virtuous queen, the brightest jewel a crown can boast. [*Takes* ELVINA'S *hand.*] To-morrow let the nuptial rites be solemnized, and I hope this time Oberto will not interrupt them.

Ober. Curse me if I do!

Edm. O my father, with this permission I am blest indeed! Elvina then will be my bride, and Oberto, still a father. [*Music.*

The Curtain falls to a picturesque Group of all the Characters.

WHO'S THE DUPE?

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

MRS COWLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DOILEY,	*Mr Dowton.*
SANDFORD,	*Mr Holland.*
GRADUS,	*Mr Bannister.*
GRANGER,	*Mr Decamp.*
Servant,	*Mr Evans.*
ELIZABETH,	*Miss Dormer.*
CHARLOTTE,	*Miss Mellon.*

WHO'S THE DUPE?

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Park. Flower Girls, and several Persons passing.*

1 *Girl.* I vow I han't had a customer to-day. Summer is coming, and we shall be ruined.—When flowers are plenty, nobody will buy 'em.

2 *Girl.* Aye, very true—People talks of summer; but for my part, give me Christmas. In a hard frost, or a deep snow, who's drest without flowers and furs? Here's one of the captains.

Enter SANDFORD.

Flowers, sir!

Sand. I have no silver.

2 *Girl.* Bless your honour! I'll take gold.

Sand. Indeed.

2 *Girl.* Here's hyacinths, and a sprig of myrtle.

Sand. I'd rather have roses. What will you take for these? [*Pinching her cheek.*

2 *Girl.* I can't sell them alone——the tree and the roses must go together.

Enter GRANGER.

Sand. Ah! Granger, by all that's fortunate. I wrote to you last night in Devonshire to hasten your return.

Grang. Then your letter and I jostled each other at two o'clock on this side Hounslow. My damn'd postilion—nodding, I suppose, over the charms of some Greasalinda—run against the letter-cart, tore off my hind wheel, and I was forced to mount his one-eyed hack, and, in that curious equipage, arrived at three this morning.

Sand. But how has the negociation with your brother ended? Will he put you into a situation to——

Grang. Yes, to take a sweating with the Gentoos. He'll speak to Sir Jacob Jaghire to get me a commission in the East Indies——'and, you know, every body grows rich there—and then, you know, you're a soldier, you can fight.' [*In a tone of mimicry.*

Sand. Well, what answer did you give him?

Grang. Yes, Sir Bobby, I can fight. [*Mimicking.*] But I can't grow rich upon the smell of gunpowder. Your true *East India* soldier is of a different genus from those who strewed Minden with Frenchmen, and must have as great a fecundity of character as a Dutch Burgo-master. Whilst his sword is in his hand, his pen must be in his cockade: he must be as expert at fractions as at assaults; to-day moving down ranks of soft beings, just risen from their embroidery; to-morrow selling pepper and beetle-nut: this hour a son of Mars, striding over heaps of slain; the next an auctioneer, knocking down chintz and calico to the best bidder.

Sand. And thus your negociation ended?

Grang. Except that I was obliged to listen to some very wise dissertation about *running out*, as he calls it. 'Five thousand——enough for any younger son, but

the Prodigal.' (*Mimicking.*) Really, Sandford, I can't see how I can help it. Jack Spiller, to be sure, had nine hundred—the poor fellow was honest; but he married a fine lady, so died insolvent. I had a few more accidents of the same kind; my captaincy cost a thousand; and the necessary expenses in America, with the distresses of my fellow soldiers, have swallowed the rest.

Sand. Poor Granger! So, with a spirit to do honour to five thousand a year, thou art not worth five shillings.

Grang. *C'est vrai.* Should my affairs with Elizabeth be crossed, I am the most undone dog on earth.

Sand. Now tell me honestly, is it Elizabeth, or the fortune, which is your object?

Grang. Why look'e, Sandford; I am not one of those sighing milksops, who could live in a cottage on love, or sit contentedly under a hedge and help my wife to knit stockings; but on the word of a soldier, I had rather marry Elizabeth Doiley with ten thousand pounds, than any other woman on earth with a hundred.

Sand. And the woman must be very unreasonable, who would not be satisfied with such a distinction. But do you know that Elizabeth's father has taken the liberty to chuse a son-in-law without your permission?

Grang. Ha! a lover! That then is the secret she hinted, and which brought me so hastily to town. Who—what is he?

Sand. Every thing that you are not.

Grang. There is such a mixture of jest and earnest——

Sand. Upon my soul 'tis confoundedly serious. Since they became my neighbours in Suffolk, I am in the secrets of the whole family, and, for your sake, have cultivated an intimacy with Abraham Doiley, citizen and slop-seller—In a word, the father consults

me, the daughter complains to me, and the cousin, fille-de-chambre, romps with me. Can my importance be increased?

Grang. My dear Sandford! [*Impatiently.*

Sand. My dear Granger! The sum total is this: Old Doiley, bred, you know, in a charity school, swears he'll have a man of LARNING for his son. His caprice makes him regardless of fortune; but Elizabeth's husband must have Latin at his fingers ends, and be able to teach his grandsons to sputter in Greek.

Grang. Oh! I'll study Hebrew, and write odes in Chaldee, if that will content him: but, may I perish, if all the pedants in England, with the Universities to back 'em, shall rob me of my Elizabeth!—See here—(*Producing a Letter*)—an invitation from her own dear hand—This morning—this very hour—in a moment I shall be at her feet—(*Going*)—Go with me through the Park—Oh, no—I cry you mercy—You walk, but I fly. [*Exit.*

Sand. Propitious be your flight!—Egad! there are two fine girls—I'll try 'em—half afraid—the women dress so equivocally, that one is in danger of attacking a countess, when one only means to address a nymph of King's place. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Mr* DOILEY'S

Mr and Miss DOILEY *at Breakfast.*

Doil. Here, take away—take away. Remember, we are not at home to nobody, but to Mr Gradus.

Serv. The formal gentleman that was here last night, sir?

Doil. Yes, (*snappishly*) the gentleman that was here last night. (*Exit Servant.*) What! I see you are resolved for to have poor Gradus's heart, Elizabeth!—I never saw you so tricked out in a morning before. But he isn't none of your chaps that's to be catched with a mountain head, nor knots, nor gewgaws—No,

no; you must mind your P's and Q's with him, I can tell you. And don't laugh now when he's with you —You've a confounded knack at laughing; and there's nothing so odious in the eyes of a wise man, as a great laugher.

Miss Doil. Oh! his idea is as reviving as burnt feathers in hysterics.—I wish I had seen him last night, with all the rust of Oxford about him; he must have been the greatest provocative to mirth.

Doil. How! What! a provocative to mirth!—Why, hussey, he was recommended to me by an antikary doctor of the Royal Society——he has finished his Larning some time; and they want him to come and drink and hunt in Shropshire—Not he—he sticks to Al Mater; and the College-heads have been laid together many a time to know whether he shall be a great judge, a learned physician, or a civility doctor.

Miss Doil. Nay then, sir, if he's all this—laughing will be irresistible.

Doil. Don't put me in a passion, Betty—don't go for to put me in a passion, What, would you have a man with an eternal grin upon his face, like the head of a knocker? And hopping and skipping about like a Dutch doll with quicksilver in its heels? If you must have a husband of that sort, so be it—so be it —you know the rest.

Miss Doil. Surely, sir, 'tis possible for a man who does not move as if cut in wood, or speak as though he delivered his words by tail, to have breeding, and to——

Doil. May be—may be; but your man of breeding is not fit for old Doiley's son. What! shall I go for to give the labour of thirty years to a young jackanapes, who'll come into the room with a dancing-school step, and prate of his grandfather Sir Thomas, his great grandfather the general, and his great-great-great-grandfather, merely because I can't tell whether I ever had one or no?

Miss Doil. I hope, sir, that such a man could never engage my——

Doil. Pshaw! pshaw! *you* can't pretend for to judge of a man—all hypocrites and deceivers.

Miss Doil. Except Mr Gradus.

Doil. Oh, he! He's very different from your men of breeding, I assure you—The most extraordinary youth that was ever turned out of college. None of your randans, up all night—not drinking and wenching——No—in his room—poring, and reading, and studying. Oh, the joy that I shall have in hearing him talk! I do love LARNING. I was grieved—grieved to the soul, Betty, when thou wert born. I had set my heart upon a boy; and if thou hadst been a boy, thou shouldst have had Greek, and algebra, and jometry enough for an archbishop.

Miss Doil. I am sorry——

Doil. No, no; don't be sorry; be obedient, and all will be as it should be. You know, I doat on you, you young slut. I left Eastcheap for Westminster, on purpose to please you.—Hav'nt I carried you to Bath, Brimmigem, and Warley-Common, and all the genteel places? I never grudge you no expence, nor no pleasure whatsomever.

Miss Doil. Indeed, sir, you are most indulgent.

Doil. Well then, don't thwart me, Betty—don't go for to thwart me, that's all. Since you came into the world, and disappointed your father of a son, 'tis your duty to give him a wise *son-in-law*, to make up his loss.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Mrs Taffety, the mantua-maker, is in your dressing-room, ma'am.

Doil. Then send her away—she hasn't no time now for Mrs Taffety.

Miss Doil. Aye, send her away, Charlotte—What does she want? I did'nt send for her.

Char. Bless me—'tis the captain. [*Apart.*

Miss Doil. Oh, heavens! (*Aside.*) Yes, I do remember—Aye, I did—I did send for her about the painted lutestring.

Doil. Bid her come again to-morrow, I say.

Char. Lord bless me, sir; I dare say she can't come again to-morrow. Such mantua-makers as Mrs Taffety won't wait half a dozen times on people—Why, sir, she comes to her customers in a chair of her own; and her footman beats a tattoo at the door as if she was a countess.

Doil. A mantua-maker with her footman and chair! O lud! O lud! I should as soon have expected a duchess in a wheelbarrow.

Miss Doil. Pray, sir, allow me just to step and speak to her——It is the sweetest gown—and I'd give the world were you as much charmed with it as I am.

Doil. Coaxing slut! (*Exeunt Miss* D. *and* CHARLOTTE.)—Where the devil can Gradus be now?—Well, good fortune never comes in a hurry.—If I'd pitched upon your man of breeding, he'd have been here an hour ago—sipped his jocklate, kissed Elizabeth's fingers, hopped into his carriage, and away to his wench, to divert her with charatures of the old fellow and his daughter. Oh! before I'd give my gains to one of these puppies, I'd spend them all in building hospitals for lazy lacquies and decayed pimps. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Dressing Room.*

Miss DOILEY *and* GRANGER.

Miss Doil. A truce to your transports! Perhaps I am too much inclined to believe all you can swear—but this must be a moment of business. To secure me to yourself, are you willing to enter into measures that——

Grang. Any thing!—every thing! I'll have a chaise at the Park-gate in five minutes; and we'll be in Scotland, my Elizabeth, before your new lover has settled his address.

Miss Doil. Pho! pho! you're a mere bungler at contrivance; if you'll be guided by me, my father shall give me to you at St James's Church, in the face of the world.

Grang. Indeed!

Miss Doil. Indeed.

Grang. I fear to trust to it, my angel! Beauty can work miracles with all mankind; but an obstinate father——

Miss Doil. It is *you* who must work the miracle. I have settled the whole affair with my cousin, who has understanding and wit—and you have only to be obedient.

Grang. I am perfectly obedient——Pray, give me my lesson.

Miss Doil. Why, luckily, you know my father has never seen you—he left Bath before you had the sauciness——

Enter CHARLOTTE *with a Bundle.*

Char. There! you're finely caught!—Here's your father and Mr Gradus actually upon the stairs, coming here.

Grang. Zounds! where's the closet?

Miss Doil. Oh, Lord! here's no closet—I shall faint with terror.

Grang. No back stairs? No clothes press?

Char. Neither, neither! But here—I'm your guardian angel—(*Untying the Bundle*)—I told 'em Mrs Taffety was here; so, without more ceremony, clap on these—speak broken English, and my life for it, you'll pass muster with my uncle.

Grang. What! make a woman of me? By Jupiter——

Char. Lay your commands on him—If he doesn't submit, we are ruined.

Miss Doil. Oh, you shall, I protest. Here, I'll put his cap on.

Doil. (*Without,*) This way, sir—come this way—We'll take her by surprise—least preparation is best (*Pulling at the Door.*) Open the door!

Miss Doil. Presently, sir.

Doil. (*Knocking.* What the dickens are you doing, I say? Open the door!

Char. In a moment—I'm only pinning my cousin's gown—Lord bless me! you hurry one so, you have made me prick my finger.—There, now you may enter.

Enter DOILEY *and* GRADUS.

Doil. Oh! only my daughter's mantua-maker.—(GRANGER *makes curtseys, and goes out followed by* CHARLOTTE.) Here Elizabeth, this is that Mr Gradus I talked to you about. Bless me! I hope you a'n't ill—you look as white as a candle.

Miss Doil. No, sir, not ill; but this woman has fretted me to death—she has spoiled my gown.

Doil. Why then, make her pay for it, d'ye hear? It's my belief, if she was to pay for all she spoils, she'd soon drop her chair, and trudge a foot. Mr Gradus—beg pardon—this is my daughter—don't think the worse of her because she's a little dash'd, or so.

Grad. Bashfulness, Mr Doiley, is the robe of modesty—and modesty, as hath been well observed, is a sunbeam of a diamond—giving force to its beauty, and exalting its lustre.

Doil. He was a deep one, I warrant him, that said that—I remember something like it in the Wisdom of Solomon. Come, speak to Elizabeth there—I see she won't till you've broke the ice.

Grad. Madam!—[*Bows.*]—hem—permit me——

this honour—hem—believe me, lady, I have more satisfaction in beholding you, than I should have in conversing with Grævius and Gronovius; I had rather possess your approbation than that of the elder Scaliger; and this apartment is more precious to me than was the Lyceum Portico to the most zealous of the Peripatetics.

Doil. There! Shew me a man of breeding who could talk so! [*Aside.*]

Miss Doil. I believe all you have said to be very fine, sir; but unfortunately, I don't know the gentlemen you mentioned. The education given to women shuts us entirely from such refined acquaintance.

Grad. Perfectly right, madam, perfectly right. The more simple your education, the nearer you approach the pure manners of the purest ages. The charms of women were never more powerful—never inspired such atchievements, as in those immortal periods, when they could neither read nor write.

Doil. Not read nor write! zounds, what a time was that for to bring up a daughter! Why, a peeress in those days did not cost so much as a barber's daughter in ours. Miss Friz must have her dancing, her French, her tambour, her harpsicholl, her jography, her stronomy—whilst her father, to support all this, lives upon sprats: or, once in two years, calls his creditors to a composition.

Grad. *Oh, tempora mutantur*! but these exuberances, Mr Doiley, indigitate unbounded liberty.

Doil. Digitate or not—ifackens, if the ladies would take my advice, they'd return to their distaffs, and grow notable—to distinguish themselves from their shopkeepers' wives.

Grad. Ah! it was at the loom, and the spinning wheel, that the Lucretias and Portias of the world imbibed their virtue; that the mothers of the Gracchi, the Horatii, the Antonini, caught that sacred flame

with which they inspired their sons, and with the milk of their own pure bosoms gave them that fortitude, that magnanimity, which made them conquerors kings.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Lord! Lord Pharo!

Doil. Lord Pharo! hum, then the four aces run against him last night. Well, the ill-luck of some, and the fine taste of others, makes my money breed like rabbits. [*Aside.*

Serv. Sir——

Doil. Well, well, I'm coming—When a lord wants money, he'll wait as patiently as any body. Well, Mr Gradus, I'm your humble sarvant. Elizabeth!—you understand me. [*Exit.*

Grad. How unlucky the old gentleman should be called away! Hem! (*Addressing himself to speak to her.*) There is something in her eyes so sarcastic, I'd rather pronounce the *Terræ-filius*, than address her. Madam!—What can I say? Oh, now—that's fortunate. (*Pulling out some Papers.*) Hem! I will venture to request your ideas, madam, on a little autographon, which I design for the world.

Miss Doil. Sir!

Grad. In which I have found a new chronometer, to prove that Confucius and Zoroaster were the same person;—and that the Pyramids are not so ancient, by two hundred years, as the world believes.

Miss Doil. To what purpose, sir?

Grad. Purpose!—Purpose, madam! Why, really, Miss, our booksellers' shelves are loaded with volumes in the unfruitful road of plain sense and nature, and unless an author can elance himself from the common track, he stands as little chance to be known, as a comet in its aphelion. Pray, ma'am, amuse yourself.

Miss Doil. O Lord, sir! you may as well offer me a sheet of hieroglyphics—besides, I hate reading.

Grad. Hate reading!

Miss Doil. Ay, to be sure; what's reading good for, but to give a stiff embarrassed air? It makes a man move as if made by a carpenter, who had forgot to give him joints---(*Observing him.*) He twirls his hat, and bites his thumb, whilst his hearers, his *beholders*, I mean, are gaping for his wit.

Grad. The malicious creature! 'tis my picture she has been drawing, and now 'tis more impossible for me to speak than ever.

Miss Doil. For my part—for my part, if I was a man, I'd study only dancing and bonmots. With no other learning than these, he may be light and frolicksome as Lady Airy's ponies; but loaded with Greek, philosophy, and mathematics, he's as heavy and dull as a cart horse.

Grad. *Fœmina cum voce diaboli.*

Miss Doil. Bless me, sir! why are you silent? My father told me you was a lover—I never saw such a lover in my life. By this time you should have said fifty brilliant things—found an hundred similes for my eyes, complexion, and wit. Can your memory furnish you with nothing pat?—No poetry—no heroics! What subject did Portia's lovers entertain her with, while she sat spinning—aye?

Grad. The lovers of that age, madam, were ignorant of frothy compliments. Instead of being gallant, they were brave; instead of flattery, they studied virtue and wisdom. It was these, madam, that nerved the Roman arm; that empowered her to drag the nations of the world at her chariot wheels, and that raised to such an exalted height——

Miss Doil. That down she tumbled in the dust—and there I beg you'll leave her. Was ever any thing so monstrous! I ask for a compliment and you begin an oration---an oration on a parcel of stiff warriors, and formal pedants. Why, sir, there is not one of these brave, wise, godlike men, but will appear as ri-

diculous in a modern assembly as a judge in his long wig and a maccaroni jacket.

Grad. Now I am dumb again. Oh, that I had you at Brazen-nose, madam!—I could manage you there. [*Aside.*

Miss Doil. What! now your're in the pouts, sir? 'Tis mighty well. Bless us! what a life a wife must lead with such a being! for ever talking sentences, or else in profound silence. No delightful nonsense, no sweet trifling. All must be solemn, wise, and grave. Hang me if I would not sooner marry the bust of Seneca, in bronze—then I should have all the gravity and coldness of wisdom, without its impertinence.

Grad. The impertinence of wisdom!—Surely, madam, or I am much deceived, you possess a mind capable of—

Miss Doil. Now I see, by the twist of your chin, sir, you are beginning another oration—but, I protest, I will never hear you speak again, till you have forsworn those tones, and that manner. Go, sir,—throw your books into the fire, turn your study into a dressing-room, hire a dancing-master, and grow agreeable. [*Exit.*

Grad. Plato! Aristotle! Zeno! I abjure ye. A girl bred in a nursery, in whose soul the sacred lamp of knowledge hath scarcely shed its faintest rays, hath vanquish'd, and struck dumb, the most faithful of your disciples. (*Enter* CHARLOTTE.). Here's another she-devil, I'd as soon encounter a she-wolf. (*Going.*)

Char. Stay, sir, pray, an instant! Lord bless me! am I such a scare-crow? I was never run from by a young man before in my life. (*Pulls him back.*)

Grad. I resolve henceforward to run from your whole sex—Youth and beauty are only other names for coquetry and affectation. Let me go, madam, *you* have beauty, and doubtless all that belongs to it.

Char. Lud! you've a mighty pretty whimsical way of complimenting—Miss Doiley might have discerned something in you worth cherishing, in spite of that husk of scholarship. To pass one's life with such a being, seems to me to be the very apex of human felicity.—I found that word for him in a book of geometry this morning. (*Aside.*

Grad. Indeed!

Char. Positively. I have listen'd to your conversation, and I can't help being concerned that talents which ought to do you honour, should, by your mismanagement, be converted into downright ridicule.

Grad. This creature is of a genus quite different from the other. She has understanding! (*Aside.*)—I begin to suspect, madam, that though I have some knowledge, I have still *much* to learn.

Char. You have indeed—*knowledge;* as you manage it, it is a downright *bore.*

Grad. *Boar!* What relation can there be between knowledge and a hog!

Char. Lord bless me! how ridiculous! You have spent your life in learning the dead languages, and ignorant of the living—Why, sir, *bore* is all the *ton.*

Grad. *Ton! ton!* What may that be? It cannot be orthology: I do not recollect its root in the parent languages.

Char. Ha! ha! ha! better and better. Why, sir, *ton* means—*ton* is—Pho! what signifies where the root is? These kinds of words are the short hand of conversation, and convey whole sentences at once. All one likes is *ton,* and all one hates is *bore.*

Grad. And is that divine medium, which pourtrays our minds, and makes us *first* in the animal climax! is *speech* become so arbitrary, that—

Char. Divine medium! animal climax! (*Contemptuously.*) You know very well, the use of language is to express one's likes and dislikes—and a pig will do

this as effectually by its squeak, or a hen with her cackle, as you with your Latin and Greek.

Grad. What can I say to you?

Char. Nothing;—but yield yourself to my guidance, and you shall conquer Miss Doiley.

Grad. Conquer *her!* she's so incased with ridicule, there is not a single vulnerable spot about her.

Char. Pshaw, pshaw! What becomes of *her* ridicule when you have banish'd your absurdities! One can no more exist without the other, than the mundane system without air. There's a touch of my science for you. (*Aside.*

Grad. Madam, I'll take you for my Minerva—Cover me with your shield, and lead me to battle.

Char. Enough. In the first place, (*Leading him to a Glass.*) in the first place, don't you think you are habited *à la mode d'amour?* Did you ever see a Cupid in a grizzle wig, curled as stifly as Sir Cloudsley Shovel's in the Abbey? A dingy brown coat, with vellum button holes, to be sure, speaks an excellent taste: but then I would advise you to lay it by in lavender, for your grandson's christening—and here's cambric enough in your ruffles to make his shirt.

Grad. I perceive my error. The votaries of love commence a new childhood; and dignity would be as unbecoming in them, as a hornpipe to a Socrates—But habit is so strong, that, to gain an empress, I could not assume that careless air, that promptness of expression—

Char. Then you may give up the pursuit of Miss Doiley—for such a wise piece of *uprightness* would stand as good a chance to be secretary to the *coterie,* as her husband.

Grad. It is *Mr* Doiley, who will—

Char. *Mr* Doiley! ridiculous—Depend on't he'll let her marry just whom she will—This Mr Gradus, says he—why, I don't care a groat whether you

marry him or no, says he—there are fifty young fellows at Oxford who can talk Greek as well as he—

Grad. Indeed?

Char. I have heard a good account of the young man, says he. But all I ask of you is, to receive two visits from him—no more than *two* visits. If you don't like him—so; if you do, I'll give you half my fortune on the day of marriage, and the rest at my death.

Grad. What a singularity! to limit me to *two* visits --*One* is already past, and she hates me—What can I expect from the other?

Char. Every thing. It is a *moment* that decides the fate of a lover. Now fancy me Miss Doiley—swear I'm a divinity—then take my hand, and press it—thus.

Grad. Heavens! her touch has thrill'd me.

Char. And if I should pout and resent the liberty, make your apology on my lips. (Gradus *catches her in his Arms, and kisses her.*) So, so, you *have* fire, I perceive.

Grad. Can you give me any more lessons?

Char. Yes; but this is not the place. I have a friend—Mr Sandford, whom you saw here last night—you shall dine with him: he will initiate you at once in the fashionable rage, and teach you to trifle agreeably. You shall be equipp'd from his wardrobe, to appear here in the evening a man of the world—Adieu to Grizzles, and—

Grad. But what will the father think of such a metamorphosis?

Char. Study your mistress *only*—your visit will be to *her*, and that visit decides your fate. Resolve then to take up your new character boldly—in all its strongest lines, or give up one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom.

Grad. My obligations, madam—

Char. Don't stay, now, to run the risk of meeting

Mr Doiley—for, if he should discover that you have disgusted his daughter, Sandford, the dinner, and the plot, will be worth no more than your gravity. Away, I'll meet you at Story's Gate to introduce you.

(*Exit* GRADUS.

Enter Miss DOILEY.

Miss Doil. Excellent Charlotte! you've outgone my expectation—did ever a woodcock run so blindly into a snare?

Char. Oh, that's the way of all your great scholars —take them but an inch out of their road, and you may turn 'em inside out, as easily as your glove.

Miss Doil. Well, but have you seen Sandford?— Is every thing in train?—Will Gradus be hoodwink'd?

Char. Hoodwink'd! Why, don't you see he's already stark blind? or, if he *has* any eyes, I assure ye they are all for me.

Miss Doil. My heart palpitates with apprehension —We shall never succeed.

Char. Oh, I'll answer for the scholar, if you'll undertake the soldier. Mr Sandford has engaged half a dozen of the *Scavoir vivre*; all in high spirits at the idea of tricking old Leatherpurse—and they have sworn to exhaust wit and invention, to turn our Solon out of their hands a finished coxcomb.

Miss Doil. Blessing on their labours! My Granger is gone to study his rival; and, will make I hope a tolerable copy. Now follow Gradus, my dear Charlotte, and take care they give him just champagne enough to *raise* him to the point, without turning *over it*.

(*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment.*

DOILEY *asleep. A Table before him, with Bottles, &c. &c.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir! Sir! (*jogging him.*) Sir! What a pise! sure my master has drain'd the bottles, he sleeps so sound——Oh, no—(*pours out a Glass*)—Here's t'ye, old gentleman! can't think why they send me to wake thee—am sure the house is always quietest when you're a snoring——(*Drinks, then awakens him.*)

Doil. Hey!—how I—what! Is Mr Gradus come?

Serv. No, sir——but Mr Sandford's above stairs, and a mortal fine gentleman.

Doil. Fine gentleman!—aye—some rake, I suppose, that wants to sell an annuity——I wonder where Gradus is——past seven (*Looking at his Watch.*)

Serv. His friends keep the gentleman over a bottle, mayhap, sir, longer than he thought for.

Doil. He over a bottle?——more liker he's over some crabbed book—or watching what the moon's about, through a microscope. Come move the things; and empty them two bottoms into one bottle, and cork it up close,——d'ye hear——I wish Gradus was come ——Well, if I succeed in this one point, the devil may run away with the rest. Let the world go to loggerheads; grass grow upon 'Change: land-tax mount up; little Doiley is snug. Doiley, with a hundred thousand in annuities, and a son-in-law as wise as a chancellor, may bid defiance to wind and weather. (*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Drawing Room.*

Enter GRADUS, *led by* CHARLOTTE, *and followed by Mr* SANDFORD.

Char. Well, I protest this is an improvement!—Why, what with sattins and tassels, and spangles and foils, you look as fine as a chymist's shop by candle-light.

Grad. Madam do you approve———

Char. Oh, amazingly—I'll run and send Miss Doiley to admire you.

Grad (*Looking in a Glass.*) Oh, if our proctor could now behold me! he would never believe that figure to be Jeremy Gradus.

Sand. Very true, and I give ye joy. No one would conceive you'd ever been within gun-shot of a college.

Grad. What must I do with this?

Sand. Your *chapeau bras*—wear it thus. These hats are for the arm only.

Grad. A hat for the arm! what a subversion of ideas; Oh, Mr Sandford—if the sumptuary laws of Lycurgus——

San. Damn it! will you never leave off your college cant? I tell you once more—and, by Jupiter, if you don't attend to me, I'll give you up—I say, you must forget that such fellows ever existed—that there was ever a language but English—a classic but Ovid, or a volume but his Art of Love.

Grad. I will endeavour to form myself from your instructions—but tarry with me, I entreat you—if you should leave me——

Sand. I won't leave you. Here's your mistress—Now, Gradus, stand to your arms.

Grad. I'll do my best—but I could wish the purse-keeper was Miss Charlotte.

Enter Miss DOILEY.

Sand. Hush! Your devoted: allow me, madam, to introduce a gentleman to you, in whose affairs I am particularly interested—Mr Gradus.

Miss Doil. Mr Gradus! Is it possible?

Grad. Be not astonished, Oh lovely maiden, at my sudden change! Beauty is a talisman which works true miracles, and, without a fable, transforms mankind.

Miss Doil. Your transformation, I fear, is too sudden to be lasting——

Grad. Transformation! Resplendent Virgo! brightest constellation of the starry zone! I am but now *created*. Your charms, like the Promethean fire, have warm'd the clod to life, and rapt me to a new existence.

Miss Doil. But may I be sure you'll never take up your old rust again?

Grad. Never. Sooner shall Taurus with the Pisces join, Copernicus to Ptolemy resign the spheres, than I be what I was.

Miss Doil. I shall burst. (*Aside.*

Sand. Well, you've hit it off tolerably, for a *coup d'essai*—But prythee, Gradus, can't you talk in a style a little less fustian? You remember how those fine fellows conversed you saw at dinner; no sentences, no cramp words——all was ease and impudence.

Grad. Yes, I remember. Now the shell is burst, I shall soon be fledged.

DOILEY *entering starts back.*

Doil. Why, who the Dickens have we here?

Sand. So, there's the old genius!

Miss Doil. But I am convinced now——I am convinced now this is all put on—in your heart you are still Mr Gradus.

Grad. Yes, madam, still Gradus; but not that stiff

scholastic fool you saw this morning: No, no, I've learned that the acquisitions of which your father is so ridiculously fond, are useless lumber; that a man who knows more than his neighbours is in danger of being shut out of society: or, at best, of being invited at dinner once in a twelvemonth, to be exhibited like an antique bronze, or a porridge-pot from Herculaneum.

Doil. Zounds! 'tis he! I'm all over in a cold sweat. (*Behind.*)

Miss Doil. And don't you think learning the greatest blessing in the world?

Grad. Not I, truly, madam——Learning! a vile *bore!*

Doil. Do I stand upon my head or my heels?

Grad. I shall leave all those fopperies to the grey-beards at college. Let 'em chop logic, or make English hashes out of stale Hebrew, till they starve, for me.

Sand. This is your resolution?

Grad. Fixed as Ixion on his wheel. I have no study now but the *ton.*

Doil. Indeed!

Grad. You shall confess, my friend, in spite of prejudice, that 'tis possible for a man of letters to become a man of the world. You shall see that he can dress, grow an adept in the science of taste, ogle at the opera, be vociferous at the playhouse, suffer himself to be pigeon'd with an easy air at Boodle's, and lose his health for the benefit of his reputation in King's Place.

Miss Doil. Bless me! one would suppose you had been familiar in the *bon ton* all your life—you have all the requisites to make a *figure* in it, my heart.

Grad. The mere force of beauty, madam——I wished to become worthy of you, and that wish has work'd a miracle.

Doil. A miracle with a vengeance! Jacquet Droz'-wood and wire-work was nothing to it.

Miss Doil. How different from what you was this morning!

Grad. Oh, mention it not——This morning—may it be blotted from Time's ledger, and never thought on more! I abhor my former self, madam, more than you can: witness now the recantation of my errors. Learning, with all its tribe of solemn fopperies, I abjure—abjure for ever.

Doil. You do.

Grad. The study of what is vulgarly called philosophy, may suit a monk: but it is as unbecoming a gentleman, as loaded dice, or a brass-hilted sword.

Doil. Larning unbecoming a gentleman!—Very well!

Grad. Hebrew I leave to the Jew rabbies, Greek to the bench of bishops, Latin to the apothecaries, and astronomy to almanack makers.

Doil. Better and better.

Grad. The mathematics—mixed, pure, speculative, and practical, with their whole circle of sciences, I consign in a lump to old men who want blood, and to young ones who want bread. And now you've heard my whole abjuration.

DOILEY *rushing forward.*

Doil. Yes—and *I* have heard too—I have heard. Oh, that I should ever have been such a dolt, as to take thee for a man of larning!

Grad. Mr Doiley! (*Confounded.*)

Doil. What? don't be dash'd, man; go on with your abjurations, do. Yes, you'll make a shine in the tone?——Oh, that ever I should have been such a nincompoop!

Sand. My dear Mr Doiley, do not be in a heat. How can a man of your discernment—Now look at Gradus—I'm sure he's a much prettier fellow than he

was—his figure and his manner are quite different things.

Doil. Yes, yes, I can see that—I can see that—— Why, he has turn'd little Easop upside down—he's the lion in the skin of an ass. (*Walking about.*

Grad. I must retrieve myself in his opinion. The skin, Mr Doiley, may be put off; and be assured, that the mind which has once felt the sacred energies of wisdom, though it may assume, for a moment—

Miss Doil. So, so! (*Angrily.*

Sand. (*Apart.*) Hark ye, sir, that won't do. By heav'n, if you play retrogade, I'll forsake you on the spot. You are ruined with your mistress in a moment.

Grad. Dear madam! believe me, that as for—— What can I say!——How assimilate myself to two such opposite tastes? I stand reeling here between two characters, like a substantive between two adjectives.

Doil. You! you for to turn fop and maccaroni! Why, 'twould be as natural for a Jew rabbin to turn parson. An elephant in pinners—a bishop with a rattle and bells, couldn't be more posterous.

Sand. Nay, now, my dear Mr Doiley—

Doil. Dear me no dears. Why, if I wanted a maccaroni, I might have had choice; every alley from Hyde Park to Shadwell Dock swarms with 'em—genuine; and d'ye think I'll have an amphiberous thing —half and half, like the sea-calf at Sir Ashton's?

Sand. Oh, if that's all, an hundred to ten, Gradus will soon be as complete a character, as if he had never learnt his alpha beta: or known more of the classics than their names.

Doil. Oh, I warrant him. *Now,* what do ye think of the Scratchi, the Horsi, and the rest of 'em? aye?

Grad. Oh, a mere *bore!* a parcel of brawny untaught fellows, who knew no more of life than they did of Chinese. If they'd stood candidates for rank

in a college of taste, they'd have been returned *ignorantur*—Would they not, madam?

Miss Doil. Oh, certainly.—I could kiss the fellow, he has entered into my plot with such spirit. (*Exit.*

Doil. Why, you've been in wonderful haste to get rid of the igranter part—but as it happened, *that* was the only part I cared for; so now you may carry your hogs to another market; they won't do for me.

Grad. My hogs!

Doil. Aye, your boars—your improvements—your fashionable airs—your—in short, you are not the man I took you for; so you may trot back to college again; go, mister, and teach 'em the tone, do. Lord, how they'll stare! Jeremy Gradus, or the monkey returned from travel!

Sand. Upon my honour, you are too severe. Leave us, man—leave us—I'll settle your affair, I warrant. (*To* GRADUS.)

Grad. Not so easily, I fear—he sticks to his point like a rusty weather-cock—All my dependance is on the lady.

Sand. You'll allow Gradus to speak to Miss Doiley.

Doil. Oh, aye, to be sure—the more *he* speaks the less she'll like him. Here, shew Mr Gradus the dressing-room. (*Exit* GRADUS.) Give her another dose; surfeit her by all means.—Why, sure, Mr Sandford, you had no hand in transmogrifying the——

Sand. Yes, faith I had. I couldn't endure the idea of seeing your charming daughter tied to a collection of Greek apothegms, and Latin quotations; so I endeavoured to English him.

Doil. English him! I take it shocking ill of you, Mr Sandford—that I must tell you—Here are all my hopes gone like a whiff of tobacco!

Sand. Pho! my dear Mr Doiley, this attachment of yours to scholarship is a mere whim—

Doil. Whim!—Well, suppose it is, I will have my whim. Worked hard forty years, and saved above

twice as many thousand pounds; and if so much labour, and so much money, won't entitle a man to whim, I don't know what the devil should.

Sand. Nor I either, I'm sure.

Doil. To tell you a bit of a secret—lack of larning has been my great detriment. If I'd been a scholar, there's no knowing what I mought have got——my plumb might have been two—my—

Sand. Why, doubtless a little classical knowledge might have been useful in driving your bargains for Russia tallow, and whale blubber.

Doil. Aye, to be sure! And I do verily believe it hindered me from being Lord Mayor—only think of that—Lord Mayor of London!

Sand. How so?

Doil. Why I tended the common council and all the parish meetings for fifteen years, without daring for to make one arangue; at last a westry was called about chusing of a turncock. So now, thinks I, I'll shew 'em what I'm good for.—Our alderman was in the purples—so, thinks I, if he tips off, why not I as well as another?—So I'll make a speech about patrots, and then ax for their votes.

Sand. Very judicious!

Doil. If you'll believe me, I got up three times—Silence! says Mr Cryer; and my tongue grew so dry with fright, that I couldn't wag it; so I was forced to squat down again, 'midst horse-laughs; and they nick-named me Dummy, through the whole ward.

Sand. Wicked rogues! Well, I ask your pardon—I had no idea of these important reasons. Yet, how men differ! Now the family of Sir Wilford Granger are quite distressed by the obstinate attachment to the sciences of that fine young fellow I told you of this morning.

Doil. Aye! What's he Sir Wilford Granger's son? Knew his father very well—kept a fine study of

horses, and lost many thousands by it; lent him money many a time—good man—always punctual.

Sand. Aye, sir, but this youth disappointed all his hopes. Mighty pleasant, to see a young fellow, formed to possess life in all its points and bewitching varieties, shrink from the world, and bury himself amidst obsolete books, systems, and schisms, whilst pleasure wooes him to her soft embrace, and joy solicits him in vain! Oh, it gave his father great trouble.

Doil. Great trouble! Dear me, dear me! I always thought Sir Wilford had been a wiser man—Why, *I* would have given the world for such a son.

Sand. He swallows it rarely! (*Aside.*)—Oh, he piques himself on such trifles as reading the Greek and Latin authors in their own tongues, and mastering all the quibbles of our English philosophers—

Doil. English philosophers! I wouldn't give a farthing for *them.*

Sand. Why, sure you have heard of a Bacon, a Locke, a Newton——

Doil. Newton! oh, aye—I have heard of Sir Isaac—every body has heard of Sir Isaac—great man—Master of the Mint.

Sand. Oh, sir! this youth has found a dozen mistakes in his theories, and proved him wrong in one or two of his calculations. In short, he is advised to give the world a system of his own, in which, for aught I know, he'll prove the earth to be concave instead of spherical, and the moon to be no bigger than a punch-bowel.

Doil. (*Aside.*) He's the man——he's the man!——Look'e, Mr Sandford, you've given a description of this young fellow, that's set my blood in a ferment. *Do* you—now, my dear friend, *do* you think now that you could prevail upon him to marry my daughter?

Sand. Why, I don't know——neither beauty nor

gold has charms for him. Knowledge—knowledge is his mistress.

Doil. Aye! I'm sorry for that—and yet I'm glad of it too. Now, see what ye can do with him—see what ye can do with him!

Sand. Well, well, I'll try. He promised to call on me here this evening, in his way to the Museum. I don't know whether he isn't below now.

Doil. Below now! Ifackins, that's lucky—hang *me* if it isn't! Do, go and—and speak to him a bit —and bring him up—bring him up. Tell him, if he'll marry Elizabeth, I'll *give* him, that is, I'll *leave* him every farthing I have in the world.

San. Well, since you are so very earnest, I'll see what I can do. *(Exit.*

Doil. Thank'e, thank'e! I'cod! I'll buy him twice as many books as a college library, but what I'll bribe him—that I will. What the dickens can Elizabeth be about with that thing there, that Gradus! He a man of larning! Hang me if I don't believe his head's as hallow as my cane. Shure she can't have taken a fancy to the smattering monkey! Ho, there they are—here he comes! Why there's Greek and Algebra in his face.

Enter SANDFORD *and* GRANGER *dressed in black.*

Mr Granger, your very humble sarvant, sir,—I'm very glad to see you, sir.

Grang. I thank you, sir, *(Very solemnly.*

Doil. I knew your father, sir, as well as a beggar knows his dish. Mayhap Mr Sandford told you that I wanted for to bring you and my daughter acquainted—I'll go and call her in.

Grang. 'Tis unnecessary.

Doil. He seems a mighty silent man. *(Apart.*

Sand. Studying—studying. Ten to one he's forming a discourse Arabic, or revolving one of Euclid's problems.

Doil. Couldn't you set him a talking a bit? I long for to hear him talk.

Sand. Come, man! forget the old sages a moment. Can't the idea of Miss Doiley give a fillip to your imagination?

Grang. Miss Doiley, I'm informed, is as lovely as a woman can be. But what is woman?—Only one of Nature's agreeable blunders.

Doil. Hum! That smacks of something! (*Aside.*) Why, as to that, Mr Granger, a woman with no portion but her whims, might be but a kind of a Jew's bargain; but when fifty thousand is popt into the scale, she must be bad indeed, if her husband does not find her a pen'worth.

Grad. With men of the world, Mr Doiley, fifty thousand pounds might have their weight; but, in the balance of philosophy, gold is light as dephlogisticated air.

Doil. That's deep—I can make nothing of it—that must be deep. (*Aside.*) Mr Granger! the great account I have heard of your larning, and what not, has made me willing for to be a kin to you.

Grang. Mr Sandford suggested to me your design, sir; and as you have so nobly proposed your daughter as the prize of learning, I have an ambition to be related to you.

Doil. (*Aside.*) But I'll see a bit farther into him though, first. Now pray, Mr Granger! pray now—a—I say (*To* SAND.) Ax him some deep question, that he may shew himself a bit.

Sand. What the devil shall I say? A deep question you would have it? Let me see!—Oh, Granger, is it your opinion that the ancient antipodes walked erect, or crawled on all four?

Grang. A thinking man always doubts—but the best informations concur, that they were quadrupedes during two revolutions of the sun, and bipedes ever after.

Doil. Quadpedes! Bipedes! What a fine man he is! (*Aside.*

Sand. A surprising transformation!

Grang. Not more surprising than the transformation of an eruca to a chrysalis, a chrysalis to a nymph, and a nymph to a butterfly.

Doil. There again! I see it will do—I see it will do—aye, that I will—hang me if I don't. (*Aside.*

(*Exit, chuckling and laughing.*

Grang. What's he gone off for, so abruptly?

Sand. For his daughter, I hope. Give ye joy, my dear fellow! the nymph, the eruca, and the chrysalis have won the day.

Grang. How shall I bound my happiness? My dear Sandford, that was the luckiest question, about the antipodes.

Sand. Yes, pretty successful. Have you been at your studies?

Grang. Oh, I've been in the Dictionary this half hour; and have picked up cramp words enough to puzzle and delight the old gentleman the remainder of his life.

Sand. Here he is, faith—

Gran. And Elizabeth with him—I hear her dear footsteps! Oh, how shall I——

Doil. (*Without*) Come along, I say—what a plague are you so modest for? Come in here, (*Pulls in* Gradus *by the Arm*) Here, I've brought him—one of your own kidney—ha! ha! ha! Now I'll lay you a gallon you can't guess what I've brought him for; I've brought him—ha! ha! ha! for to pit him against you (*to* Granger) to see which of you two is the most larned—ha! ha!

Grang. Ten thousand devils, plagues, and furies!

Sand. Here's a blow up!

Doil. Why, for all he looks so like a nincompoop in this pye-pick'd jacket, he's got his noddle full of Greek and Algebra, and them things. Why, Gradus,

don't stand aloof, man—this is a brother scholar, I tell ye.

Grad. A scholar! *all* who have earn'd that distinction are my brethren. *Carissme frater, gaudeo te videre.*

Grang. Sir—you—I——most obedient. I wish thou wert in the bottom of the Red Sea, and the largest folio in thy library about thy neck. (*Aside.*)

Sand. For heaven's sake, Mr Doiley, what do you mean?

Doil. Mean! why I mean for to pit 'em, to be sure, and to give Elizabeth to the winner.—Touch him up, touch him up! (*To* GRANGER.) Shew him what a fool he is.

Sand. Why, sure you won't set them together by the ears!

Doil, No, no; but I'm resolved to set them together by the tongues. To cut the business short—Mr Gradus! you are to be sure a great dab at larning, and what not; but I'll bet my daughter, and fifty thousand to boot, that Granger beats ye—and he that wins shall have her.

Grang. Heavens, what a stake! 'Tis sufficient to inspire a dolt with the tongues of Babel.

Sand. My dear friend, think of the indelicacy——

Doil. Fiddle-de-dee!—I tell you, I will have my whim—and so, Gradus, set off. By Jenkin! you'll find it a tough business to beat Granger—he's one of your great genis men—going to write a book about Sir Isaac, and the Moon, and the devil knows what.

(*Miss* DOIL. *and* CHARL. *enter at the back of the Stage.*)

Grad. If so, the more glorious will be my victory. Come, sir, let us enter the lists, since it must be so, for this charming prize. (*Pointing to Miss* DOILEY.) Chuse your weapons—Hebrew—Greek—Latin, or English. Name your subject; we will pursue it syllogistically, or socratically, as you please.

Grang. (*Aside.*) Curse your syllogisms, and Socraticisms!

Doil. No, no; I'll not have no English—What a plague! every shoe-black jabbers English—so give us a touch of Greek to set off with. Come, Gradus, you begin.

Miss Doil. Undone! undone!

Grad. If it is merely a recitation of Greek that you want, you shall be gratified. An epigram that occurs to me, will give you an idea of that sublime language.

Char. (*Aside.*) Oh, confound your sublime language!

Grad. *Panta gelos, kai panta konis kai panta to meden*

Panta gar exalagon, esti taginomena.

Doil. *Panta tri pantry!* Why, that's all about the pantry. What, the old Grecians loved tit-bits, mayhap; but that's low! ay, Sandford!

Sand. Oh, cursed low! he might as well have talked about a pig-stye.

Doil. Come, Granger, now for it! Elizabeth and fifty thousand pounds!

Grang. Yes, sir. I—I—am not much prepared; I could wish—I could wish—Sandford! (*Apart.*

Sand. Zounds! say something—any thing!

Char. (*Aside.*) Eigh! it's all over. He could as easily furnish the ways and means, as a word in Greek.

Doil. Hoity, toity! What, at a stand! Why, sure you can talk Greek as well as Gradus.

Grang. 'Tis a point I cannot decide; you must determine it. Now, impudence, embrace me with thy seven-fold shield! Zanthus, I remember, in describing such a night as this—

Grad. Zanthus! you surely err. Homer mentions but one being of that name, except a river, and he was a horse.

Grang. Sir, he was an orator; and such an one, that Homer records, the Gods themselves inspired him.

Grad. True, sir; but you won't deny——

Doil. Come, come! I sha'n't have no browbeating; nobody offered for to contradict you; so begin. (*To* GRANGER.) What said orator Zanthus?

Grang. Yon lucid orb, in æther pensile, irradiates the expanse. Refulgent scintillations, in the ambient void opake, emit humid splendor. Chrysalic spheroids the horizon vivify—astifarious constellations, nocturnal sporades, in refrangerated radii, illume our orb terrene.

Miss Doil. I breathe again! (*Aside.*

Doil. There, there! Well spoke, Granger! Now, Gradus, beat that!

Grad. I am enwrapt in astonishment! You are imposed on, sir. Instead of classical language, you have heard a rant in English——

Doil. English! zounds! d'ye take me for a fool? D'ye think I don't know my own mother-tongue!—'Twas no more like English, than I am like Whitington's cat.

Grad. It was every syllable English,

Doil. There's impudence! There wasn't no word of it English. If you take that for English, devil take me if I believe there was a word of Greek in all your *tri-pantrys.*

Grad. Oh! the torture of ignorance!

Doil. Ignorant! Come, come, none of your tricks upon travellers. I know you mean all that as a skit upon my edication; but I'll have you to know, sir, that I'll read the hardest chapter of Nehemiah with you, for your ears.

Grad. I repeat that you are imposed on. Mr Sandford, I appeal to you.

Grang. And I appeal—

Sand. Nay, gentlemen, Mr Doiley is your judge in all disputes concerning the vulgar tongue.

Doil. Aye, to be sure I am. Who cares for your peals? I peal too; and I tell you I won't be imposed on. Here, Elizabeth; I have got ye a husband, at last, to my heart's content.

Miss Doil. Him, sir! You presented that gentleman to me this morning, and I have found such a fund of merit in him—

Doil. In he! what, in that beau-bookworm! that argufies me down, I don't know English? Don't go for to provoke me; bid that Mr Granger welcome to my house; he'll soon be master on't.

Miss Doil. Sir, in obedience to the commands of my father—(*Significantly*)—

Doil. Sha'n't say obedience; say something kind to him of yourself.——He's a man after my own heart.

Miss Doil. Then sir, without reserve, I acknowledge, your choice of Mr Granger is perfectly agreeable to mine.

Doil. That's my dear Bet! (*Kissing her.*) We'll have the wedding directly. There! d'ye understand that, Mr Tri-Pantry?—is that English?

Grad. Yes, so plain, that it has exsuscitated my understanding. I perceive I have been duped.

Doil. Aye, well! I had rather you should be the dupe than me.

Grad. Well, sir, I have no inclination to contest, if the lovely Charlotte will perform her promise.

Char. Agreed! provided that, in your character of husband, you will be as singular and old-fashioned as the wig you wore this morning.

Doil. What, cousin! have you taken a fancy to the scholar? Egad, you're a cute girl, and mayhap may be able to make something of him; and I don't care if I throw in a few hundreds, that you mayn't repent your bargain. Well, now I've settled this affair exactly to my own mind, I am the happiest man in the world. And, d'ye hear, Gradus? I don't love for to hear ma-

lice; if you'll trot back to college, and larn the difference between Greek and English, why, you may stand a chance to be tutor, when they've made me a grandfather.

Grad. I have had enough of languages. You see I have just engaged a tutor to teach me to read the world; and if I play my part there as well as I did at Brazen-Nose, your indulgence will grant me applause. (*Exeunt.*

LOVE A LA MODE,

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

CHARLES MACKLIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Theodore Goodchild,	*Mr Davenport.*
Sir Archy Macsarcasm,	*Mr Cooke.*
Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan,	*Mr Waddy.*
Squire Groom,	*Mr Lewis.*
Mr Mordecai,	*Mr Simmons.*
Miss Charlotte,	*Miss Logan.*

LOVE A LA MODE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter Sir THEODORE *and* CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Nay, there can be no harm in a little mirth, guardian; even those who happen to be the objects must prove the justice of it.

Sir T. But consider, Charlotte, what will the world say of me? will it not be in every mouth, that Sir Theodore Goodchild was a very imprudent man, in combining with his ward to turn her lovers into ridicule?

Charl. Not at all, sir; the world will applaud the mirth; especially when they know what kind of lovers they are, and that the sole motive of their addresses was the lady's fortune. Well, sure, since the days of giants and enchanted castles, no poor damsel has been besieged by such a group of odd mortals. Let me review my equipage of lovers! the first upon the list is a beau Jew, who, in spite of nature and education, sets up for a wit, a gentleman, and a man of taste.

Sir T. Aye, laugh at him as much as you will.

Charl. The next is a downright English—Newmarket, stable-bred gentleman jockey, who, having ruined his finances by dogs, grooms, cocks, and

horses, and such polite company, now thinks to retrieve his affairs by a matrimonial match with a city fortune.

Sir T. Ha, ha, ha! I find, madam, you have perused the squire with great exactness.

Charl. Pretty well, sir. To this Newmarket wight succeeds a proud, haughty, Caledonian knight; whose tongue, like the dart of death, spares neither sex nor age; it leaves none unvisited. All dread, and all feel it.

Sir T. Yes, yes, his insolence of family, and licentiousness of wit, have gained him the contempt and general toleration of mankind; but we must not look upon his spleen and ill-nature, my dear, as a national, but a personal vice.

Charl. As such, sir, I always understand, and laugh at him.—Well, of all my swains, he is the most whimsical; his passion is to turn every mortal into ridicule; even I, the object of his flame, cannot escape; for while his avarice courts my fortune, his pride despises and sneers at my birth.

Sir T. That, Charlotte, is only to shew his wit.

Charl. True, sir.—The next in Cupid's train is your nephew, guardian, a wild Irish, Prussian, hard-headed soldier, whose military humour, and fondness for his profession, make me fancy sometimes that he was not only born in a siege, but that Bellona had been his nurse, Mars his schoolmaster, and the Furies his playfellows.—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir T. Ha, ha, ha! O fye, Charlotte, how can you be so severe upon my poor nephew?

Charl. Upon my honour, Sir Theodore, I don't mean to be severe, for I like his character extremely; ha, ha!

Sir T. Well, well, notwithstanding your mirth, madam, I assure you, he has gained the highest esteem in his profession. But what can you expect, my dear, from a soldier, a mere rough-hewn soldier,

who, at the age of fifteen, would leave Ireland, his friends, and every other pursuit, to go a volunteer into the Prussian service, and there he has lived seventeen years; so that I don't suppose he has six ideas out of his own profession. Garrisons and camps have been the courts and academies that have formed him; but he ever had, from a child, a kind of military madness.

Charl. O, I am in love with his warlike humour, I think it highly entertaining.

Sir T. As he has not made any direct addresses to you, Charlotte, let me inform him how improper such a step would be, and even let us leave him out of our scheme to-night.

Charl. O, sir, impossible! our day's sport, our plot, our every thing, would be imperfect without him; why, I intend him to be the leading instrument in the concert. One cannot possibly do without Sir Callaghan Brall—Bra—Brall—Pray, guardian, learn me to pronounce my lover's name.

Sir T. Thou art a mad creature! well, madam, I will indulge your wicked mirth. His name is Callaghan O'Brallaghan.

Charl. O shocking! Callaghan O'Brallaghan! why, it is enough to choke one; and is as difficult to pronounce as a Welsh pedigree. Why, if the fates should bring us together, I shall be obliged to hire an Irish interpreter, to go about with me, to teach the people to pronounce my name; ha, ha, ha!

Sir T. You may laugh, madam, but he is as proud of that name as any of your lovers are of their titles. I suppose they all dine here.

Charl. Certainly! all but Squire Groom.

Sir T. O! you must not expect him; he is at York, he was to ride his great match there yesterday. He will not be here, you may be sure. Let me see:—what is't o'clock?—almost three.—Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Order the coach to the door.

Serv. 'Tis ready, sir.

Sir T. I will but just step to Lincoln's Inn Hall, and see what they are doing in your cause; it is to be ended to-day. By the time I return, I suppose, your company will be come. A good morning to you, Charlotte.

Charl. Sir, a good morning.

[*Exit Sir* THEODORE.

Mordecai. [*Sings Italian without.*] Sir Theodore, your humble servant.

Sir T. [*Without.*] Mr Mordecai, your most obedient.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr Mordecai, madam.

Charl. Shew him in. [*Exit Servant.*

Morde. [*Without.*] I see your coach is at the door. Sir Theodore, you dine with us, I hope?

Sir T. [*Without.*] Certainly. You'll find Miss Charlotte within. Your servant.

Morde. [*Without.*] Yours, Sir Theodore.

Enter MORDECAI, *singing an Italian Air, and addressing* CHARLOTTE *fantastically.*

Charl. O caro, caro, carissimo.

Morde. Voi sete molto cortese! anima mia! here let me kneel, and pay my softest adoration; and thus, and thus, in amorous transport breathe my last.

[*Kisses her hand.*

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! softly, softly! you would not sure breathe your last yet, Mr Mordecai.

Morde. Why, no, madam, I would live a little longer for your sake. [*Bowing very low.*

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! you are infinitely polite—but a truce with your gallantry—why, you are as gay as

the sun; I think I never saw any thing better fancied than that suit of yours, Mr Mordecai.

Morde. Ha, ha! a—well enough—just as my tailor fancied—ha, ha, ha! do you like it, madam?

Charl. Quite elegant: I don't know any one about town deserves the title of beau, better than Mr Mordecai.

Morde. O dear madam, you are very obliging.

Charl. I think you are called Beau Mordecai by every body.

Morde. Yes, madam, they do distinguish me by that title, but I don't think I merit the honour.

Charl. No body more: for I think you are always by far the finest man in town. But do you know that I have heard of your extraordinary court the other night, at the opera, to Miss Sprightly?

Morde. O heavens, madam, how can you be so severe? that the woman has designs, I stedfastly believe; but as to me—oh!—

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! nay, nay, you must not deny it: for my intelligence is from very good hands.

Morde. Pray, who may that be?

Charl. Sir Archy Macsarcasm.

Morde. Oh, shocking! the common Pasquin of the town; besides, madam, you know he's my rival, and not very remarkable for veracity in his narrations.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! I cannot say he's a religious observer of truth, but his humour always makes amends for his invention. You must allow he has humour, Mr Mordecai.

Morde. O cuor mio! how can you think so? bating his scandal, dull, dull as an alderman, after six pounds of turtle, four bottles of port, and twelve pipes of tobacco.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! O surfeiting! surfeiting!

Morde. The man indeed has something droll—something ridiculous in him;—his abominable Scots accent, his grotesque visage, almost buried in snuff, the

roll of his eyes, and twist of his mouth, his strange inhuman laugh, his tremendous periwig, and his manner altogether, indeed, has something so caricaturely risible in it, that, ha, ha, ha! may I die, madam, if I don't always take him for a mountebank-doctor at a Dutch fair.

Charl. Oh, oh! what a picture has he drawn? why you're as severe in your portraits as Sir Archy himself.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir Archy Macsarcasm is below, madam.

Charl. Shew him up. [*Exit Servant.*

Morde. Don't you think, madam, he is a horrid, foul-mouthed, uncouth fellow? he is worse to me, madam, than asafœtida, or a tallow chandler's shop, in the dog-days; his filthy high-dried poisons me, and his scandal is grosser than a hackney news writer's: madam, he is as much despised by his own countrymen, as by the rest of the world. The better sort of Scotland never keep him in company; but that is entre nous, entre nous.

Sir A. [*Speaks without.*] Randol, bid Sawney be here with the chariot at eight o'clock exactly.

Enter Sir Archy.—Mordecai *runs up to embrace him.*

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! my cheeld of circumcision, gee us a wag of thy loof; hoo dun ye do, my bonny Girgishite?

Morde. Always at your service, Sir Archy:—he stinks worse than a Scotch snuff-shop. [*Aside.*

Sir A. Weel, Mordecai, I see yee are as deeligent in the service o' yeer mistress, as in the service of yeer leuking glass, for yeer face and yeer thoughts are always turned upon the one or the other.

Morde. And I see your wit, Sir Archy, like a lawyer's tongue, will ever retain its usual politeness and good nature.

Charl. [*Coming forward.*] Ha, ha, ha! civil and witty on both sides. Sir Archy, your most obedient. [*Curtseys.*

Sir A. Ten thousand pardons, madam, I did na' observe ye; I hope I see yeer ladyship weel; Ah! you look like a deeveenity. [*Bowing awkwardly and low.*

Charl. Sir Archy, this is immensely gallant.

Sir A. Weel, madam, I see my friend Mordecai here is determined to bear away the prize frai us all! Ha, ha, ha! he is trick'd out in aw the coulours of the rainbow.

Charl. Mr Mordecai is always well dress'd, Sir Archy.

Sir A. Upon honour he is as fine as a jay. Turn aboot, man, turn aboot, let us view yeer finery: step along, and let us see yeer shapes—he has a bonny march wi' him: vary weel, vary elegant. Ha, ha, ha! guid traith, I think I never saw a tooth-drawer better dressed in aw my life. [*Viewing and admiring his dress.*

Charl. Ha, ha, ha!

Morde. You are very polite, sir.

Charl. But, Sir Archy, what is become of my Irish lover, your friend, Sir Callaghan? I hope he dines here.

Sir A. Ah, ah! guid faith, wool he! I have brought him along wi' me.

Charl. What! is he in the house?

Sir A. Ay, in this very mansion, madam; for ye mun ken, that like the monarchs of awld, I never travel noo without my fool.

Charl. Then, pray, Sir Archy, exhibit your fool.

Morde. Let's have a slice of him.

Sir A. Jauntly, jauntly, not so fast! he is not in reeght order yet.

Charl. How do you mean, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Madam, as we came heether, I counsell'd

him to wreete a loove epestle till ye, by way of introduction tull his courtship! he is now aboot it below stairs, and in ten meenutes yee mun leuck to see an amorous bellet, sick as has nai ben penn'd sin the days of Don Quixote;—Ha, ha, ha!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Charl. O charming! I shall be impatient till I see his passion upon paper.

Sir A. Guid faith, madam, he has done that already; for he has composed a jargon, that he calls a sonnet, upon his bewitching Charlotte, as he tarms you. Mordecai, yee have heard him sing it.

Morde. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, I have heard him roar it. Madam, we had him last night at the tavern, and made him give it to us in an Irish howl, that might be heard from hence to West Chester.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! why ye have a devellish deal of wit, Mordecai.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! I must hear this song.

Morde. Madam, your servant;—I will leave Sir Archy to entertain you for a few minutes.

Charl. You are not going, Mr Mordecai?

Morde. Madam, I am only going down stairs, to see if Sir Callaghan is disengaged; and if he be, to have a laugh at him before dinner, by way of a whet—that's all, madam, only by way of a whet.

[*Going.*

Sir A. But, hark'e, Mordecai, not a seelable o' the letter.

Morde. O never fear me, Sir Archy, I am as secret as a spy. [*Exit.*

Sir A. What a fantastical baboon this Eesrelite makes of himself. The fellow is the mockery of the whole nation.

Charl. Why, to say the truth, he is entertaining, Sir Archy.

Sir A. O yes, he is rediculous, therefore very useful in society,—for wherever he comes there must be

laughter.—But, now, madam, eef yee please, a word or twa of oor ain maiters; ye see I do na paster yee with flames, and darts, and seeghings, and lamentations, and freevolous protestations, like yeer silly loovers in a romance; for yee ken, I awways speak my thoughts wi' a blunt integrity:—madam, I loove you, and guin I did not, I would scorn to say it.

Charl. O, Sir Archy, all the world allows you sincerity, which is the most valuable quality a friend or a lover can possess.

Sir A. Vary true, madam, therefore I cannot help giving yee aboot ye, who caw themselves yeer lovers.—Squire Groom, doubtless, is a man of honour, and my vary guid friend, but he is a baggar, a baggar; and, touching this Mordecai, the fellow is wealthy, 'tis true; yes, yes, he is wealthy, but he is a reptile, a mere reptile! and, as to the Irishman, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, the fallow is weel enough to laugh at, but I wou'd ha' yee leuk aboot yee there, for yee ken that yeer guardian is his uncle; and, to my certain knowledge, there is a deseeign upon yeer fortune in that quarter, depend upon it.

Charl. Very possible, Sir Archy, very possible; for a woman's fortune, I believe, is the principal object of every lover's wish.

Sir A. Madam, yeer observation is very orthodox, in truth—as to Mordecai, Sir Callaghan, Squire Groom, and sic like fellows, but men of honour! men of honour, madam, have other principles. I assure yee, lady, the tenure of my affection is nai for yeer pecuniar, but for the mental graces of yeer soul, and the deevene parfections of yeer body, which are indeed to me a Peru and a Mexico.

Charl. O, Sir Archy, you overwhelm me.

Sir A. Madam, I speak upon the verity of mine honour; beside, madam, guin ye marry me, ye wood marry a man of sobreeity and œconomy; 'tis true, I

am not in the high-day of blood, yet, as the poet sings, far fra the vale of years; not like your young flashy whupsters, that go off like a squib or a cracker, on a rejoicing night, in a noise and a stanch, and are never heard of after.

Charl. You are certainly right, Sir Archy, the young fellows of fashion are mere trifles.

Sir A. They are baubles, madam, absolute baubles and prodigals; tharefore yee should preponderate the maiter weel, before yee mak yeer election. Consider, madam, there is nai scant of wealth or honour in oor fameely. Lady, we hai in the hoose of Macsarcasm, twa barons, three viscounts, six earls, yane marquisate, and twa dukes—besides baronets and lairds oot of aw reckoning.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. What gars yee laugh, madam?

Charl. I beg your pardon, sir; but—ha, ha, ha! I am laughing to—ha, ha, ha! to think what a—ha, ha! a number of noble relations I shall have.

Sir A. Faith wool ye, madam, and other guess fameelies than ye hai in this part of the world. Odzwunds, madam, there is as much deeference betweext our nobeelity of the north, and yours o' th' south, as there is betwixt a haund of blood and a mungrel.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! Pray how do you make out that, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Why, madam, in Scotland, aw our nobeelity are sprung frai monarchs, warriors, heroes, and glorious achievements; now, here i' th' south, ye are aw sprung frai sugar hogsheads, rum puncheons, wool packs, hop sacks, iron bars, and tar jackets;—in short, ye are a composition of Jews, Turks, and refugees, and of aw the commercial vagrants of the land and sea—a sort of amphibious breed ye are.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! we are a strange mixture indeed, nothing like so pure and noble as you are in the north.

Sir A. O naithing like it, madam, naithing like it —we are of anaither kadney. "Now, madam, as yee yoursel are nai weel propagated, as yee hai the misfortune to be a cheeld o' commerce, yee should endeavour to mack yeer espousals intul yean of bor auncient noble fameelies of the north; for yee mun ken, madam, that sic an alliance wull purify yeer blood, and gi yee a rank and consequence in the world, that aw yeer palf, were it as muckle as the bank of Edenburgh, could not purchase for you.

Charl. Very true, Sir Archy, very true; upon my word, your advice is friendly and impartial, and I will think of it.

Enter MORDECAI.

Morde. Here he is! he is coming, madam! he is but just giving some orders to his servant about his baggage and post-horses.

Charl. I hope he is not going away.

Morde. Troth he is, madam; he is impatient to be with the army in Germany.

Sir CALLAGHAN *and Servant within.*

Sir C. Is Sir Archy Macsarcasm and the lady this way, do you say, young man?

Ser. Yes, sir.

Sir C. Then I'll trouble you with no further ceremony.

Enter Sir CALLAGHAN.

Sir C. Madam, I am your most devoted and most obedient humble servant, and am proud to have the honour of kissing your fair hand this morning.

[*Salutes her.*

Charl. Sir Callaghan, your humble servant—I am sorry to hear we are likely to lose you. I was in hopes the campaign had been quite over in Germany for this winter.

Sir C. Yes, madam, it was quite over, but it begun again: a true genius never loves to quit the field till he has left himself nothing to do; for then, you know, madam, he can keep it with more safety.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. Vary true, sir, vary true. But, Sir Callaghan, just as yee enter'd the apartment, the lady was urging she shou'd like it mightily, gin yee wou'd favour her wi' a sleeght narrative of the late transactions and battles in Germany.

Charl. If Sir Callaghan would be so obliging.

Sir C. O, dear madam, don't ax me.

Charl. Sir, I beg pardon; I would not press any thing that I thought might be disagreeable to you.

Sir C. O, dear madam, it is not for that; but it rebutes a man of honour to be talking to ladies of battles, and sieges, and skrimages—it looks like gasconading and making the fanfaron. Besides, madam, I give you my honour, there is no such thing in nature as making a true description of a battle.

Charl. How so, sir?

Sir C. Why, madam, there is so much doing every where, there is no knowing what is done any where; for every man has his own part to look after, which is as much as he can do, without minding what other people are about. Then, madam, there is such drumming and trumpeting, firing and smoking, fighting and rattling every where—and such an uproar of courage and slaughter in every man's mind—and such a delightful confusion altogether, that you can no more give an account of it than you can of the stars in the sky.

Sir A. As I shall answer it, I think it a very descriptive accoont that he gives of a battle.

Charl. Admirable! and very entertaining.

Morde. O delightful!

Sir A. Mordecai, ask him some questions—to him.

—to him, mun—hai a leetle fun wi' him—smoke him, smoke him, rally him, mun, rally him.

[*Whispering.*

Morde. I'll do it, I'll do it—yes, I will smoke the captain.—Well, and pray, Sir Callaghan, how many might you kill in a battle?

Sir C. Sir!

Morde. I say, sir, how many might you have kill'd in any one battle?

Sir C. Kill? Um!—Why, I generally kill more in a battle than a coward would choose to look upon, or than an impertinent fellow would be able to eat.—Ha!—are you answer'd, Mr Mordecai?

Morde. Yes, yes, sir, I am answer'd. He is a devilish droll fellow—vastly queer.

Sir A. Yes, he is vary queer.—But yee were very sharp upon him.—Odswunds, at him again, at him again—have another cut at him.

Morde. Yes, I will have another cut at him.

Sir A. Do, do.—He wull bring himself intill a damn'd scrape presently. [*Aside.*

Morde. [*Going to Sir* CALLAGHAN *and sneering at him.*] He, he, he! but heark'e, Sir Callaghan—he, he, he!—give me leave to tell you now, if I was a general——

Sir C. You a general! faith then, you would make a very pretty general! [*Turns* MORDECAI *about.*] Pray, madam, look at the general—ha, ha, ha!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. O my dear Mr Mordecai, be advised, and don't prate about generals; it is a very hard trade to learn, and requires being in the field late and early—a great many frosty nights and scorching days—to be able to eat and drink, and laugh and rejoice, with danger on one side of you, and death on the other—and a hundred things beside, that you know no more of than I do of being a high priest of a synagogue; so hold your tongue about generals, Mr Mordecai,

and go and mind your lottery-tickets, and your cent. per cent. in 'Change-alley.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! he hath tickled up the Israelite —he hai gin it the Moabite on baith sides of his lugs.

Charl. But, Sir Callaghan, sure you must have been in imminent danger in the variety of actions you have gone through.

Sir C. Ho! to be sure, madam, who would be a soldier without danger? Danger, madam, is a soldier's greatest glory, and death his best reward.

Morde. Ha, ha, ha! that is an excellent bull! death a reward! Pray, Sir Callaghan, no offence I hope, how do you make death being a reward?

Sir C. How! Why don't you know that?

Morde. Not I, upon honour.

Sir C. Why, a soldier's death, in the field of battle, is a monument of fame, that makes him as much alive, as Cæsar, or Alexander, or any dead hero of them all.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Charl. Very well explain'd, Sir Callaghan.

Sir A. Axcellently weel! very logically, and like a true hero.

Sir C. Why, madam, when the history of the English campaigns in America comes to be written, there is your own brave young general, that died the other day in the field of battle before Quebec, will be alive to the end of the world.

Charl. You are right, Sir Callaghan, his virtues, and those of his fellow soldiers, in that action—aye, and of those that plann'd it too, will be remember'd by their country, while Britain or British gratitude has a being.

Sir A. Oh! the Highlanders did guid service in that action—they cut them, and slash'd them, and whapt them aboot, and play'd the vary deevil wi' 'em,

sir. There is nai sic thing as standing a Highlander's Andrew Ferara; they wull slaughie off a fellow's head at one dash, slap; it was they that did the business at Quebec.

Sir C. I dare say they were not idle, for they are tight fellows. Give me your hand, Sir Archy; I assure you your countrymen are good soldiers—aye, and so are ours too.

Charl. Well, Sir Callaghan, I assure you, I am charmed with your heroism, and greatly obliged to you for your account.—Come, Mr Mordecai, we will go down to Sir Theodore, for I think I heard his coach stop.

Morde. Madam, I attend you with pleasure; will you honour me with the tip of your ladyship's wedding finger? Sir Callaghan, your servant; yours, yours. Look here, here! [*Exit, leading* CHARLOTTE.

Sir C. I find he is a very impertinent coxcomb, this same Beau Mordecai.

Sir A. Yes, sir, he is a damned impudent rascal.

Sir C. I assure you, I had a great mind to be upon the quivive with him, for his jokes and his mockeries, but that the lady was by.

Sir A. Yes, he is a cursed impudent fellow—because he is suffered to speak tull a man of fashion, at Bath and Tunbridge, and other public places, the rascal always obtrudes himself upon you. But, Sir Callaghan, hai yee wreeten the letter to the lady?

Sir C. I have not.

Sir A. Hoo happened that, mon?

Sir C. Why, upon reflecting, I found it would not be consisting with the decorums of a man of honour to write to a lady in the way of matrimonial advances, before I had first made my affections known to her guardian, who is, you know, my uncle; so I have indited the letter to him, instead of the lady, which is the same thing you know.

Sir A. Ha, ha! exactly, exactly, for so yee do but wreete aboot it, yee ken, it matters not to whom.

Sir C. Ay, that is what I thought myself; so here it is. [*Takes out a Letter, reads.*] "To Sir Theodore Goodchild"—

Sir A. Ay, let's have it—I warrant 'tis a boney epistle.

Sir C. [*Reads.*]

"Sir,

"As I have the honour to bear the character of a soldier, and to call Sir Theodore Goodchild uncle, I do not think it would be conshisting vid a man of honour to behave like a scoundrel."—

Sir A. That is an excellent remark, Sir Callaghan, an excellent remark, and vary new.

Sir C. Yes, I think it is a good remark. [*Reads.*] "Therefore I thought proper, before I proceeded any farther, (for I have done nothing as yet,) to break my mind to you, before I engage the affections of the young lady."—You see, Sir Archy, I intend to carry the place like a soldier, a la militaire, as we say abroad, for I make my approaches regularly to the breastwork, before I attempt the covered way.

Sir A. Axcellent! that's axcellent.

Sir C. Yes, I think it will do. [*Reads.*] "For as you are a gentleman, and one that knows my family, by my fader's side, which you are shensible is as ould as any in the three kingdoms, and oulder too—So I thought it would be foolish to stand shilli shalli any longer, but come to the point at once." You see, Sir Archy, I give him a rub; by way of a hint about my family, because why, do you see, Sir Theodore is my uncle, only by my moder's side, which is a little upstart family, that came in vid one Strongbow but t'other day—lord, not above six or seven hundred years ago; whereas my family, by my fader's side, are all the true old Milesians, and related to the O'Flafertys, and O'Shocknesses, and the Mac

Laughlans, the O'Donnaghans, O'Callaghans, O'Geogaghans, and all the tick blood of the nation—and I myself, you know, am an O'Brallaghan, which is the ouldest of them all.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! ay, ay! I believe you are of an auncient family, Sir Callaghan, but you are oot in one point.

Sir C. What is that, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Where yee said yee were as auncient as any family i' the three kingdoms.

Sir C. Faith, den, I said nothing but truth.

Sir A. Hut, hut, hut awaw, mon, hut awaw, ye mo no say that; what the de'el, consider our fameelies i' th' North; why ye of Ireland, sir, are but a colony frai us, an oot cast! a mere oot cast, and as such yee remain tull this hoor.

Sir C. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, that is the Scotch account, which, you know, never speaks truth, because it is always partial;—but the Irish history, which must be the best, because it was written by an Irish poet of my own family, one Shemus Thurlough Shannaghan O' Brallaghan, and he says, in his chapter of genealogy, that the Scots are all Irishmen's bastards.

Sir A. Hoo, sir! baistards! do yee make us illegeetemate, illegeetemate, sir?

Sir C. Faith I do—for the youngest branch of our family, one Mac Fergus O'Brallaghan, was the very man that went from Carrickfergus, and peopled all Scotland with his own hands; so that, my dear Sir Archy, you must be bastards of course, you know.

Sir A. Hark'e, Sir Callaghan, though yeer ignorance and vanety would make conquerors and ravishers of yeer auncestors, and harlots and Sabines of our mithers—yat, yee shall prove, sir, that their issue are aw the cheeldren of honour.

Sir C. Hark'e, hark'e, Sir Archy, what is that you mentioned about ignorance and vanity?

Sir A. Sir, I denoonce yee both ignorant and vain, and make yeer most of it.

Sir C. Faith, sir, I can make nothing of it; for they are words I don't understand, because they are what no gentlemon is used to: and therefore you must unsay them.

Sir A. Hoo, sir! eat my words? a North Briton eat his words?

Sir C. Indeed you must, and this instant eat them.

Sir A. Yee shall first eat a piece of this weapon. [*Draws.*

Sir C. Poo, poo, Sir Archy, put up, put up—this is no proper place for such work; consider, drawing a sword is a very serious piece of business, and ought always to be done in private: we may be prevented here; but if you are for a little of that fun, come your ways to the right spot, my dear.

Sir A. No equeevocation, sir! donna ye think yee ha' gotten Beau Mordecai to cope with. Defend yeersel, for by the sacred honour of Saint Andrew, yee shall be responsible for macking us illegeetemate, sir, illegeetemate.

Sir C. Then by the sacred crook of Saint Patrick, you are a very foolish man to quarrel about such a trifle. But since you have a mind for a tilt, have at you, my dear, for the honour of the sod. Oho! my jewel! never fear us, you are as welcome as the flowers in May. [*They fight.*

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. O! bless me, gentlemen! What are you doing? What is all this about?

Sir C. Madam, it is about Sir Archy's great grandmother.

Charl. His great grandmother!

Sir C. Yes, madam, he is angry that I said my ancestor, Fergus O'Brallaghan, was a gallant of hers.

Charl. Grandmother! pray, Sir Archy, what is the meaning of all this?

Sir A. Madam, he has cast an affront upon a whole nation.

Sir C. I am sure if I did, it was more than I intended; I only argued out of the history of Ireland, to prove the antiquity of the O'Brallaghans.

Sir A. Weel, sir, since yee say yee did na intend the affront, I am satisfied. [*Puts up his Sword.*

Sir C. Not I, upon my honour;—there are two things I am always afraid of; the one is of being affronted myself, and the other of affronting any man.

Sir A. Vary weel, sir, vary weel.

Charl. That is a prudent and a very generous maxim, Sir Callaghan. Sir Archy, pray let me beg that this business may end here: I desire you will embrace, and be the friends you were before this mistake happened.

Sir A. Madam, yeere commands are absolute.

Charl. Sir Callaghan—

Sir C. Madam, with all my heart and soul. I assure you, Sir Archy, I had not the least intention of affronting, or quarrelling with you.

[*Offers to embrace.*

Sir A. [*Starting from him with contempt.*] Vary weel, sir, vary weel.

Sir C. Oh! the curse of Cromwell upon your proud Scotch stomach.

Charl. Well, gentlemen, I am glad to see you are come to a right understanding—I hope 'tis all over.

Sir A. I am satisfied, madam; there is an end on't. But now, Sir Callaghan, let me tell yee as a friend, yee should never enter intul a dispute aboot leeterature, history, or the anteequity of fameelies, frai yee ha' gotten sick a wecked, aukard, cursed jargon upon your tongue, that yee are never inteelegeble in yeer language.

Sir C. Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Sir Archy,

it is you that have got such a cursed twist of a fat Scotch brogue about the middle of your own tongue, that you can't understand good English when I spake it to you.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! weel, that is droll enough, upon honour—yee are as guid as a farce or a comedy. But ye are oot again, Sir Callaghan, it is yee that hai the brogue, and not me; for aw the world kens I speak the Sooth Country so weel, that wherever I gang, I am awways taken for an Englishman: but we wool make judgment by the lady, which of us twa has the brogue.

Sir C. O, with all my heart. Pray, madam, have I the brogue?

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! not in the least, Sir Callaghan, not in the least.

Sir C. I am sure I could never perceive it.

Charl. Pray, Sir Archy, drop this contention, or we may chance to have another quarrel—you both speak most elegant English; neither of you have the brogue; neither. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The ladies are come, madam, and Sir Theodore desires to speak with you.

Charl. I will wait on him. [*Exit Serv.*] Gentlemen, your servant—you will come to us? [*Exit.*

Sir A. Instantly, madam. Weel, Sir Callaghan, donna let us drop the deseegn of the letter, notwithstanding what has happened.

Sir C. Are we friends, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Pooh! upon honour am I; it was aw a mistake.

Sir C. Then give me your hand; I assure you, Sir Archy, I always love a man when I quarrel with him, after I am friends.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Dinner is served, gentlemen.

Sir A. Come along then, Sir Callaghan—I will bring yee and the lady together after deener, and then we shall see hoo yee will make yeer advances in love.

Sir C. O never fear me, Sir Archy—I will not stay to make a regular siege of it, but will take her at once with a coup de main, or die upon the spot; for as the old song says, Sir Archy——[*Sings to an Irish Tune.*

You never did hear of an Irishman's fear,
In love, or in battle, in love, or in battle;
We are always on duty, and ready for beauty,
Though cannons do rattle, though cannons do rattle:
By day and by night, we love and we fight;
We're honour's defender, we're honour's defender:
The foe and the fair we always take care
To make them surrender, to make them surrender.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Continues.*

Enter Sir Archy *and* Charlotte.

Sir A. Adzwuns, madam, step intul us for a moment, yee wul crack yoursel wi' laughter; we hai gotten anaither feul come to deevert us unexpectedly, which I think is the highest finished feul the age has produced.

Charl. Whom do you mean, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Squire Groom, madam; but such a figure, the finest yee ever beheld: his leetle half beats, black cap, jockey dress, and aw his pontificalibus, just as he rid a match yesterday at York. Anteequity, in aw its records of Greek and Roman folly, never produced a senator, visiting his mistress, in so compleat a feul's garb.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! ridiculous! I thought I had

done wondering at the mirror of folly; but he is one of those geniuses that never appear without surprising the world with some new stroke.

Enter MORDECAI.

Morde. O, madam! ha, ha, ha! I am expiring—such a scene betwixt your two lovers, Squire Groom, and Sir Callaghan:—They have challenged each other.

Charl. O heavens, I hope not!

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! that's guid, that's guid! I thought it would come to action; ha, ha, ha! that's clever—now we shall hai one of them penk'd; ha, ha, ha!

Charl. How can you laugh, Sir Archy, at such a shocking circumstance?

Morde. Don't be frightened, madam, ha, ha, ha! don't be frightened! neither of them will be killed, take my word for it—unless it be with claret, for that's their weapon.

Charl. O Mr Mordecai, how could you startle one so?

Sir A. O I am sorry for that—guid faith, I was in hopes they had a mind to shew their prowess before their meestreess, and that we should hai a leetle Irish, or Newmarket blood spilt;—but what was the cause of challenge, Mordecai?

Morde. Their passion for this lady, sir. Squire Groom challenged Sir Callaghan to drink your ladyship's health in a pint bumper—which the knight gallantly accepted in an instant, and returned the challenge in a quart—which was as gallantly received and swallowed by the squire, ha, ha, ha! and outbraved by a fresh daring of three pints: upon which I thought proper to decamp; not thinking it altogether safe to be near the champions, lest I should be deluged by a cascade of claret.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Charl. O, monstrous! they will kill themselves.

Morde. Never fear, madam.

Groom. [*Within, hallooing.*] Come along, Sir Callaghan Brallaghan, haux, haux! hark forward, my honies.

Morde. Here your champion comes, madam.

Enter Squire Groom, *drunk.*

Groom. Madam, I beg a million of pardons for not being with you at dinner—it was not my fault, upon my honour—for I sat up all night, on purpose to set out betimes; but, about one o'clock, last night, at York, as we were all damn'd jolly, that fool, Sir Roger Bumper, borrowed my watch to set his by it:—there it is—look at it, madam, it corrects the sun—they all stop by it at Newmarket:—And so, madam, as I was telling you, the drunken blockhead put mine back two hours, on purpose to deceive me—otherwise I would have held fifty to one I should have been here to a second.

Charl. O, sir, there needs no apology; but how came you to travel in that extraordinary dress?

Groom. A bett, a bett, madam—I rid my match in this very dress, yesterday: So, Jack Buck, Sir Roger Bumper, and some more of them, layed me an hundred each, that I would not ride to London and visit you in it, madam—ha, ha! don't you think I have touched them, madam? ha! I have taken them all in,—ha! hav'n't I, madam?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Charl. You have, indeed, sir; pray what time do you allow yourself to come from York to London?

Groom. Ha! time! Why, bar a neck, a leg, or an arm, sixteen hours, seven minutes, and thirty-three seconds—sometimes three or four seconds under, that is, to the Stone's end, not to my own house.

Sir A. No, no, not tull yeer own hoose, that woald be too much.

Groom. No, no, only to the Stone's end; but then, I have my own hacks, steel to the bottom, all blood—stickers and lappers every inch, my dear—that will come through if they have but one leg out of the four. I never keep any thing, madam, that is not bottom—game, game to the last; ay, ay, you will find every thing that belongs to me game, madam.

Sir A. Ha, ha, ha! weel said, squire—yes, yes, he is game, game to the bottom.—There, walk aboot, and let us see yeer shapes.—Ha! what a fine feegure! why, yee are so fine a feegure, and hai so guid a understanding for it, it is a peety yee should ever do any thing aw yeer life, but ride horse-races.—Do na yee think he is a cursed ideot, Mordecai?

[*Whispering* MORDECAI.

Morde. Um! he is well enough for a squire—ha, ha!

Groom. Madam, I am come to pay my respects to you, according to promise. Well, which of us is to be the happy man? you know I love you—may I never win a match, if I don't.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Charl. O, sir, I am convinced of your passion—I see it in your eyes.

Sir A. Weel, but squire, you hai gi us na account how the match went.

Charl. Pray, what was the match, sir?

Groom. Our Contribution, madam. There are seven of us:—Jack Buck—Lord Brainless—Bob Rattle—(you know Bob, madam, Bob's a damn'd honest fellow)—Sir Harry Idle—Dick Riot—Sir Roger Bumper—and myself. We put in five hundred a piece, all to ride ourselves, and all to carry my weight.—The odds at starting were six and seven to four against me, the field round; and the field, ten, fifteen, and twenty to one—for you must know, madam, the thing I was to have rid was let down—do you mind?—was let down, madam, in his exercise.

Sir A. That was unlucky.

Groom. O, damn'd unlucky! however, we started off score, by Jupiter; and for the first half mile, madam, you might have covered us with your under petticoat. But your friend Bob, madam—ha, ha! I shall never forget it; poor Bob went out of the course, and ran over two attornies, an exciseman, and a little beau Jew, Mordecai's friend, madam, that you used to laugh at so immoderately at Bath—a little, fine, dirty thing, with a chocolate coloured phiz, just like Mordecai's.—The people were in hopes he had killed the lawyers, but were damnably disappointed, when they found he had only broke a leg of one, and the back of the other.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. And hoo did it end, squire? Who won the subscription?

Groom. It lay between Dick Riot and me. We were neck and neck, madam, for three miles, as hard as we could lay leg to ground—made running every inch;—but, at the first loose, I felt for him, found I had the foot—knew my bottom—pulled up—pretended to dig and cut—all fudge, all fudge, my dear; gave the signal to pond, to lay it on thick—had the whip hand all the way—lay with my nose in his flank, under the wind—thus, snug, snug, my dear, quite in hand; while Riot was digging and lapping, right and left—but it would not do, my dear, against foot, bottom, and head; so within a hundred yards of the distance post, poor Dick knocked up, as stiff as a turnpike, and left me to canter in by myself, and to touch them all round; for I took all the odds, split me—Ha! Wasn't I right?—Ha! took the odds. Ay, ay, took all the odds, my dear.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. Weel, it is wonderful to think to what a pitch of axcellence oor nobeelity are arrived at in the art of sporting;—I believe we axel aw the nobeelity

in Europe in that science, especially in jockeyship.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll tell you what I will do—I will start a horse, fight a main, hunt a pack of hounds, ride a match, or a fox chace, drive a set of horses, or hold a toast, with any nobleman in Europe, for a thousand each—and I say done first, damn me.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. Why, I know ye wull, and I will gang yeer holves. Why, madam, the squire is the keenest sportsman in aw Europe: Madam, there is naithing comes amiss tull him; he will fish, or fowl, or hunt—he hunts every thing; eveery thing, frai the flee i' the blonket to the elephant in the forest.—He is at aw—a perfect Nimrod; are ye not, squere?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Groom. Yes, damn me, I am a Nimrod, madam; at all, at all—any thing, any thing.—Why, I ran a snail with his grace, the other day, for five hundred—nothing in it—won it hollow, above half a horn's length.

Sir A. By above half a horn's length? that was hollow indeed, squire.

Groom. O, devilish hollow.

Sir A. But where is Sir Callaghan aw this time?

Groom. O! he's with Sir Theodore, who is joking him about his drinking bumpers with me, and his passion for you, madam.

Sir A. Ye mun ken, gentlemen, this lady and I hai laid a scheme to hai a leetle sport with Sir Callaghan—now, if yee wool stoop behind that screen, and promise to be silent, I'll gang and fetch him, and yee shall hear him make love as fierce as any hero in a tragedy.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll be as silent as a hound at fault.

Sir A. Then do yee retire, madam, and come in

tall him, as if ye came on purpose—I'll fetch him in an instant.

Charl. I shall be ready, Sir Archy. [*Exit.*

Sir A. Get yee behind, get yee behind, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Groom. Ay, ay, we'll squat, never fear, Sir Archy—an Irishman make love! I should be glad to hear what an Irishman can say when he makes love. What do you think he'll say, little Shadrach? Do you think he'll make love in Irish?

Morde. Something very like it, I dare say, squire. Let us retire, here they come. [*Both retire.*

Enter Sir Archy, *and* Sir Callaghan.

Sir A. Speak bawldly, man; ye ken the old proverb, "Faint heart"——

Sir C. That is true——"never won fair lady."—Yes, I think I have got a bumper or two, I may tell her my passion, and bring the point to an ecclairciscement.

Sir A. Ay, that's reeght, mon! steek to that, she wull be wi' yee in a twankling.—Yeer servant, I wish yee guid success. [*Exit.*

Sir C. Sir Archy, your servant! Well, now what am I to do in this business?—I know it is a great scandal for a soldier to be in love in time of war—I strive to keep her out of my mind, but can't; the more I strive to do it, the more she comes in. I am upon the forlorn hope here, so must e'en make my push with vigour at once.

Enter Charlotte.

Charl. Sir Callaghan, your servant.

Sir C. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon, for not seeing of you sooner; but I was spaking a soliloquy to myself, about your ladyship, and that kept me from observing you.

Charl. Sir Theodore told me you wanted to speak to me upon some particular business.

Sir C. Why, look you, madam, for my part, I was never born or bred in a school of compliments, where they learn fine bows, and fine speeches: but in an academy, where heads, and legs, and arms, and bullets, dance country dances without the owner's leave; just as the fortune of war directs. Therefore, madam, all that I can say to you, is, that your eyes have made me a prisoner of war, that Cupid has made a garrison of my heart, and kept me to devilish hard duty; and if you don't relieve me, I shall be a dead man before I come to action.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. He begins vary weel; he has got intul the heat of the battle already. [*Aside.*

Charl. But, Sir Callaghan, among all your symptoms of love, you have forgot to mention one that I am told is very elegant, and very powerful.

Sir C. Pray, what is that, madam?

Charl. A song that I hear you have made, and set yourself, in the true Irish taste.

Sir C. Madam, I own I have been guilty of torturing the Muses in the shape of a song, and I hope you will pardon my putting your ladyship's name to it.

Charl. Upon one condition I will, which is, that you will do me the favour to let me hear you sing it.

Sir C. O dear madam, don't ax me; it is a foolish song, a mere bagatelle.

Charl. Nay, I must insist upon hearing it, as you expect or value the smiles, or fear the frowns, of your mistress; for by your poetry I shall judge of your passion.

Sir C. Then, Madam, you shall have it, if it were ten times worse—hem, hem!—fal lal, la! ha! I don't know how I shall come about the right side of my voice.

Sir A. Ay, ay, noo for it, noo yee shall hear sick a song as has nai been penned sin the time they first clepped the wings and tails of the wild Irish.

Sir C. Now, madam, I tell you before hand, you must not expect such fine singing from me, as you hear at the Opera; for, you know, we Irishmen are not cut out for it, like the Italians.

Let other men sing of their goddesses bright,
That darken the day, and enlighten the night:
I sing of a woman—but such flesh and blood,
A touch of her finger would do your heart good.
With my fal, lal, lal, &c.

Ten times in each day to my charmer I come,
To tell her my passion, but can't, I'm struck dumb;
For Cupid he seizes my heart by surprise,
And my tongue falls asleep at the sight of her eyes.

Her little dog Pompey's my rival, I see;
She kisses, and hugs him, but frowns upon me:
Then pr'ythee, dear Charlotte, abuse not your charms,
Instead of a lap-dog, take me to your arms.

Sir A. Come, now the song is over, let us steal off. [*Aside.*

Groom. He is a damn'd droll fellow!—Instead of a lap-dog, take me to your arms. [*Aside.*

Sir A. Hush! softly, donna let him see us; steal off, steal off—he is an excellent droll fellow; a deevelish comical cheeld.

[*Exeunt Sir* ARCHY, GROOM, *and* MORDECAI.

Charl. Well, Sir Callaghan, your poetry is excellent; nothing can surpass it but your singing.

Sir C. Look'e, madam, to come to the point: I know I can't talk fine courtship, and love, and nonsense like other men, for I don't speak from my tongue, but my heart; so that if you can take up your quarters for life with a man of honour, a sincere lover, and an honest Prussian soldier, now is your

time, I am your man: what do you say, madam? Come, speak the word boldly, and take me to your arms.

Charl. Ha, ha, ha! don't be so violent, Sir Callaghan—but say a lady were inclined to do herself the honour of going before a priest with you, I suppose you would have so much complaisance for your mistress, as to quit your trade of war, and live at home with her, were she to request it of you?

Sir C. Why, look you, madam, I will deal with you like a man of honour in that point too, and let you into a secret. I have received the king my master's money (and a brave king he is, I assure you) for above seventeen years, when I had none of my own; and now I am come to a title and fortune, and that he has need of my service, I think it would look like a poltroon to leave him;—no, madam, it is a rule with me never to desert my king, or my friend in distress.

Charl. Your sentiment is great, I confess: I like your principles; they are noble, and most heroic, but a little too military for me—ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Sir C. What! does she decline the battle? Well, then, I'll not quit the field yet, though; I'll reconnoitre her once more, and if I can't bring her to action, why then I'll break up the camp at once, ride post to Germany to-morrow morning, and so take my leave in a passion, without saying a word. [*Exit.*

Enter SIR ARCHY *and* MORDECAI.

Morde. Pr'ythee, what is the meaning of all this, Sir Archy? the house seems to be in the possession of bailiffs, and Sir Theodore looks and speaks as if an earthquake had just happened.

Sir A. Yeer conjecture is vary reeght, Mr Mordecai; 'tis aw over wi' him—he is undone—a baggar, and so is the girl.

Morde. You astonish me.

Sir A. It is an unexpacted business; but 'tis a fact, I assure yee; here he is himsel, poor deevil, hoo dismal he leuks.

Enter Sir THEODORE *and an Attorney.*

Sir T. You are the attorney concerned for the creditors, Mr Atkins?

Attor. I am, Sir Theodore, and am extremely sorry for the accident.

Sir T. I am obliged to you, sir, you do but your duty: the young lady is that way, sir; if you will step to her, I'll follow you. [*Exit Attor.*] I hope you will excuse me, Sir Archy—this is a sudden and unhappy affair; I am unfit for company; I must go, and open it myself to poor Charlotte. [*Exit.*

Morde. But pray, Sir Archy, what has occasioned all this?

Sir A. Faith, Mordecai, I do no ken the particulars—but it seems—by the word of Sir Theodore himsel, that he and a rich merchant in Holland, his partner, and joint guardian over this girl, are baith bankrupts, and, as the lawyer that is withoot there confirms, have failed for above a hundred thoosand poonds mair than they can answer.

Morde. But how is this to affect the young lady?

Sir A. Why, sir, the greatest part of her fortune was in trade, it seems, with Sir Theodore and his partner; besides, the suit in Chancery, that she had wi' the company, for above forty thoosand poonds, has been determined against her this very day, so that they are aw undone. Baggars! baggars!

Morde. I understood that the affair was clearly in her favour.

Sir A. O, sir, yee do no ken the law—the law is a sort of hocuspocus science, that smiles in yeer face, while it picks yeer pocket: and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the

justice of it—Here the parties come, and seemingly in great affliction.

Enter Sir THEODORE, *and* CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Dear sir, be patient, moderate your sorrow; it may not be so terrible as your apprehensions make it; pray, bear up.

Sir T. For myself I care not. But that you should be involved in my ruin, left fortuneless, your fair expectation of a noble alliance blasted! your dignity and affluence fallen to scorn and penury———

Charl. It cannot prove so bad, sir; I will not despair, nor shall you,—for though the law has been so hard against me, yet, in spite of all its wiles and treachery, a competency will still remain, which shall be devoted to mitigate your misfortunes. Besides, Sir Archy Macsarcasm is a man of honour, and on his promise and assistance I will rely.

Sir A. Wool ye! ye may as weel rely upon the assistance of the philosopher's stone;—what the deevil! would she marry me to make me tinker up the fortunes of broken ceetezens? But I will speak till them, and end the affair at once.—I am concerned to see you in this disorder, Sir Theodore.

Charl. O, Sir Archy, if all the vows of friendship, honour, and eternal love, which you have so often made me, were not composed of idle breath, and deceitful ceremony, now let their truth be seen.

Sir A. Madam, I am sorry to be the messenger of ill teedings, but aw our connection is at an end; oor hoose hai heard of my addresses till you; and I hai had letters frai the dukes, the marquis, and aw the dignitaries of the fameely, remonstrating, nay expressly proheebiting my contaminating the blood of Macsarcasm wi' any thing sprung frai a hogshead, or a counting hoose. I assure yee my passion for yee is meeghty strong, madam, but I cannot bring disgrace upon an honourable family.

Charl. No more—your apology is baser than your perfidy: there is no truth, no virtue in man.

Sir A. Guid truth, nor in woman neither that has nai fortune. But here is Mordecai—now, madam,—a wandering Israelite, a casualty—a mere casualty, sprung frai annuities, bulls, bubbles, bears, and lottery tickets, and can hai nai faimily objections;—he is passionately fond of yee; and till this offspring of accident and Mammon I resign my interest in ye.

Morde. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you;—but—a—matrimony is a subject I have never thoroughly considered, and I must take some time to deliberate, before I determine upon that inextricable business. Besides, madam, I assure you, my affairs are not in a matrimonial situation.

Charl. No apology, Sir. Begone—I despise them and you.

Enter Squire GROOM.

Groom. Haux! haux! What's the matter here? What is all this? What, are we all at fault? Is this true, Sir Theodore?—I hear that you and the filly have both run on the wrong side of the post.

Sir T. It is too true; but, I hope, sir, that will make no alteration in your affection.

Groom. Hark ye, Sir Theodore, I always make my match according to the weight my thing can carry. When I offered to take her into my stable, she was sound, and in good case—but I hear her wind is touched; if so, I would not back her for a shilling. I'll take her into my stud if you please.—She is a good fore hand, sets both her ends well, has good paces, a good deal of fashion, some blood, and will do well enough to breed out of—but she cannot carry weight sufficient to come through.—Matrimony, Sir Theodore, is a cursed long course, devilish heavy, and sharp turnings;—it won't do—can't come through, my dear, can't come through.

Sir A. I think, squire, you judge vary neecely. Noo, in my thoughts, the best thing the lady can do is to snap the Irishman.

Morde. Well observed, Sir Archy.

Groom. Macsarcasm has an excellent nose, and hits off a fault as well as any hound I ever followed.

Sir A. It woold be a deevelish lucky match for her.—The fellow has a guid fortune, is a great blockhead, and looves her vehemently; three as guid qualities for a matrimonial bubble, as a lady in her circumstances woold wish. Snap him, snap him, madam.

Morde. Hush! he's here.

Enter Sir CALLAGHAN.

Sir A. Ha! my guid freend, Sir Callaghan, I kiss yeer hond; I hai been speaking till the lady in your behoif, wi' aw the eloquence I hai; she is enamoor'd o' yeer person, and yee are just come i' the nick to receive her heart and her hond.

Sir C. By the honour of a soldier, madam, I shall think that a greater happiness than any that fortune can bestow upon me.

Sir A, Come, come, madam, true love is impatient, and despises ceremony; gi' him yeer hond at once.

Charl. No, sir, I scorn to deceive a man who offers me his heart: though my fortune is ruined, my mind is untainted; even poverty shall not pervert it to principles of baseness.

Sir C. Fortune ruined! Pray, Sir Theodore, what does the importance of all this language mean?

Sir T. The sad meaning is, Sir Callaghan, that, in the circuit of fortune's wheel, the lady's station is reversed; she, who some hours since was on the highest round, is now degraded to the lowest: this, sir, has turned the passion these gentlemen professed for her into scorn and ridicule; and I suppose will cool the fervency of yours.

Sir C. Sir Theodore, I assure you, I am heartily glad of her distress.

Sir T. Sir!

Sir C. When she was computed to have a hundred thousand pounds, I lov'd her 'tis true, but it was with fear and trembling, like a man that loves to be a soldier, yet is afraid of a gun; because I looked upon myself as an unequal match to her: but now she is poor, and that it is in my power to serve her, I find something warm about my heart here, that tells me, I love her better than when she was rich, and makes me beg she will take my life this instant, and all I have into her service.

Sir T. Generous indeed, Sir Callaghan.

Sir C. Madam, my fortune is not much, but it is enough to maintain a couple of honest hearts, and have something to spare for the necessities of a friend; which is all we want, and all that fortune is good for.

Sir T. Here, take her, sir; she is yours; and, what you first thought her, mistress of a noble fortune.

Groom. What!

Morde. How's this! [*Aside.*

Sir A. Gently! hush! saftly! he is ainly taking him in—he is taking him in—the bubble's bit.

Sir T. And had she millions, your principles deserve her;—she has a heart, loving and generous as your own, which your manly virtue has subdued, and tempered to your warmest wishes.

Sir C. Pray, Sir Theodore, what does all this mean? Are you in jest, or in earnest? By my honour, I don't know how to believe one word you say. First she has a fortune, then she has no fortune—and then she has a great fortune again! this is just what the little jackanapes about town call humbugging a man.

Sir T. Sir, I am serious.

Sir C. And pray, what are you, madam? Are you in serious too, or in joke?

Charl. Such as I am, sir, if you dare venture upon me for life, I am yours.

Sir C. By the integrity of my honour, madam, I will venture upon you not only for life, but for death too! which is a great deal longer than life, you know.

Sir T. I hope, nephew, you will excuse the deceit of my feigned bankruptcy, and the pretended ruin of the lady's fortune; it was a scheme devised to detect the illiberal, selfish views of prodigals, who never address the fair but as the mercenary lure attracts—a scheme to try and reward your passion, which hath shown itself proof against the time's infection.

Sir C. Faith then, it was no bad piece of generalship in you. But now she has surrendered herself prisoner of war, I think I have a right to lay her under contribution—for your kisses are lawful plunder, and mine by the laws of love.

Charl. O, Sir Callaghan, you take away my breath.

Sir C. O you are a clever little creature. Upon my honour, her breath is as sweet as the sound of a trumpet.

Groom. Why, the knowing ones are all taken in here—double distanced; zounds! she has run a crimp upon us.

Morde. She has jilted us confoundedly.

Sir A. By the cross of St Andrew I'll be revenged; for I ken a lad of an honourable family, that understands the auntient classicks in aw their perfaction, he is writing a comedy, and he shall insinuate baith their characters intill it.

Morde. And I will write a satire upon her, in which she shall have an intrigue with a life-guard-man, and an opera singer.

Groom. I can't write; but I tell you what I'll do, I'll poison her parrot, and cut off her squirrel's tail, damn me.

Sir C. Hark ye, gentlemen, I hope you will ax my

leave for all this—if you touch a hair of the parrot's head, or a hair of any thing that belongs to this lady; or, if you write any of your nonsensical comedies, or lampoons, I shall be after making bold to make a few remarks on your bodies;—hah! I have an excellent pen by my side, that is a very good critic, and that can write a very legible hand upon impertinent authors.

Sir A. Hut away, hut away, Sir Callaghan, donna talk in that idle manner, sir—oor swords are as sharp and as responsible as the swords of other men. But this is nai time for sic maiters; ye hai got the lady, and we hai got the wullows—I am sorry for the little Girgishite here, because he hais bespoke his nuptial chariot, and aw his leeveries;—and upon honour, I am verry sorry for my vary guid friend the squeere—the lady's fortune would have been very convenient till him, for, I fancy, he is fetlock deep in the turf;—and upon honour, I am sorry for the lady, for she has missed being matched intill the house of Macsarcasm—which is the greatest loss of aw.

Sir C. The whole business together is something like the catastrophe of a stage play; where knaves and fools are disappointed, and honest men rewarded. [*Exeunt.*

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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